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THE

WONDERS OF THE EAST;

OR THE

RECORD OF A JOURNEY

THROUGH EUROPE, EGYPT,

AND THE

HOLY LAND.

BY

REV. J. J. SMITH, D.D.

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PREFACE.

THE author of this volume deems it due to himself, as well as the reader, to state that he has not attempted in the following pages to write critical or elaborate dissertations on the vexed questions of the geography, chronology, or history of structures and locations. Those who wish to see learned disquisitions on antiquity, and the rival claims of holy places, must seek them elsewhere.

The origin of the book is simply as follows: The author had long cherished an earnest desire to see the wonders of the East; to gaze upon old temples, crumbling arches, broken columns, monumental piles, obelisks, sphynxes, pyramids, and especially upon the sacred places of Palestine, and thereby prepare himself for greater usefulness in his profession.

These considerations led him to make a tour of the East—an account of which was published at the time in a series of Letters in the *Methodist Recorder*. The favorable manner in which they were received, and the earnest solicitations of numerous friends to put them in a more permanent form, have led to the publication of the present volume.

Although, at first sight, it might seem superfluous to add another book to the numerous list of publications of this kind already before the public, yet it should be borne in mind that many of such works are too expensive for general circulation. Others are too critical and technical for common people. It is also presumable that each traveler will see some things in a new light or aspect, and that each succeeding tourist will necessarily return with the later discoveries and revelations of this

wondrous land. Besides, from the circumstances of authorship, acquaintances, social and ecclesiastical relations, the author believes his work will reach hundreds that no similar publication would be likely to find.

In his travels in the Holy Land, he saw in its topography, customs, and usages of society, much that serves as a key to the better understanding of the Scriptures. It has accordingly been his design to so connect what he saw with the narratives and parables of the Bible as to explain many important texts of Holy Writ. In this way, some hundred and thirty passages have been referred to, many of which have received, in his observations, a beautiful solution.

In these Letters, which have now been revised, corrected, and in some instances enlarged, so as to embrace some additional important matter, the author has aimed to describe what he saw in the most concise and familiar style, so as to give the reader the plain unvarnished truth. As the Holy Land was the main object of his tour, his sketches of the various places he visited in Europe were intentionally very brief, embracing only their leading features; and although he has been more minute in his description of what he saw in Palestine, yet he has sought to give the reader *multum in parvo;* and he fully believes that there is no work of the same size, designed for general circulation, that contains more information than the present volume. Hoping that it may contribute toward spreading among the people a better knowledge of the customs, usages, topography, and geography of the Holy Land, the author confidingly places it before the public. J. J. S.

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WONDERS OF THE EAST.

LETTER I.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

Anticipations.—Separations.—Feelings.—Sea-Sickness.—High Winds and Seas.—Grandeur of the Ocean.—Reflections.

ON the 23d of September, 1871, I sailed from New York, on the steamer France, for the Eastern World—especially for the Holy Land. That day is among the most memorable of my life. It had long been looked forward to with such feelings and interest that such a journey alone can inspire. Notwithstanding the amount of preparation required for so long an absence from home and friends, I felt the time to drag slowly along as I waited for the day to arrive upon which I was to take the first important step toward the consummation of my long-cherished hopes.

At length, however, the morning came when farewell words were to be spoken; when suppressed utterances would tell of the pent-up emotions within. I had, however, so schooled

my feelings and prepared my mind that I was enabled to bear up, under all, very heroically, until after I had stepped on board the noble steamer that was to bear me away. Even the oft-repeated "Good-by," "God bless you," and parting greetings of friends and near and loved ones who had accompanied me to the ship, were interchanged with self-possession; but when the gang-planks were shoved from the vessel, and the lines were pulled in, and the bell was rung for the last time, and the stentorian command of the captain came to go ahead, and the huge monster of the deep began to move in obedience to her ponderous engine; then, as we left the pier, and the hands and handkerchiefs of loved ones were waved, and the thought of long absence and the sad changes that time might bring, etc.,—as these and kindred thoughts rushed through my mind, my feelings became too strong for my resolution, and, in spite of all, my eyes became dimmed with tears. I had often separated with friends before, but never with such strange emotions as now. There was a commingling of conflicting feelings of sadness and joy that I will not attempt to describe.

This is our tenth day at sea. The passage, thus far, has been attended with the usual monotony of sea life. Nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip except the accustomed ordeal of sea-sickness among the passengers, and I have been fortunate enough to es-

cape that. The weather has been most of the time pleasant, so as to admit the ladies to spend at least a portion of their time on deck, where they have whiled away the hours by watching the stormy petrels that seem to be constantly on the wing, hovering about in the wake of the ship. This pleasant state of things, however, was destined to interruption. On Monday, October 2d, the wind, which had been blowing from the west and northwest for some three days and nights, with a strong, stiff breeze, materially increased. The sea, which had been gradually increasing during the time, now piled up in most magnificent style. I had never seen the ocean lashed into such fury before. Several seas were shipped. The dining-saloon, which is on the main deck, was on one occasion flooded. Some of the passengers became more or less bruised by being pitched from one side to the other. I did not altogether escape, in this respect, myself. Of all earthly things, there is nothing grander or mightier than the ocean. Nothing of all terrestrial objects presents to the mind the idea of immensity so impressively as the deep, vast, boundless waste of waters. As the eye roves southward and eastward, and westward and northward, in every direction, far out in the hazy indistinctness where water and sky meet and blend, the same moving, heaving, undulating billows roll. No grander sight can meet the eye than the thousands of foam-crested

waves, towering and sweeping onward before the furious blast of some angry tempest. Amid the ceaseless changes of earth by the hand of time, and the rise and fall of kingdoms, the decay and waste of empires, the revolutions of nations, the ocean changes not. From age to age its storm-tossed waves have rolled. How appropriate and impressive the words of Byron:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

How many thousands of the human family have gone down amid storms and tempests beneath its dark blue waves—down into those waveless, stormless depths, where mystery holds her throne. As no human power could save them, so now no human power can reach them; no friend or loved one can mark the spot where they slumber, or strew their graves with flowers. Yet one eye can pierce those awful depths—their deepest, darkest caverns; one arm can reach these human forms, however widely scattered; one voice can break the awful silence there, and wake these slumberers from their long repose. And that voice shall at length be heard, and

that arm shall be stretched out, and the sea as well as the land shall give up its dead at the last day. Ocean's waves may triumph over them for a season; but the time has been fixed, in the councils of Eternity, that the sea shall give up her dead.

It is now Wednesday morning, October 4th. The coast of Ireland is in full view, and presents a somewhat rugged appearance, and so denuded of trees as to look bleak and barren. As we are now steaming up into the harbor of Queenstown, the appearance is very fine. Here are two large steamers that have arrived from Liverpool, bound for New York, that are now waiting for the mail and passengers. As our letters are called for, I am compelled to close for the present.

LETTER II.

PENCILINGS IN IRELAND.

Queenstown.—Cork.—Blarney Castle.—Interview with a Catholic Priest.—Kildare.—Dublin—Its Leading Features.—Boyne.—Belfast.

QUEENSTOWN.—There is nothing of special interest in Queenstown, except it be the fact that it is built on the side of a very

steep hill which rises abruptly from the water, nearly at an angle of 45°, which gives it a picturesque appearance from the harbor. From Queenstown I went by steamboat to Cork. The river scenery is very fine. Cork lies on both sides of the river Lee, which is here spanned by nine bridges. The city is surrounded with high hills, which must ever render it, in a military point of view, defenceless. It has a population of some 79,000, and is called one of the most beautiful cities in Ireland. While this may be true of some portions of it, it is certainly not true of all. Among its leading objects of interest may be reckoned the Mansion House, the Royal Cork Institution, Court House, the Cathedral, and the old church of Shandon, with its one hundred and twenty feet tower, two sides of which are limestone, and the other two red sandstone. From its top, as well as from the top of the cathedral, I had a fine view of the city.

I have been very much interested in my visit to Blarney Castle. Although it is crumbling with age, yet I found it in a much more perfect state than I had expected. The tower part—the part built more especially for defence—stands almost entire, except all its floors are gone but one, which is stone, and which is supported by an arch. The castle is over one hundred feet high, and stands upon the edge of a precipice. The walls are about ten feet thick

at the base, and gradually taper to the thickness of five feet at the top, which is protected by battlements. From this elevation I had an extensive view of the surrounding country. The walls of other portions of the castle are mostly standing, but seamed and rent, and ready to fall. Nor is this to be wondered at when we think of the hundreds of years they have stood. It is a grand old ruin. The ceremony of kissing the Blarney Stone I omitted, having but little faith in its virtue.

I had an interview with a Catholic priest at Limerick junction, where I put up over night, who unwittingly took me to be one of his own order. On learning I was going to Rome, he became very talkative. The conversation turned upon the history of Rome and its popes; and perhaps my familiarity with the subject served to confirm his impression. At all events he talked freely; spoke of the great advantages that they expected to Romanism in Ireland from the disestablishment of the English Church; that he believed that many of her churches would soon have to be sold, and that the Romanists would buy them, and so occupy the ground. He also spoke enthusiastically of their prospects in the United States, and of ultimately controlling the destiny of that country. He referred to the New York Cathedral, now in course of erection, and of the controlling influence of Romanism already in that city—the

great centre of wealth and power. To all this I readily assented, and cited instances of their ambitious projects and aggressions on Protestants; but to my surprise he misunderstood me as glorying in their success. I felt embarrassed with my awkward position, and soon made an excuse to retire.

Next morning I ordered beefsteak for my breakfast. On coming to the table I again met the priest, who sat down just opposite to me at the same time, with a couple of boiled eggs. When I had finished, he asked me if I knew what day of the week it was. I replied, "Thursday" (as I was under that impression at the time). "No," said he, laughingly, "it is Friday;" and immediately added, "I thought your Reverence had forgotten the day of the week when I saw you eating the *bafe;* but I thought as you had already commenced when I observed you, I would let you finish, as you might just as well be hung for an old sheep as a lamb; besides, I thought it would be a good joke on your Reverence." He, seeing my confusion at thus being taken for a Catholic priest, and thinking it to result from my eating the meat on Friday, immediately sought to soothe my mind by adding that I need not mind it, that he had made the same mistake a number of times himself, and that for such mistakes we were not responsible. Just at this point the waiter put in his apology for not reminding me

that it was Friday when I ordered the steak. My embarrassment, which had become exceedingly oppressive, was soon happily relieved by the arrival of the train that took the priest away.

KILDARE.—I felt an interest in visiting this place, from the fact that I had become familiar with the story of its famous race-course, as Curragh Kildare, when a mere boy. This extensive and beautiful furze-dotted plain is now used as a military camp. The most interesting thing here, however, is the ruin of an old Abbey, said to have been founded by St. Bridget. Some of the wall and a portion of one of the towers are still standing. But that which makes this place celebrated and dear to every Irish Papist, is the fact that here, in the fifth century, St. Bridget was born, and here she lived and died.

It is related by her biographer, with much gravity, that even when she was an infant she performed miracles; that, by her touch, a dead infant was actually brought to life; that she was brought up on the milk of a white heifer; that the step on which she stood when she took the vail, although of wood, was unharmed when the church was subsequently burnt; that she made St. Patrick's shroud when he died, and a hundred other wonderful things; and lastly, when she died, a fire was kindled and was burned in her honor without interruption, for

seven hundred years, without ever leaving a particle of ashes. According to this book, which must be believed by all good Papists, she was certainly a most remarkable woman.

Dublin—the capital of Ireland—has a population of some 250,000, and is quite rich in historical associations. It contains many fine public buildings, such as the Four Courts (law buildings), Post Office, Custom House, the Royal Bank of Ireland (once the Parliament House), an extensive and noble structure, Trinity College, with fine bronze statues in front, of Burke and Goldsmith, the Old Castle, famous in both history and romance, and last though not least, St. Patrick's Cathedral, belonging to the Church of England. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable building in all Dublin, in view of its age and associations. The present edifice, or rather a portion of it (for it has been enlarged), together with the tower, was built in 1190, on the very spot, it is said, where St. Patrick built a church in A. D. 450. The building has been recently repaired or restored, as it had become very dilapidated. Within, I was shown a wooden chest, iron bound, originally used to hold the vestments of the priests, which was 681 years old, as also a baptismal font of the same age. The latter, however, was stone. The building also contains tombs, statues, busts, and monuments of distinguished persons, whose remains here find a resting-place. Among

these are Dean Swift, Archbishop Whately, Archbishop Jones, Archbishop Tregrey, the Earl and Countess of Cork, etc., etc. The latter are both sculptured in stone, lying in state, with thirteen figures in stone kneeling near them. The whole is very impressive, and bears the date of 1629. Archbishop Jones also lies similarly in state, with some four kneeling around him. His monument bears the date of 1619, while Archbishop Tregrey's is dated 1449.

There is also a large number of statuary of distinguished persons in Dublin—more than I have ever seen before in any city. Among its public monuments, those of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Nelson are the most noted. The latter is a fluted Doric shaft, which shoots up from a square pedestal to the height of 138 feet, on the top of which stands a colossal statue of the hero of Trafalgar. From the top of this monument I had a bird's-eye view of the city and its surroundings.

From Dublin to Belfast, we passed through some places of considerable note—such as the battle-field of Boyne, so noted in Irish history and Irish strife; and also Dundalk, where Edward Bruce, brother of Robert Bruce, was crowned king of Ireland.

With Belfast I am much pleased. There is evidently a spirit of thrift and enterprise among its inhabitants that speaks well for its future.

It contains 170,000 inhabitants, and the most extensive linen manufactories in the world, and is ahead of any other city in Ireland in a commercial point of view. I have not time to speak generally of its public buildings and institutions. Among these, Queen's College may be named as a fine institution of learning. The Methodist College, under the Presidency of Dr. Crooks, is, take it as a whole, one of the best arranged colleges I have ever seen. I think it may justly be regarded as a model institution. Prince Albert's monument, which is a colossal affair, is also one of the celebrities of the city. In a niche on its western side is a fine statue of this distinguished gentleman.

I have now traveled some three hundred miles in Ireland, and have heard the Irish rattling away, in all the music of the Irish brogue, in the most approved style. In this journey I have seen many things to instruct, and much to amuse. Several things have impressed me as strange. One is, the sparseness of houses in the country. This is owing to the large landholders who, in many instances, own thousands of acres each. Another, is the fact that I could see no churches or school-houses except in the cities and villages, although I have looked for them in the country wherever I have been. Another peculiarity is the abundance and tameness of crows. I have seen thousands and thouasnds of them. The air and fields, in some sec

tions, seem to be full of them. But I must close for the mail.

LETTER III.

WHAT I SAW IN SCOTLAND.

Glasgow.—Its Cathedral and other places of Interest.—Edinburgh.—Its Castle.—Holyrood Palace.—Museum, &c., &c.

GLASGOW.—Glasgow is built on both sides the river Clyde, so very famous for its extensive ship-building interest, that perhaps but few have not heard of the "Clyde built steamers" that are plowing almost every sea. This city is only second to Edinburgh, and in some respects even superior to that. It has a population of over four hundred thousand, and is a most busy and thriving city in every detail of commerce and industry.

The first place I visited after securing hotel accommodations, (which is always first in order), was the justly celebrated Cathedral of which I had heard so much. This is undoubtedly the most noted object of interest to a stranger in the city, and, in fact, the most important building of the kind in all Scotland, with perhaps one exception. This venerable edifice is situ-

ated on high ground (one hundred feet above the water of the river), and was completed in 1175, and consequently lacks but four years of being seven hundred years old. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, but the transepts have never been completed, so as to extend beyond the face of the nave wall, and are now only distinguishable by their cross roof, high-pointed gables, large windows, corner turrets, and buttresses. The building is three hundred and twenty feet long, and sixty-two feet and six inches wide. The nave is one hundred and fifty-five feet long and ninety-four feet high. There are one hundred and forty-seven piers or columns which support the arches. These are also flanked by side aisles. It is lighted by one hundred and fifty-seven windows of various dimensions. After this description I need hardly say its style of architecture is gothic. At the point of junction between the nave, choir and transepts, shoots up the tower and spire. This rises to the height of two hundred and twenty-five feet from the floor. The floor of the choir part (the head of the cross) is elevated over three feet above that of the nave, and is furnished with seats, while the nave and transepts are not. Under the choir part is a crypt or vault for the dead, said to be one of the finest in the kingdom, in point of ornamentation, and from its appearance, I do not doubt it. Here the dust of many of distinction rests, especially

of divines. One needs, however, to see its tesselated pavement of encaustic tiles; the elegance of its clustered columns, ornamented with large and small mouldings; their massive character, the four, upon which the tower rests, being no less than thirty-seven feet and seven inches in circumference; its lofty enterlased arches springing in graceful lines from the moulded capitals of its one hundred and forty-seven columns; its gorgeously stained windows, the mullions of which are beautifully ramified into rich tracery arising out of reversed curves. One needs to see all these in the elegance of their combination and the chasteness of their ornamentation to fully appreciate its architectural beauty.

Scarcely of less interest are its historical associations. Within its walls the highest dignitaries both of church and state have assembled. Here King Edward I. worshiped in 1301. Here Oliver Cromwell in 1650 met with the Covenanters for the same purpose. But perhaps the most wonderful incident connected with this edifice after all, was the famous Presbyterian General Assembly, which met within its walls in 1438. This august body was composed of two hundred and forty members, comprising one hundred and forty ministers, ninety ruling elders (of whom seventeen were noblemen of high rank), nine knights, twenty-five landed proprietors, etc. In this convocation they declared in the most formal and solemn manner

that the Episcopacy, the High Commission, the Articles of Perth, and the Canons of Liturgy, were forever abolished, and that they should hereafter be unlawful, and that the Presbyterian form of church government should be established throughout Scotland, by which the Popish yoke was forever broken.

Near by the Cathedral is the Necropolis of Glasgow, a beautifully ornamented cemetery of some twenty-five acres, commanding a fine view of the city, as it is two hundred and twenty-five feet above the waters of the Clyde. It is adorned with a large number of stately monuments, many of which are erected to departed worth and greatness. Among the number that challenge admiration, is a fluted Doric column bearing high in the air upon its summit the statue of the honored and venerable reformer, John Knox.

Another place of interest is St. George's Square, near the center of the town, surrounded by the principal hotels and several public buildings. Here are to be seen the statues of Lord Clyde, Sir Robert Peel, and James Watt, the discoverer or inventor of the application of steam as a power, Gen. Sir John Moore, who fell at the battle of Corunna, in Spain, Sir Walter Scott, surmounting a lofty monument, and equestrian statues of Prince Albert and Queen Victoria, as also in front of the Royal Exchange near by, is another of the Duke of Wellington,

with representations on the pedestal of various battles in which he was engaged.

I was also very much interested in passing through Trungate Street in view of its historical reminiscences. Here stands the church where the great Dr. Chalmers so eloquently preached the word. Nearly opposite Sir John More was born. Near by, just around the corner, is the residence of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, that has been immortalized by Scott in "Rob Roy."

On the south side of the city, just beyond its limits, is the hill side called Long Side, where the battle was fought in which the beautiful, accomplished, but unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotts, suffered her last and fatal defeat, from which she fled to Elizabeth of England for protection, where she, instead of meeting with sympathy, was beheaded.

Kelvin Grove Park, the great public ground of Glasgow, with its artificial sloping terraces fringed with shrubery, and its beautiful undulating lawns is to be reckoned among the leading places of attraction in this city, but I have not time to dwell.

Edinburgh.—Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, has a population of about two hundred thousand. While its commercial and manufacturing interests are small, it ranks high as a literary emporium, and is in this respect second

only to London. It is some six miles in circumference, and is partly surrounded, at no great distance, with high hills, which form a fine back-ground, giving it a picturesque appearance. In fact, the city itself is built on three ridges that run east and west, and is divided into the new and old town, which are very dissimilar. In the old the streets are narrow and irregular, and flanked with very high old stone houses, that gives them a sort of romantic appearance. In the new, the avenues are more regular and spacious, along which are erected elegant buildings, which will favorably compare with those of any city. The new or modern part occupies the northern ridge, while the old covers the other two. The middle one terminates at its western extremity with an elevated bold rocky precipice two hundred feet high, with a surface of about six acres. Upon this stands the old Castle of Edinburgh, the most interesting object in the city to a stranger, except the Palace, which stands at the east end of the town. The only entrance to the fortress is from the east. As we approach it, on our right, we saw a bronze statue of the Duke of York, son of George III. and Uncle to Queen Victoria. Passing on we entered the fortress by a drawbridge which spans a deep dry ditch guarded by small flanking batteries. Then comes the guard house; next, as we ascended the old prison in which the Marquis and Earl

of Argyll were confined previous to their executions. Still ascending upward, passing the armory and old Sally Ports, we reach the citadel or the highest platform of the Castle. On the east side is where the royal apartments are located, and where a long line of sovereigns were born, and lived, and died.

On the ground floor here at the south-east corner, is the room in which, on the 19th of June, 1566, Queen Mary gave birth to James I., King of England. The room is small, being only a little over eight feet long.

On the east side of the quadrangle, (for these buildings are built in a quadrangular form, with a court inside of one hundred feet square), is the Crown Room, where the ancient regalia of Scotland is preserved. The crown is supposed to be as old as the days of Robert Bruce. The last monarch crowned with it was Charles II. The sceptre is of silver double gilt, thirty-four inches long, hexagonal in form, and surmounted with statues of the Virgin, St. Andrew, and St. James. The sword of state is a beautiful affair, and was presented from Pope Julius II. to James IV. in the year 1507. There is also a golden collar of the Order of the Garter presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI., the badge of the Thistle of the same king containing a portrait of his wife Annie of Denmark, and set with diamonds, and also a ruby ring, beautifully set with diamonds, and worn by

Charles I. at his coronation at Holyrood Palace, in 1633. I need not say that such ornaments I had never seen before, and that all was new and strange to me.

The next thing we visited was Queen Margaret's Chapel, which is considered one of the most interesting things in the castle. This Norman structure was built by Queen Margaret, who died in 1093, and is said to be the oldest building in Scotland. Near by, on the king's bastion stands the famous gun, known as Mons Meg, which is said to be some four hundred years old. This cannon is formed of long pieces of malleable iron that are placed lengthwise, and bound together by hoops of the same material. It is thirteen feet long, twenty inches in diameter, and weighs upwards of five tuns. A pile of stone balls lays beside it, such as were used in former times, before iron balls were known.

From this place I went to Holyrood Palace, which stands at the east end of the city, and which was founded by James IV., in 1501; but which was not finished until over a hundred years after. The Palace as it now stands, is a spacious quadrangular structure, enclosing a piazza bounded court, ninety-four feet square. The grand entrance is decorated with four Doric columns on each side. Over the archway is sculptured the royal arms of Scotland, surmounted by a small octagonal tower terminat-

ing in a crown, on each side of which are double-battlemented towers.

On entering the first room I visited was the Picture Gallery. This hall is one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and twenty feet high, and contains one hundred portraits of distinguished persons.

Next comes Lord Darnley's rooms, in which are also portraits and some interesting specimens of ancient tapistry. From these we ascended the staircase to Queen Mary's apartments, which are on the third floor. The first apartment entered is the Audience Chamber. Among other rich articles of furniture is a dilapidated state bed which has often been occupied by kings and princes. From this we passed into Queen Mary's Bed Chamber. Here, in addition to other articles of furniture, is the Queen's bed, with hangings of crimson damask, and with green silk fringes and tassels, now moth-eaten and decaying. Adjoining are her dressing-room and supper-room. On the north side of the latter was shown to us the private stairway by which an assassin, employed by Lord Darnley, her husband, in a fit of jealousy, crept up to this room on the night of March 9th, 1566, and stabbed Rizzio, the Queen's Secretary, by her side; and dragged him bleeding from her presence, hustling him through the bed-room and antechamber; during which he was assaulted with daggers by the Earl of Morton, Lord

Ruthvan, Lord Lindsay, and various other dignitaries, so that he fell covered with some fifty wounds.

We next visited the Chapel Royal, which belongs to the Palace. It is, however, roofless, and rapidly crumbling down with age. A part of the building dates back to 1150. In this chapel Charles I. was crowned, as were also James II., James III. and James IV. Here Queen Mary and Lord Darnley were married; and here in the royal vault in the south-east corner, lie the remains of David II., James II., James V., the Queen and second son of James V., Lord Darnley, the Duke of Albany, and many others of distinction. Alas! what a place for reflection upon human greatness, and the vanity of all things earthly. The impressions I received here will not soon be forgotten.

I also visited the British Museum, the Surgical and Anatomial Museum, the Antiquarian Museum, where I saw an old guillotine. Here also I saw the famous stool of which I had often read, that Jenny Geddes hurled at the head of the Dean of St. Giles, when he attempted to read the Liturgy; also the Sculpture Gallery, which contains casts of the Elgin Marbles, the celebrated statues of antiquity, etc.

Of the various cemeteries that I visited, no other impressed me as did Greyfriars. Here lies the remains of some of Scotland's most gifted sons. But the monument that impressed

me most, was that erected on the spot where some twelve hundred martyrs were buried, who suffered death for their faith at the hand of Romanists. I was also shown the stone wall enclosure where they were imprisoned without covering from the storms for five months, huddled together like cattle, and where they nearly perished with cold and hunger. Among the very large number executed here were many of distinction; not less than one hundred noblemen, gentlemen and ministers.

Here too in this yard stands the old church built in 1612, in which the National Covenant was signed in 1638 by the lords and barons of the realm that made Romish persecutions an impossibility thereafter.

I also visited the house where John Knox lived, the church where he preached, and the tomb where he rests.

I would like to speak about many other things I have seen in and around this city, but my letter is already too long. Here historical reminiscences of the past meet you at almost every step.

Never before have I found a city so different from all my previous conceptions. One needs to see it in order to understand it, and appreciate it. While making my home at the Waverly House, to which my friend, Dr. Kost, recommended me, I have had a pleasant and profitable visit.

LETTER IV.

SIGHTS IN AND ABOUT LONDON.

London.—A Funeral—St. Paul's Cathedral.—Westminster Abbey.—Its History.—Its Royal Tombs.— The Poet's Corner. — England's Mighty Dead.

I LEFT Edinburgh on Saturday, October 13th, by steamer, and arrived in this city the next day about one P. M. As I had anticipated, I have been exceedingly interested in London; and, in fact, it seems to me that no stranger can be otherwise, especially on his first visit to this great metropolis. There is no other city on the globe that can be considered its equal. The population of this immense human hive is between three and four millions, spreading out from east to west some twelve miles, and from north to south about ten, making over forty miles in circumference, and covering an area nearly one hundred and twenty square miles. It would therefore take nearly four such cities as New York, placed side by side, to equal this city. Besides, it is estimated that one hundred thousand visitors are constantly coming and going, and swelling the tide of population that constantly crowds its streets.

The early history of London is veiled in obscurity. It is known, however, to have been a

strong fortified place of the Britons before the Christian era. Its Roman designation is evidence that it was the capital of the Province. Tacitus speaks of Londonum or Colonia. Augustus, in A. D., '51, alludes to it as a commercial city of considerable importance.

The old city was formerly surrounded with a wall, as indeed were all ancient cities of importance. Temple Bar-gate, which was built a little over two hundred years ago, marks the place of one of the old gateways into the city. The present gateway is much more of an affair than I had anticipated. It is Corinthian in style, and consists of a large central arch some 20 feet high, and some 15 feet thick (being the thickness of the old wall) spanning the street, with a smaller one on each side for foot passengers. On this arch, in former times, the heads of malefactors who had been executed, were stuck up to public view. The only use now made of the gate, is on state occasions. It is then closed against the official agents of the reigning sovereign. Permission is then asked of the Lord Mayor in the King's or Queen's name (as the case may be) to enter the city, upon which the gate, with great ceremony, is opened for the royal escort to pass. But perhaps enough of this.

On the next morning after my arrival in this city, just after breakfast, I overheard one of the waiters say that there was to be a grand funeral

that morning. On inquiry, I learned that it was the funeral of Sir John F. Burgoyne, Field Marshal; and that the procession would pass through the street on which I was staying. I immediately concluded to abandon the plan I had formed for the morning to visit various places, to witness the pageantry of rank and greatness. According to appointment, between ten and eleven o'clock, the funeral car, gorgeously plumed, made its appearance, preceded by mounted officials to clear the street for the procession. Next came four private carriages, with richly plumed and caparisoned horses, which contained the relatives of the deceased. Each one of these carriages was attended by a guard of honor. Next came the Queen's dress carriage; then the Prince of Wales' carriage; next the carriage of the Duke of Cambridge, etc. These were followed by private carriages. When the cortege arrived at Tower Hill, the place of interment, while the bands played the dead march in *Saul*, the tolling of the bell and the thundering of the cannon, added materially to the pomp and impressiveness of the occasion. I had formed a high opinion of the state carriages of royalty, yet their superb trappings and costly decorations far exceeded my expectations. I could not, however, help reflecting how little death, or disease, cared for wealth, rank or power; how little these availed when help and comfort were most needed. The

Queen is even now confined to her room with rheumatism.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—This is justly regarded as one of the most interesting objects in the whole city; the grandest church in the British Isles. Although surrounded with stately buildings, it rises above them all, towering like a giant among pigmies. It is built in the form of a cross, and in the purest Grecian style. It is five hundred feet long inside of the walls, and three hundred and eleven feet wide. It faces the west, and its front is adorned with a splendid portico, supported by twelve massive columns. Above these are eight composite columns supporting a triangular pediment on which is the representation of the conversion of St. Paul deeply cut in bas-relief. On the apex is a colossal statue of the apostle. The angles of the front are crowned with two bell towers which rise to the height of two hundred and twenty-two feet. On the north and south ends of the transepts are circular porticos, supported by Corinthian columns. At the junction of the nave, transepts and choir, rises its immense dome three hundred feet in circumference on the inside, and rising to the enormous height of three hundred and forty feet from the floor to the top of the interior; the entire structure to the top of the cross being no less than four hundred feet high. The dome is reached by a

winding staircase. In the interior of the dome is a whispering gallery, which is a marvel of itself. The shutting of a door sounds almost like thunder. By putting your ear to the wall, you can hear a person whisper away across on the other side. On hearing words spoken, I instinctively looked around me to see if any one was near me, although I knew there was not. It seemed as though some one was whispering to me just by my side. From the whispering gallery I ascended to the top above the dome, where I had one of the finest views of London that is to be obtained from any point in the whole city. As I gazed around from this dizzy height, I could see for miles away, east and west, north and south. It was a beautiful sight to see stretching out on every side one wide wilderness of dwellings, churches, halls, public buildings, factories, etc., gradually fading away in the dim, smoky distance. I counted, from this point, seventy-four towers and spires, rising up from the mass of buildings around.

The interior has attractions also as well as the exterior. It is truly wonderful to stand beneath this great dome, and look up to its lofty arch so high above you. But this is not all—as you stand here, you are surrounded with many monuments of beautiful design and workmanship that have been erected to some of England's noblest sons. Among these is that of Lord Nelson, whose name will never die.

Also that of Sir Edward Packingham's and Major General Gibbs', who fell at the battle of New Orleans; John Howard's, the great philanthropist; Dr. Johnson's, Lord Collingwood's, and many others. I should not, however, omit stating that here too rests the remains of Sir Christopher Wren, who reared this stupendous pile. It was near forty years in building, and cost about seven million five hundred thousand dollars. In front of the church is also a statue of Queen Ann in her robes of state, surrounded with other figures and decorations of elaborate workmanship.

Westminster Abbey.—This is a venerable pile, and aside from its marvelous associations, which can scarcely be over estimated, it is next to St. Paul's, the most imposing religious edifice in London. It is a gothic structure, also built in the form of a Latin cross, and is three hundred and seventy-five feet long, and at the transepts two hundred feet wide. The nave, including the aisles, is seventy-five feet wide, and the nave itself one hundred and one feet high, supported by clustered columns of large and small mouldings, from which its arches spring in beautiful curves. From the outside, its numerous turrets, towers, and pinnaclas, give it a most imposing appearance.

It was not all built at the same time. One portion was erected by Edward the Confessor,

about 1050, on the site of an old Saxon church. Some parts have since been rebuilt by Henry III., and the towers were not completed until about two hundred years ago, when they were finished by Sir Christopher Wren. The chapel which bears the name of Henry VII., was built by him in 1520 as a royal sepulchre. Altogether, it is one of the most wonderful buildings, in view of its many associations, that is to be found in all England. I could not help but think, as I here stood, that once beneath these old massive arches, monks, friars, and priests chanted their lifeless services. But now, all this is changed. The monks and friars are gone. Revolution has transformed this venerable pile into a vast sepulchre for England's mighty dead.

Having secured a guide, and paid the stipulated fee, I entered the old chapel, and stood among the royal tombs of the kings. What a place for reflection on human greatness, and the vanity of rank, and wealth, and power, as an end! Here earls, and dukes, and lords, and kings, and queens, sleep in silence; awaiting, with others, the blast of the last trumpet. Here, nobility and royalty lie in ruins. Alas! what are titles, and all the pageantry of royalty, in the chambers of death? How forcibly the lines of Young impressed my mind, as I gazed on the scene around me:

" What though we wade in wealth, and soar in fame?
Earth's highest stations end in 'here he lies;'
And 'dust to dust,' concludes the noblest song."

I was particularly impressed with the magnificent tomb of Henry VII., as also that of Queen Elizabeth, and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. The reclining figure of Henry V., which lies on the tomb, is now headless; as the head, which was of silver, has been wrenched from the body by some thief and carried off. The metallic statue of Richard II., that lies on the top of his tomb, is entirely covered with gilt, and is a splendid affair. Here is also the tomb where the remains of Oliver Cromwell were deposited, but which were removed by Charles II., on his coming to the throne. The oldest date is found on the tomb of King Sebert, who died A. D. 616. I believe all of England's kings, from Edward the Confessor, as he is called, to George II., lie entombed in this enclosure.

Another place of peculiar interest in this vast edifice is what is termed the "Poets' corner." Not that poets only are buried here, for here reposes the dust of divines, historians, philosophers, critics, musicians, actors, architects, dramatists, and jurists. These are Nature's gifted sons, not made great by wealth and titles. They were raised to eminence and distinction, not by ancestorial prerogatives, for many of them were born to poverty, and died poor; but they were men of sterling intellect, of genius and culture.

The most of these were not only benefactors to the age in which they lived, but will be to all future generations; and when these marble memorials shall have crumbled into dust, their names shall still live in history and song.

In every part of the building—in the nave, transepts, and choir—are statues, and tablets, and monuments, of every degree of artistic skill and grandeur. Over the great west doorway is a monument to William Pitt, standing in his robes of state. In the north aisle is the monument of Major Andre, who was hung as a spy at Tappan, New York. On the monument is a sculptured representation of his capture at Tarrytown. In the nave is a beautiful statue of the late Lord Palmerston in his robes of state. Of the numerous inscriptions that meet you on every side, and which I have read for hours together, there is not one other that has so impressed my mind as that inscribed on the monument of Shakspeare, taken from his own eloquent words, and made still more impressive as his statue there stands, pointing its finger to the inscription:

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

Years ago I treasured up this passage as a gem; but as I read it here, amid these sur-

roundings of departed greatness, and the mouldering dust of kings, it had a peculiar significance that I never felt before.

LETTER V.

SIGHTS IN AND ABOUT LONDON.—*Continued.*

Tower. — Horse Armory. — White Tower. — Prison and Instruments of Torture.—Noted Victim.—Place of Execution.—Jewel Office. —Crowns and Sceptres.—British Museum.— Nimrod and Layard Saloons.—The Rosetta Stone.—Bunhill Fields.—Tombs of Distinguished Personages.

THE TOWER.—The Tower of London is one of the great centres of interest that every traveler to the metropolis visits as a matter of course. This ancient edifice is situated on the north bank of the Thames, near the eastern extremity of the city. It is an old fortress, and is said to have been built by William I., and originally garrisoned by Normans, to secure the obedience of his subjects. It was subsequently used for a palace for nearly five hundred years, and was first abandoned as such, by Queen Elizabeth, since which time it has been used as a prison for State criminals. It is sur-

rounded by a strong wall that encloses some thirteen acres. The Tower, as it is called, is not so much one building as it is an irregular pile of buildings, various departments of which are now used for different purposes, such as the ordnance office, the old mint office, the horse armory, the grand storehouse of small arms, the record office, the jewel office, the white tower and chapel. On the south side, next to the river, is the celebrated arch, known as the "Traitor's Gate," through which State prisoners were formerly conducted from the river to their dismal abode. Alas! what an array of tragical events start up before the mind in the presence of this old dungeon! What scenes of crime and blood, of untold wretchedness and suffering, have been witnessed here! History gathers many of its most stirring events from this old, grim enclosure. It is doubtful whether the interest that clusters around this spot does not rival even the British throne. In nearly all the great events of England in modern times, this famous old Tower has played an important part.

But let us enter, that we may inspect its various departments more closely. An English shilling is demanded as a fee. That man whose clothes are trimmed with red tape, and whose low, bell-crowned hat is fantastically ornamented with white, red, and blue ribbons, is pointed out to us as our guide. We enter

through a massive old gateway, flanked with two towers; we next cross over a bridge which spans a wide fosse; then pass through another ancient gateway similar to the first, and then we are inside the enclosure. A few steps brings us to the "Traitor Gate;" still further on, and we enter the horse armory, which contains a large collection of ancient implements of war, both offensive and defensive. Here is every variety of shields and coats of mail. There is one that has been brought from Naples, which is in a glass case, and said to be two thousand years old. Here are various equestrian statues of the kings and knights of England, dressed up in the peculiar armor worn in the age in which they lived, from the time of Edward I., 1272, to that of James II., 1685, covering a period of 400 years. Some of these are unique indeed; that of Henry VIII. is the most superb and kingly, except it be that of Queen Elizabeth, who is mounted on a horse, richly dressed in her robes of state, and as she appeared when she rode to the church, to give thanks to God for the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

It is very interesting to see the first form of guns that were used, and then to mark the different steps of improvement in these instruments of war that speedily banished from use the shields and coats of mail. Having next passed through the departments containing sixty-two thousand stand of modern small arms, we were

conducted to the more important parts of the Tower.

Among the places of special interest is the chapel—a small, plain, but neat building, of the Norman style, said to have been erected in 1272, or 600 years ago. Within its vaults repose the dust of many of high rank and distinction. The bodies of most of those who have been executed within this enclosure, it is said, have been deposited here. Under this chapel, in one of its cells, we were shown the very place where Sir Walter Raleigh spent his thirteen years of imprisonment previous to his execution; and where he wrote, perhaps to pass away the time, his history of England. It seemed strange to know that I was standing in the very room where this distinguished warrior, statesman, and writer spent long, weary years in solitude. Perhaps no single act of the reign of James I. was more odious and shameful than that which consigned this great and good man to the scaffold. The letter he wrote to his wife, the day before his execution, in which he takes his final leave of his family, will ever be read with interest.

We were next conducted to the white tower. Here we entered a large room, quite ordinary in architecture, where some of the most important events in English history have transpired. Could these walls but speak, what scenes of tyranny and blood would they disclose to our

astonished ears! Among other things of note that have transpired here, was the dethronement of Richard II., against whom were presented thirty-five articles of accusation, on which he was tried, condemned, and formally deposed, to make way to the throne for Henry IV. This enforced abdication has been well described by Shakspeare, in the following lines:

"I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand—
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With my own tears I wash away my balm,
With my own hand I give away my crown,
With my own tongue deny the sacred state,
With my own breath release all dutious oaths.
All pomp and majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I do forego;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny," etc.

We next entered the apartment where State prisoners were formerly confined. All around on the walls are inscriptions and various devices, which have been cut in the stone by the prisoners during their incarcerations. Many of these are very suggestive and impressive. I was particularly struck with one of them, which, perhaps, is about ten inches square. It has in its centre the scales of justice unequally balanced. On the left of the scales is an hour-glass. On the other side a human skull—the symbol of death. All these are deeply cut in the stone. A short distance from this, in

another place, is carved simply *Jane*, which is supposed to have been cut by the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. All these inscriptions and devices were a long time ago covered over, by plastering the stone walls, until, as generations passed away, they became forgotten, as it was probably intended they should be. But as the plastering had become defaced, cracked, and broken, it was resolved to remove it; when, lo! these inscriptions and carvings were all brought to light. What a place for reflection within these grim old walls! Here the patriot and warrior, William Wallace, was incarcerated by King Edward; and from here he was finally dragged at a horse's tail to Smithfield, where he was barbarously murdered. Here Henry VI. was imprisoned and finally assassinated. Here two young princes, in the helplessness of childhood, were inhumanly smothered by the order of their uncle, Richard III. Here the unfortunate but talented Isabella Stuart, for no fault of her own, was cruelly imprisoned in this dungeon until her health was destroyed, her reason dethroned, and her body covered with disease; she died a raving maniac. Here, too, the corrupt and unprincipled statesman, William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, laid in confinement for three years previous to his execution.

Near by this dungeon is another room, where we were shown the terrible instruments of tor-

ture and death used in former ages. I here saw, for the first time, a pair of thumb-screws, and was also shown how they were used for the purpose of extorting confession of guilt from the accused. Another instrument of torture was a heavy iron collar, with iron points on the inside, intended to gall the neck, and torment most cruelly its victim, until confession of guilt should be extorted. There was also a sort of iron rack, that must have produced the most exquisite torture. Here was also shown us the block upon which so many have been beheaded. The axe which was used on these occasions, as is fitting, lays by its side; and here is also the horrid mask worn by the executioner, lest he should afterwards be recognized by the people.

A short distance from here, just outside of this gloomy building, we came to a brass plate, just above the surface of the ground, which marks the very spot where the beheading-block originally stood, and where kings, queens, earls, lords, and counts have been executed. Here the soil has drank in the life's blood of many whose names stood high on the roll of fame. Here the acute, learned, and accomplished Sir Thomas Moore came to his untimely and terrible end. Here Anne Boleyn met her hard fate, declaring that her only crime was that she had lost the affection of her husband, the king. Here Bishop Fisher, who was condemned through the machinations and intrigue of Henry

VIII., was finally executed. Here the Countess of Salisbury, who had been accused of treason, was horribly mangled to death, the executioner striking at her neck, at every step, as she ran around the fatal block, until she fell covered with ghastly wounds. Here the pious and accomplished Lady Jane Grey, after a short triumph of nine days only as Queen of England, through the ambition of her friends, was beheaded, as also was her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, whose headless corpse she met as she was being led to the fatal block, he having been beheaded just before. It is said that on seeing this terrifying sight she exclaimed: "O! Guilford, Guilford, the antepast is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall so soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in heaven;" and having said this, she approached the fatal block, with a firm heart and an unfaltering step. Having disrobod herself and given her outer garments to her waiting-maids, she bound a handkerchief over her eyes with her own hands, and then laid her neck upon the block, and exclaimed: "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." The axe fell, and her spirit took its flight to a better kingdom. Here the talented Earl of Strafford was executed, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Here, also, the Earl of Essex, under the charge of treason, was beheaded; also Archbishop Laud,

the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Monmouth, etc. But time will not permit us to continue the list. Here, for hundreds of years in the long past, the rack and axe did their terrible work. What frightful scenes of horror and blood come trooping up from the misty past, as we gaze upon this spot and its surroundings! What heart-rendings of sorrow; what intense bitterness of soul; what acute anguish of mind; what depths of humiliation; what earnestness of supplication, in view of approaching doom, has this enclosure witnessed! But let us leave this dismal place to look upon sights more cheery and pleasant.

Here is the jewel office, which holds the peculiar treasures of royalty. It consists of a strong stone building within the wall-girt tower, and is strongly guarded. As we entered the apartment, we were handed over to another guide who conducted us to the jewels. Here is quite a display of kingly ornaments. There are four golden sceptres; two golden swords—one, the sword of Justice, the other, the sword of Mercy; a golden wine-fountain, and a baptismal service of gold, for the use of the royal family; royal spurs of gold, worn at coronations; bracelets of gold, studded with precious stones; also, five crowns; among these is the crown of Victoria, which is made of purple velvet, enclosed with silver bands, surmounted by a ball and cross, the bands sparkling and flash-

ing with diamonds. This crown, which was worn by Queen Victoria at her coronation, and which was made expressly for her, is said to be worth five millions of dollars; and the value of the whole of these kingly ornaments is said to be over twenty millions of dollars. And yet, how many have found Milton's description true:

> "A crown
> Golden in show is but a wreath of thorns;
> Brings dangers, trouble, cares, and sleepless nights,
> To him who wears the royal diadem."

I leave the Tower with feelings that will not easily be effaced from my memory. Though much that are within its walls are sad, it is, nevertheless, pleasant to see how glorious is the present as compared with the past. We live in a better age than did our ancestors.

Another place of special interest to the tourist is the British Museum. The building, which is Corinthian in style and very large, is crowded with a vast collection from art and nature. The zoological and minerological departments are said to be the finest in the world. The Lyceum room contains also a great variety of interesting objects. Here is a series of bass reliefs, which once adorned the upper part of the famous temple of Apollo. Here are also figures cast in plaster from the great temple of Jupiter; and two beautiful models of the renowned temple of Minerva, at Athens. In a word, sculp-

tured tombs, winged lions, slabs and pillars, covered with inscriptions, most of which are said to be 3000 years old. The Nimrod saloon presents an intellectual feast to the antiquarian. This contains Layard's celebrated collection of sculpture from the ruins of old ancient Ninevah, that has done so much in the confirmation of Bible history.

In the Egyptian galleries I was also particularly interested. Here are gods and heroes of colossal proportions, sculptured from basalt and granite, that had been brought from the land of Mizraim. Among these is a gigantic head found at Carnak; the dark granite statue of Amenoph, and the head of Rameses. Here too, is the celebrated Rosetta stone, that has played so important a part in unraveling and deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It was dug up by a company of French soldiers, who were engaged at the time in throwing up an intrenchment at Rosetta, in Egypt, during the first Napoleon's campaign in that country. The stone is black Seyenite basalt. On it are three inscriptions: one in Egyptian hieroglyphics; another in the ancient Egyptian language; the third in Greek. The latter, which of course was soon deciphered, was found to contain an eulogy on one of the Egyptian kings, and to date back nearly 200 years before Christ. It was soon conjectured that the other two inscriptions might be duplicates of this. It was this

thought, in connection with the Greek inscription, that furnished Dr. Young with a key to the hieroglyphics which had, for so many ages, been a profound mystery. The great advantages resulting from this discovery can scarcely be over-estimated. A flood of light has been poured upon Egyptian history. These strange characters are now read and understood. Obelisks that have stood thousands of years in silence, are now made to tell of the long, long past. Through their revelation dynasties have been settled, and great events chronologically arranged, and many doubtful questions adjusted, while many of the historic truths of the Bible have received from this source a confirmation. But I have not time to dwell upon the many wonders of this place. Suffice it to say that no other three days, while I was in London, were passed more pleasantly than the three that I spent in the saloons and galleries of this noble institution.

Another place of very special interest to me was Bunhill Fields, an old burying ground in the northern part of the city. Here are interred a large number whose names stand deservedly high on the roll of fame. On one side of the cemetery stands the famous old Chapel where Wesley's voice was so often heard. It is a good sized, plain, substantial brick building, and in good repair. Near this structure, somewhat grouped together, are the tombs of Richard

Watson, author of the *Institutes;* Benson, the commentator; Dr. Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and others who were shining lights in the Wesleyan connection. I felt it to be a privilege to even stand beside their graves and indulge in those reflections that such solemn associations naturally inspire. A short distance from these are other tombs of note; but none of them interested me more than that of the great poet, Dr. Watts' and old John Bunyan's. The latter is especially impressive. The tomb is a massive stone structure some eight feet long and five feet high; on the top of which his statue lies at full length, as on a couch. It is said to be a good likeness of this wonderful man. Although his dust finds here a resting place, his Pilgrims' Progress still lives, and is marching on, and will until the end of time.

LETTER VI.

SIGHTS IN AND ABOUT LONDON.—*Continued.*

Westminster Palace.—Royal Gallery.—House of Lords.—Peers' Lobby, etc.—Central Hall. — Westminster Hall. — Windsor Castle.— St. George's Chapel.—Royal Tombs—Round Tower—Royal Stables and Public Grounds.

PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.—One of the leading places of special interest to the stranger in London, is Westminster Palace or the Parliament buildings. I have not seen anything since I left home, that I have been so utterly at a loss to describe, as I am this truly wonderful structure. It is so extensive in its plan, so elaborate in its workmanship, and so exceedingly gorgeous in its decorations, that I scarcely know where to begin, or how to proceed in order to give the reader anything like a correct idea of it. It is undoubtedly far the most extensive and highly ornamented pile of masonry in this great city, so noted for its public buildings. I will not therefore attempt to do more than to give a brief outline of some of the more prominent features of this truly magnificent edifice.

In the first place, I would remark that it is situated on the western bank of the Thames, is

in the Gothic style of architecture, and is 940 feet long, and some 200 feet wide. These immense lines of walls are broken at proper intervals by bold projecting square towers, buttressed, and panneled, and ornamented from bottom to top, and terminating in richly ornamented pinnacles. In fact the entire walls are decorated with panneled buttresses between the windows, each one terminating at the top in ornamented pinnacles, so that the whole sky-line of wall is studded with towers, turrets, oriels, and pinnacles from one end of the building to the other. Of the different towers, two are worthy of special notice. One of these is on the northwest angle of the building, the other on the southwest angle. The former is the clock tower, which is square, and also panneled and buttressed, terminating in a lantern spire richly gilded, and is over 300 feet high. The principal feature, however, of this tower, is its great clock, which is twenty-three feet and six inches across the dial, and is the largest in the world, that is, where the clock is an integral part of the design. The latter, or Victoria tower, as it is called, on the other end, is the largest and highest tower in the world, it being seventy-five feet square, and 386 feet high. The summit of the tower, which is crowned with four pinnacles, has a pierced parapet of appropriate design. The lower part, which is pierced by a gigantic archway, fifty feet high, is appropriated exclu-

sively to the use of the sovereign who enters here to open and close Parliament.

But let us enter within. The first apartment is the Royal Gallery, 110 feet by forty-five feet, and is forty-five feet high. Here frescoes, paintings, emblazoned shields with the arms of the kings of England and Scotland, and beautiful glass-stained windows, meet the eye on every side, while a splendidly panneled and decorated ceiling crowns the whole. In the niches of the doorways and bay windows, are placed gilded statues of Henry V. and Elizabeth, William III. and Anne, Richard I., Edward III., William I., and Alfred. From this room we passed through a splendid doorway to the Prince's Chamber, which is a sort of ante-room to the House of Lords. Directly opposite the entrance is a beautiful marble group consisting of a collossal statue of Queen Victoria, seated upon a throne, with the figures of Justice and Mercy standing on either side of her.

From this we passed through another gorgeously decorated doorway to the House of Lords. The first thing that arrested my attention on entering this truly magnificent hall was Victoria's throne, all dazzling with burnished gold. To say that it is splendid, is, I know, to say but little toward giving an idea of its grandeur and richness, and yet this is all I shall say at present. There was all around me a wonderful display of wealth and beauty. In fact the

entire room corresponds with the throne. Its walls are adorned with the portraits of some fifteen Kings and Queens, besides many paintings illustrating important events in English history. The entire room is exceedingly rich in elaborate decorations, consisting of royal monograms, quatrefoils, crowns, roses, shields, armorial bearings, statuary, splendidly carved canopies, sculptured ornaments, and pendants more or less glittering with gold. The ceiling is also beautiful beyond description. Even the massive tie beams that divide the ceiling into large pannels are apparently of solid gold.

From this room we passed to the Peer's Lobby. Here are painted the arms of the six different royal lines, who have swayed the English scepter—the Saxon, Norman, Plantagent, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian, each surmounted with a royal crown, besides many other things of special interest. Next we entered the Peer's Library, and then the Peer's Robing Room. Next, the Central Hall, sixty feet in diameter, octagonal in form, and vaulted over with stone; the panels formed by the intersections of these enormous ribs of the roof, are inlaid with Venitian glass, mosaic, and forming various devices, such as royal badges, &c. The eight arches form great doorways leading to all parts of the building. From this we entered the apartment called the Lower Waiting Hall, then the Upper Waiting Hall, next St. Stephen's Hall, in which

are marble statues of Selden, Hampden, Clarenden, Walpole, Mansfield, Burke, Fox, Pitt, and several others. We then descended into St. Stephen's Crypt, which literally glitters with gold. This room is ancient and rich in design and associations. We next entered the House of Commons (in the same building.) This is very common, indeed, especially when compared with the House of Lords.

We next visited Westminster Hall. Although this structure joins the new Parliament building, it is not an integral part of it. It has a historic interest reaching back through many ages. It is said to have been built in 1097, and almost rebuilt in 1398 by Richard II. The first great public act that took place in it was the formal deposition of that very king himself in 1399. From the year 1224 until the present time all the great law courts of England have been established here. Here Cromwell was declared Lord Protector of England, and then a few years later his head was stuck up here on a pole as a mark of infamy. Here the famous trial of Warren Hastings was held. Here Sir Thomas Moore and Stafford were condemned to die. Here, too, Charles I. was tried and sent to the scaffold, and many others of note have here been tried and condemned, but I have not time to dwell.

From here I went to Windsor, twenty-one miles, by rail, for the purpose of visiting

Windsor Castle.—This is the summer residence of Queen Victoria. The Castle was originally built by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century, so that for eight hundred years it has been the abode of royalty. It is located in a beautiful district of country, and commands a fine view for miles around. The Castle is in the form of a hollow square, three of the outer sides of which are surrounded with a beautiful terrace. It is divided into two courts, or wards, the upper and lower, with a round tower between them, and separated from them, and which is sometimes called the middle ward, which includes St. George's Chapel; the whole covering about twelve acres. Around this are several batteries and towers for defence. The upper ward on the north side contains the royal apartments, and is called the star building, in consequence of a star and garter of gold on the outside, about midway of the structure. This part is said to contain about one hundred furnished rooms. Those to which we were admitted are the State Apartments, consisting of the Queen's Audience Chamber, the Vandyck Room (formerly the ball room), the Queen's State Drawing Room, the Grand Stair Case, the Grand Vestibule, the Waterloo Chamber, or Grand Reception Room, St. George's Hall, and the Guard Chamber. All of these rooms, as might be expected, are spacious and exquisitely elegant. The St. George's Hall is 200 feet

long, thirty-four wide and thirty-two feet high. I have not, however, time nor space to describe them; suffice it to say, that these rooms are gorgeously decorated with statuary, paintings, tapestry, frescos, carvings, and a profusion of gilding, besides being furnished by superb suits of furniture.

From these we passed into the St. George's Chapel, said to be the largest and most splendid of the three royal chapels in England. The interior is built in the form of an ellipsis, and the roof, which is remarkable for its elaborate and leafy work, is supported by lofty columns. Its walls are richly decorated with banners and paintings by Verio. The altar is embellished with a beautiful painting of the "Last Supper," by West. On each side of the choir, above the altar, are the throne seats or stalls, as they are called, of the royal family. On each side of the choir are the seats or stalls of the Knights of the Garter, canopied with a tracery of carved net-work, surmounted with their respective banners, and the Helmet, Crest, Sword and Mantle of each Knight, with armorial bearings. A brass plate at the back of each stall records his name, style, and title. At the foot of the steps leading to the altar is the entrance to the royal vault. Here are deposited the remains of Charles I., Henry VIII., and Jane Seymour In the north aisle is the tomb of Edward IV., the name being inscribed in raised letters of

brass on a black marble slab. In the south aisle is the tomb of the unfortunate King Henry VI. These are only samples of many others where the dust of the great finds a resting place. There is one other, however, that deeply impressed me, namely, the cenataph of the late lamented Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV. It consists of a splendid monumental group of white marble, representing the body of the deceased Princess, lying on the bed upon which she had just died, covered with a sheet, while the outline of the body is clearly seen, while around are attendants kneeling and weeping in the deepest anguish and sorrow. A mousoleum forms the background, from which her spirit is seen ascending, attended and supported by two angels, one of which bears her infant child. A rich canopy surmounts the whole. Her sad end is supposed to have been the result of the malpractice of her physician, who immediately afterwards shot himself.

At the east end of the chapel is a royal mausoleum that was commenced by Cardinal Woolsey for himself, but his overwhelming misfortunes that completed his ruin, prevented his either finishing it, or occupying it after death. It was finally finished by George III., where his own remains are laid, as were also those of his wife, his son (George IV.), the Duke of York, the Duke of Kent, and others. In a word, as you stand beneath the lofty arches of this ven-

erable pile, all around you stand monuments of exquisite workmanship, and of costly sculptured decorations that tell a mournful story of departed greatness, and the vanity of all earthly glory.

From the Royal Chapel we went to the Round Tower, which is approached by one hundred steps; at the top of which is seen projecting through the wall a cannon commanding the range of the entire staircase. From this point you ascend to the top of the tower by winding steps. From the summit a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained, including Eaton College.

From the tower we visited the royal stables, where I saw some seventy horses, and about sixty carriages of various sizes, and for various occasions. Of course all these were very fine.

The public and private grounds are laid out with exquisite taste, so as to secure great beauty and are very extensive. It is said that they contain about thirty miles of carriage road, winding backward and forward, that can be driven without once crossing your track. A short distance from the Castle, in the private grounds, is a most superb mausoleum recently erected by Queen Victoria to the memory of her husband, Prince Albert. But this we were not permitted to see, as it is visited only by the royal family, except on the anniversary of his death, and even then, only by a select few.

Adjoining the public grounds to which I have already referred is the Royal Park, which is of great extent, embracing 1,800 acres, and containing, as I was told by one of the officers of the Castle, several thousand deer. It is certainly a royal affair. But I fear that I have already trespassed upon the patience of my readers, and will therefore close this imperfect sketch of the House of Parliament and Windsor Castle.

LETTER VII.

SKETCHES ON THE RHINE.

Rotterdam— Wind-mills—Ship-Canals—Statue of Erasmus—Dykes—Dusseldorf—Cologne—Its Churches—Mrs. Adocht's Burial and Resurrection—The Cathedral—Bonn—Drachenpels—Rolandseck—A Famous Love-Story—Mayence—Frankfort—Galleries of Art—The Cathedral.

FROM London I took passage to Rotterdam, which is situated on the river Maus, and contains about 120,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most important commercial cities in Holland. I staid here near two days, during which time, I saw all there is to be seen of interest in the place. One of the novel features

of the city that I noticed on approaching it, was its numerous wind-mills. I afterwards, from an elevation that overlooked the city, counted fifty-two. Another leading characteristic is its system of ship canals that thread its principal streets from one side of the city to the other, spanned by scores of draw-bridges to accommodate both commerce and travel. I visited the Cathedral, which contains some fine monuments to the celebrated De Witt and others. But that which interested me most, was the bronze statue of the very learned, but timid and hesitating Erasmus, which stands fronting the market. He holds a book in his hands, into which he is looking with, apparently, deep interest and penetration. It is very fitting that the city that gave him birth should thus honor him with a statue.

From Rotterdam I proceeded by a steamer to Cologne. Travelers generally complain of this part of the route as being monotonous and tiresome. I have been, however, very much interested in it. I have been much surprised at the size and extent of those dykes that flank both sides of the river for about two hundred miles. This system of embankment along the rivers and the sea to keep the waters from flooding the country, is certainly the greatest public work I have ever seen.

I landed at Dusseldorf, which I found to be a very antiquated looking city. Its streets are

narrow and crooked. The Cathedral is a very common looking affair, yet it is well furnished. It contains some dozen altars, some of which are very fine. On the outside of the building is a sculptured or cast representation of Christ and the two thieves on crosses, while beneath them stand two men and two women apparently overwhelmed with grief. All the figures are life-size. Under the cross of Christ is suspended a large lantern in which were eleven candles burning, which, I suppose, represent the eleven Apostles, Judas having hanged himself.

From here I proceeded to Cologne. This is a very old city. It is said to have been founded by Agrippina, daughter of the Roman Emperor, Germanicus. You see here everywhere evidence of age in its crumbling edifices, and in its crooked and narrow streets. With a few exceptions, its sidewalks will not average more than two feet wide. The buildings, however, are generally substantial, and many of its stores are fine, especially in the arcades. It stretches along the river about two miles, in the shape of a half moon, and contains a population of over 100,000. Its history has been a varied one. It was utterly laid waste by fire and sword by the Normans in A. D. 863. Here, too, in 1349, all the Jewish houses were set on fire by the Roman Catholics, and most of the families perished in the flames. In 1685 fourteen hundred Protestants were driven out of the city by the same sect.

Its interest to the tourist, however, consists chiefly in its churches. I have visited several of them, among which the Church of the Apostles, St. Mary's, St. Peter's, St. Mesula's, and the Cathedral are the principal. I attended services in the three last named, and heard the rich melody of fine toned organs, as well as some excellent singing. The Church of the Apostles is quite an imposing structure, and peculiar in style. The choir is formed by three semi-circles, surmounted by as many cupolas. The principal one is octagonal, while the other two are slender minerets. But that which made it especially interesting to me, was the fact that here during the plague of 1357, Madame Adocht, while in a cataleptic fit (supposed to be dead), was, after the funeral service was over, put in the family vault of her husband, and during the following night, the sexton and undertaker having seen upon her finger a valuable ring, entered the vault, opened the coffin, and in his endeavors to force the ring from her swollen finger, started the blood, which broke the fit, and the lady came to, uttering at the same time a startling groan. The sexton fled in terror, leaving the vault open. She very soon realized her terrible situation, and with much difficulty arose and finally found her way home to the utter astonishment of her family, who were in turn frightened almost to death at her sudden and unexpected appearance before them with

her grave clothes, looking far more ghostly than human. In this same vault her remains now rest, not to awaken again, however, until the blast of the trumpet at the last day.

St. Peter's contains Ruben's masterpiece of the crucifixion in the form of a superb painting. St. Mary's is claimed to be over one thousand years old. St. Mesula's contains a large number of exposed human bones, said to be the bones of eleven thousand virgins, who were murdered by the Huns a long time ago. But the most important edifice of all is the Cathedral. It is a most magnificent gothic structure, built in the form of a Latin cross, and is 440 feet long. The nave is 150 feet, while at the transepts it is much wider. The central arches are 160 feet high, the side naves, or arches 65, which are supported by 102 clustered columns, each over 16 feet in circumference. It is said to have been commenced in 1248, and is not yet finished. The southern tower is really crumbling with age, while the northern tower is comparatively new. Both towers, which at present rise but a short distance above the peak of the roof, are to be surmounted with lofty spires. It is, in fact, this part of the building that lacks completion.

Leaving Cologne, we immediately entered the more interesting part of the Rhine. But a short distance on, we came to Bonn, which contains some 20,000 inhabitants, and is said to be

one of the oldest towns on this famous river. It was a city eighteen hundred years ago, and was then called Verona by the Romans. It has a fine university with a library of 100,000 volumes. Its Cathedral with four towers, which dates back to the twelfth century, is said to stand on the site of a heathen temple to Mars.

After leaving Bonn, the mountainous portion of the Rhine is soon reached. The first land elevation of any importance is what is called the Drachenpels. Here is a craggy cone, 1,170 feet high, crowned with an old castle built in 1117. Near by it stands one of the most celebrated monuments in Europe, which was erected in memory of those who fell in the passage of the Rhine, in the face of the first Napoleon's forces, in 1814. Around this cone are seven other mountain peaks rising from 900 to 1,200 feet high, making a fine group of mountain scenery.

On the other side of the river, nearly opposite, stands, on a high eminence, the celebrated *Castle of Rolandseck*. There is quite an interesting love affair connected with this, that adds much to its importance in the estimation of all who are fond of romance. As near as I remember the story, it is briefly as follows:

One Roland, a celebrated Knight, became ardently attached to a certain young lady, who seems to have reciprocated his affections. In the midst, however, of the indulgence of these

tender emotions, and the interchange of kindred thoughts and feelings between them, their country is invaded; and Roland is called to its defence. A battle is fought at Roncesvalles, and word is brought to this young lady that Roland is among the slain. Overwhelmed with grief, she at once resolved to banish herself forever from the world, as she now felt that she had nothing left worth living for. Accordingly she took the veil, and entered a nunnery situated on an island in the Rhine at this point (the ruins of which are still to be seen). Some time after, Roland, who had not been slain as reported, returned to renew their love and plighted vows, when, to his horror and amazement, he learned that she, who was all the world to him, was shut up for ever in this nunnery, under vows and obligations that she would not be permitted to violate, however anxious she might be to do so. This state of things became to him the more distressing and painful on his learning that this deplorable step of hers was taken, solely because of the love she bore to him. As he now well knew that they could never meet again under any circumstances, he resolved to do what to him seemed the next best thing in the form of comfort, namely, to build this Castle, directly opposite this nunnery from which he could enjoy the satisfaction of looking down upon the building that contained the idol of his soul.

It would be interesting to dwell upon the startling narrations and legends of these numerous castles, scattered, as they are, all along the Rhine, did time and space permit. But I cannot dwell upon them now. There is probably not another river that pours its waters into the sea, that is so thickly crowded with old historical associations, legendary interest, and thrilling romance, as the Rhine. Its terraced and vine-clad banks reaching far up the mountain sides —its numerous fortresses upon rocky heights— its grand old ruins dating back to medieval times—its natural and picturesque sublimity— its artistic beauty, and its castellated mountain cliffs; are all full of the strange witchery of romance and fascination. All day long I could scarcely take time to eat, for gazing on the constantly changing scenes of interest, as the steamer sped her way on, and on, continually revealing something new, until we reached the city of Mayence, the place of our destination.

Mayence is a commercial town of considerable importance, and heavily fortified. Its streets are narrower, as a general thing, than any I have seen before. As a rule, there are no side-walks, the streets being but seven or eight feet wide, and crooked. Here, however, Guttenberg, the inventor of movable type, was born. I felt it to be a great privilege to see his statue, and the house in which he lived.

The Cathedral is an immense pile of red sand-

stone, but with unsightly surroundings. Its sealings are plain, but its tombs and altars are rich in sculpture and ornamentation.

From this point I took the cars to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where I spent the Sabbath. In the morning I attended services at the English Church, where I felt it quite a treat to hear the English language once more. In the afternoon I went to a Protestant Evangelical German Church, where I heard good music, and I suppose good preaching. The speaker had a good voice, and pleasant gesticulations, and his theme seemed to be the giving of the law on Sinai, but I confess I was not much edified, as he preached in German.

Frankfort is one of the oldest and most interesting cities of Germany. The Emperor Charlemagne is said to have had a palace here in the eighth century. Here all the earlier emperors of Germany were elected and crowned. In the Town Hall (a building five hundred years old) I saw the Picture Gallery, containing all the portraits of the emperors of Germany, (fifty-two in number) from the year 912 to 1806. Ever since the twelfth century Frankfort has been a free city, and the capital of the Germanic Confederation until 1866, when it was absorbed by Prussia. It is a place of great wealth, and has been for more than a hundred years one of the great moneyed centers of Europe. Here the Rothschilds originally lived and made much of their money. The bankers of this city took

more of our Government bonds during our recent war than any other city on this continent. In the old part of the town, are narrow and crooked streets, lined with projecting houses from 100 to 500 years old. The suburbs, however, and the newer portions, have spacious and well shaded avenues, along which rise stately mansions with all the adornments that taste and wealth usually furnish. Here, too, the celebrated Goethe was born, and here stands his statue.

I was very much interested in visiting the State Museum and Academy, which contain fine collections of painting and statuary.

The Cathedral is large but not handsome. Its surroundings are miserable. It has the reputation, however, of dating back to the thirteenth century, and yet it is not finished. The scaffolding is still up around the tower, and looks as though it had been there a long time. Within, however, there are some fine sculpture and statuary. The monuments of the Emperors, Gunther and Rudolph of Sachsenhausen, more particularly so. Why so many of these Cathedrals should remain unfinished, I can not imagine, unless the Reformation had something to do with it, in diminishing the resources of the Papacy.

LETTER VIII.

SKETCHES ON THE RHINE.—*Continued.*

City of Worms. — Luther's Heroism. — His Statue.—Heidelberg.— Its Castle, etc., etc.— Strasburg.—Its War Scars.—Tombs.—Cathedral. — Astronomical Clock. — Bale.— The Alps.—Geneva.

FROM Frankfort I took the cars to Worms. This city has the distinction of being one of the oldest cities in Europe. It is known to have been in existence for more than eighteen hundred years, and is therefore certainly venerable with age. It has many antiquities of interest; and its ten-towered cathedral is considered matchless as a specimen of Romanesque architecture. But it was not because of any, or all of these facts, that made me anxious to see this city. It was rather an historical fact, that has thrilled and well nigh revolutionized the world. Here in this very city Luther was summoned to appear before an august Diet called by Maximillian I., in 1521, to answer to the charge of heresy. While on his way to this place, his friends sought to dissuade him from proceeding farther and trusting himself in the hands of those who were seeking his life-blood; to whom he heroically answered, "Though there

were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, I would go on." Here he accordingly appeared before the Emperor Charles V. and his nobles, and a multitude of Romish prelates, who were intent on his destruction. And here, in this Grand Assembly, when called upon to recant—to renounce the doctrines and principles of the Reformation, he stood up, and looking around on the assembly, replied, "Let me then be refuted and convinced by the testimony of the Scriptures, or by the clearest argument; otherwise *I can not and will not* recant, for it is neither safe nor expedient to act against conscience. *Here I take my stand; I can do no otherwise, so help me God! Amen.*" Never was there an instance of sublimer heroism since the death of the martyr Stephen, than that of the great reformer on the above occasion.

At the entrance to a sort of park, upon an elevated stone terrace, there has, within a few years past been erected, at great cost, a fine group of monumental bronze statuary, representing Luther, surrounded with the early Reformers, and the faithful electors who stood by him in his trials. The figure of Luther is central and colossal, as he was in his day. He looks the very impersonification of calm, dignified boldness, and I almost imagined, as I gazed upon his statue, that I heard him uttering the words that are inscribed beneath him: "*Here*

I take my stand," etc. As I thought upon the fact that Germany had given us the hero of the Reformation, and had given us Guttenberg also; the first to lead the way in the paths of divine truth; the second, to show us how to put that truth in a form that would reach all mankind, I felt like exclaiming, Germany, live forever!

Heidelberg.—This is generally regarded as one of the handsomest towns in Germany. It has a world of historical interest associated with it in connection with the electors palatine, who formerly made this their seat. One of the leading features of the place is its half-ruined castle, which is said to have been built in the fourteenth century. It is a massive structure, and most admirably situated, to make it impregnable. As a stronghold it must have been vastly superior to any of the old castles on the Rhine, or even the Castle of Edinburgh, or Windsor. Besides, there has been an immense expenditure on it in the form of statuary and elaborate sculptured ornamentation. From the Castle (which is built on a high bluff of rocks) there is a fine bird's-eye view of the city, which lies like a map far below you. I tried to fix on the precise locality that Dr. Kost spoke of in one of his letters, where, when he was here, in coming down the hill he became entangled among the vineyards, etc., but I am not sure of the exact place. I felt also a great pleasure in

visiting the Church of St. Peter, because, here on its door Jerome of Prague, heroically nailed his Theses, boldly bidding defiance to the Pope. And although they cruelly burned him at last as a heretic, his doctrines and principles still live, and are marching on to victory.

Heidelberg is also noted for its celebrated university, which ranks among the first in Europe. From its halls some of the finest and best cultured intellects have gone forth.

From this point I went by rail to Strasburg, which is a very ancient city, having been founded by the Romans, under Augustus. It has passed through many vicissitudes of war and peace. It was wrested from the Germans, some two hundred years ago, by the French, who had held it ever since, until September 28, 1870, when it was surrendered by Gen. Uhrich to the Germans, after a long siege and determined defence. In this struggle the city suffered severely; the fortifications were partly demolished, and the garrison and people brought to the very verge of starvation. During the siege, at times, the bombardment of the city was terrific; and many and lasting are the marks and ruin left by shot and shell. The public buildings suffered most. The law buildings, with many others, are a mass of ruins. Even the Museum, which, I am told, contained a very choice collection, besides a very extensive public library, was also destroyed, with all

its contents. The front of it, which is, in part, still standing, shows that the building was a noble structure. The new-patched roofs and mended walls of private residences, in every direction, all over the city, show how great must have been the peril everywhere during the bombardment. I am told that the feeling of the people here generally is very bitter against the Germans; that they intensely hate German rule, etc., but they must, nevertheless, submit. They are held with a firm grasp. I have seen an abundance of troops everywhere since I entered Germany, but nowhere else have I seen such large numbers as here. The numerous squads you meet passing from one part of the city to another, and the number of sentinels posted on the corners of the streets, would lead you to infer, did you not know otherwise, that the city was still under martial law.

I first visited the old church of St. Thomas. I here saw the sarcophagus of Bishop Adelogue, who died in A. D. 836; also the splendid tomb of Marshal Saxe, said to be one of the handsomest in Europe. It consists of a sculptured group of the finest marble. There stands the Marshal, with the open tomb just before him, and the skeleton Death, with his drawn spear, about to give the fatal blow. Mercy, in the form of an angel, is in the act of staying the hand of Death, while France, represented by another beautiful figure, is weeping. There is

also near by this tomb the glass-covered coffins containing the ghastly embalmed remains of Count Nassau Salberg and his daughter, of the sixteenth century. The skin on the face of the Count remains unbroken; not so with his daughter. On one of the bony fingers of the latter, I noticed a beautiful diamond ring that still flashed with brightness. She is also richly dressed, from head to foot (as can be seen, the glass coverings, in both cases, extending the whole length of the coffins). But oh! how changed these forms from what they were when living! What a sad comment on all that relates to wealth and distinction here! In another part of the building I was shown where a cannon ball had come crashing through the wall of the church, and a statue of one of the saints that it had partly demolished.

From here I hurried to the cathedral, which for many long years I had been hoping to see. This noble structure, which is the pride of the city, and a master-piece of Gothic architecture, was commenced in the thirteenth century, and was over four hundred years in building. There is, about this vast pile, such a variety—I might say, such a wilderness of statues; such a profusion of sculptured ornamentation; such a wonderful grouping of figures in *bas-reliefs;* and such delicacy of execution in Gothic tracery; involving such elaborate designs, such exquisite taste, such mathematical combinations, incalcu-

lable cost, and interminable labor that no adequate description could be given, or even outline, in a single letter, nor will I attempt it. On every side your admiration is excited. The massiveness and height of its clustered columns and arches, the splendor of its organ (all glittering with gold), and the richness of its side chapels, surprise you. Even the great brass doors of the triple portal are adorned with *bas-relief*, representing fourteen of the Old Testament prophets, the wise and foolish virgins, the crucifixion of Christ, the martyrdom of the apostles, the last judgment, etc. But the chief outward beauty of this wonderful structure is its immense spire, which is the highest steeple in the world, rising to the enormous altitude of four hundred and seventy-five feet; and yet, so profusely ornamented with delicate tracery that it more resembles lace-work than a stone structure.

But, after all, the crowning glory of this cathedral is its astronomical clock—the greatest piece of mechanism of the kind in the world. It stands inside of the building, and is separate and distinct from it. It is, I should judge, some twenty feet wide, and fifty feet high. On each day it tells the time of the sun's rising and setting, his position in the zodiac, the position of all the planets, the eclipses, the phases of the moon, besides a surprising amount of skill shown in the movement of various figures. But the

most remarkable of the latter is seen at the hour of twelve, when a figure, representing an old man, strikes the bell four times with a hammer, denoting that the fourth quarter of the hour has expired; another figure turns the hour-glass; father Time strikes the hour of twelve; the twelve apostles come out from a side doorway, one by one, and as each passes in front of the figure of the Saviour, he turns around and bows to Him, at the same time Christ stretches forth His hand over him to bless him. While all this is transpiring simultaneously, the cock, which is perched on the top of the clock, flaps his wings, and stretches up and curves his neck, and crows three times.

From here, I proceeded to Basle, in Switzerland. This is a very handsome city; its cathedral, however, is quite ordinary, and contains the homeliest sculpture and statuary that I had ever seen before.

From Basle I hastened forward for Geneva, stopping at Berne only long enough to make connection. Long before we reached Geneva, we came in sight of the Alpine range of mountains; and from that point, all the rest of the way, the scene increased in grandeur and sublimity. These towering elevations far exceeded my expectation. Hour after hour I gazed with increasing wonder. This vast pile of earth and rocks is not rounded and wooded, but studded with angular cones and jagged ridges, cutting

the sky, in many instances, with sharp, vertical lines; looking like the temples of Jehovah, whose tops and domes embrace and kiss the highest passing clouds, and greet the rising sun long before man knows of his coming. These giant forms, as though too pure for earth, in virgin whiteness all glistening with eternal snows, tower on high to greet the skies—for they rear their heads above the line of vegetation. Their very summer is the desolation of winter's winds and storms. The dreariness of solitude reigns among their peaks supreme. No human being dwells there; no beast roams there; no bird builds its nest there. All is silent as the grave, save the howling of fierce tempests and the crashing thunder of mighty avalanches. So numerous are these mountain peaks, that one seems to be gazing upon a giant marshaled host, with heads white-plumed, waiting the command of the Eternal. But the highest and mightiest of them all, as though born to command, is Mount Blanc, rearing his awful form to the altitude of 15,810 feet; and as if to add to the grandeur of the scene, white fleecy clouds lay along the sky and among these snowy peaks, so as in many instances to hide their sides from view, while their summits towered high above them.

Geneva.—We reached Geneva just before sunset. This is an old city, and was in exist-

ence before the Christian era, of which mention is made by Julius Cæsar. But it has other claims to honor. Here the Reformation took a deep hold, under the labors of John Calvin, who had been expelled from France in 1535. The old cathedral in which he preached—a plain, substantial, Romanesque stone building—is still in good repair, although it was completed away back by Emperor Conrad II., in 1024.

Here is also the home of Dr. D'Aubigné, the great historian of the Reformation.

The places of general interest are the *Hotel de Ville*, the Public Library, founded by Calvin, the Museum of Natural History, and the Museum of Ancient Curiosities or Antiquities. In the latter, I was much impressed with the appearance of an unwrapped Egyptian mummy, said to be three thousand years old, and which had been taken from ancient Thebes. I was also shown the house in which Rousseau was born, and also his garden, as it is called, where he was wont to retire and spend his leisure hours.

Geneva is a fine city, with a greater number of large, elegant buildings in it, in proportion to its size, than any city I have yet seen. In fact, I have seen thrift and enterprise on every hand, ever since I entered Switzerland.

LETTER IX.

SCENES IN ITALY.—FROM GENEVA TO VENICE.

Mt. Cenis Tunnel.—Turin.—Churches.—Palace.—Country Scenery.—Milan.—Its Cathedral.—Painting of the Last Supper.—Ancient Tombs.—Library.— Verona.— Venice.—Gondolas.—Church of St. Mark.—The Doge's Palace.—Bridge of Sighs.—Rialto.

FROM Geneva to the Mt. Cenis tunnel, our route, for more than a hundred miles, lay through a wild and romantic region. Both upon our right and left, towered up, at short intervals, irregular craggy cones, bluffs of massive rock, and frowning precipices. This road must have been built at an immense cost—high embankments, stone arches, iron bridges, a succession of tunnels, and heavy grades, being common features of the line. About four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the great tunnel which pierces Mt. Cenis, that separates France and Italy. This is the most stupendous work of the kind in the world. From the time we entered until we emerged into the light on the other side, was twenty-seven minutes. Some three hours more brought us to Turin.

Turin is situated in that part of Italy known as Piedmont, and was long the capital of Sardinia, and, until the removal of the seat of gov-

ernment to Florence, that of the lately erected kingdom of Italy. It is an old city, having been stormed by the Emperor Constantine, about A. D. 330. It has a population of over 200,000, and has some fine public squares and a large amount of statuary.

The Museum contains a fine collection, which is most admirably arranged and well worth visiting, even by the most hurried tourist.

Among the churches, that known as the Metropolitan Church of St. John the Baptist, is the most noted. It is built in the florid Gothic style, and although not very imposing externally, yet interiorally it is rich in costly decorations. Its arrangement is somewhat peculiar. Behind the high altar is a second church, to which you ascend, from the first, by a flight of thirty-seven steps of marble. This part of the church is in a circular form, and is lighted in a very singular manner from the dome, which is a marvel of itself. This upper chapel contains some very fine tombs of distinguished personages. Among these is that of Marie Adelaide, former wife of King Victor Emanuel, who died in 1856. Near her tomb is a very beautiful marble statue of her, of virgin whiteness.

I also visited the Royal Palace. This, externally, is quite plain, in consequence of which I felt a degree of disappointment when I first came in sight of it. On entering it, however, this feeling soon gave place to surprise and ad-

miration. Never before had I seen a greater profusion of ornamentation and splendor than I saw here, on every hand, throughout these royal apartments. Superb frescos of various designs and exquisite finish adorn the walls and ceilings, together with a lavish expenditure of carvings and gildings. The floors were inlaid with various colored wood in Mosaic forms of tasselation, and elegantly polished. The throne, a thing of rare beauty, looked like massive gold of superior workmanship. The palace is quite superior to the royal apartments that I saw at Windsor Castle, or even the House of Lords, in the Parliament buildings of London.

Our route from Turin to Milan lay through a very level country, which has the appearance of much fertility. There is, however, evident want of enterprise and thrift among the people. When we left Geneva, there was a snow-storm in progress; but here there had not been so much as a frost. For the whole of this distance we had a most delightful view of the Alps, from the southern side, lifting their snow-covered tops above the region of clouds. I felt a solemn awe, almost oppressive, as I gazed hour after hour upon these gigantic forms piled up against the sky like banks of fleecy clouds with points and peaks.

Milan.—It was dark before we entered this city, and I was compelled to wait until morning

before seeing the cathedral. I could scarcely sleep, or wait for the morning. Consequently, the first place visited, after breakfast, was this renowned structure. This building, which was commenced in 1387, and which is not yet finished, is built of white marble, and is reckoned one of the grandest edifices in the world. It is of immense size, being, in this respect, next to St. Peter's, at Rome. It has a central tower and spire that rise to a great height, and one hundred and thirty-five other spires or pinnacles that are surmounted with statues. No less than nineteen hundred and twenty-three statues adorn the exterior, and six hundred and seventy-nine the interior. There are some fifteen thousand flowers and scrolls upon the buttresses and other parts, with scarcely any two alike. There is a perfect wilderness of sculpture, paintings in fresco, and elaborate carvings, that have the appearance of gorgeous ostentation and vanity of display; yet, as a work of art, it is superlatively grand. One needs, however, to ascend to the top of the central spire, and from this point to look down upon its vast roofs and forests of spires, in order to take in its great dimensions and its rare beauty. From this position one has also a fine bird's-eye view of the entire city. As I descended, I counted four hundred and eighty-seven steps. The interior is also superlatively magnificent. As you gaze on the lines of vast clustered columns that tower

up in the dim distance above you, the sense of greatness and grandeur fills the mind with awe and wonder. As you pass around its interior, you meet, every few steps, a chapel, with its shrine, its Christ on the cross, in some form of agony, surrounded with pictures, and flowers, and tinseled decorations. Perhaps a half-dozen priests, in different parts of the building, are attending service or hearing confession; while on every side, some are kneeling before the cross of some altar, some before the Virgin, some before saints, some before the shrine of some tomb—all of them muttering, in low voices or whispers, their formal services.

Among the many interesting things about this building is the crypt or chapel of St. Borromeo, where lies the blackened and shrunken form of this great Catholic Reformer, dressed in costly robes. There is a lavish expenditure of gold and silver that glitter in the light of ever-burning lamps around his tomb.

I visited, as a matter of course, the Refrectory of the Convent of the Church of *St. Maria delle Grazia*, and saw the famous original painting of the "*Last Supper*" by Leonado da Vinci. It did not, however, come up to my expectation, owing to the sad change that time has made upon it. It is so much faded and defaced that its beauty is well nigh destroyed.

In the Church of St. Ambrose, among the tombs, I saw one of massive granite, which bore

the date of A. D. 800. It seems very singular to me to stand by tombs upon which the dust of a thousand years has gathered, and, did space permit, I should certainly indulge in a train of reflections upon the solemn associations of crumbling tombs, and obliterated names of the mighty dead of past ages.

The Public Library of this city is justly celebrated. The collection is large and choice. I saw here the original manuscript of Tasso's work, and many other rare curiosities. One of its interesting relics, which I shall not soon forget, was a lock of the hair of the famous Lucrezia Borgia.

I should like, did space permit, to speak of the splendid triumphal arch, which is surmounted with a number of equestrian statues; the public gardens, etc., etc., but I must pass them by.

The country through which we passed from Milan to Venice (a portion of the Valley of the Po), is very level and almost like a garden. On our left still loomed up in the distance the glorious Alps, that one never tires of seeing. On arriving at Verona, an ancient city, heavily fortified, I took a hasty ramble through its principal parts. There are many interesting ancient objects, some of them of historical importance, connected with this place. Here Marius fought his great battle with the Cimbrics; here Theodoric the Goth, defeated

Odoacer; here Pliny, the Younger, was born; and here Juliet, of Shakespeare, lived, etc., etc. About twenty miles from here brought us to the wonderful city of the sea.

Venice, once the great center of commerce, and wealth, and only second to Rome, is built on seventy-two islands, some three or four miles from land. Her streets generally are canals, which are crossed by more than 300 bridges. Gondolas (boats) almost without number, are seen threading their way along these canals in every direction. On leaving the cars, I stepped on board one of them, and was soon gliding along one of these silent and singular avenues. It was not long before I found myself near St. Mark's square at a hotel in comfortable quarters. It being late in the evening, I soon retired to wait for the morning. At length it came, and with it came a stillness that I never experienced before in any city. At first it very much surprised me, but I soon remembered that there was not a horse, or carriage, or wagon of any kind, in the entire city. Both public and private conveyances are gondolas, some large, and others small, but all black and unlike any boats I had ever seen before. How strange to see the waters splashing on the steps of private and public buildings! Fishing is quite a home affair in this place, as families can indulge in this aquatic amusement from their windows. It is truly a

wonderful city. As the trade of the east and west once poured their treasures at her feet, her merchants became princes in wealth. Stately edifices of artistic beauty rose on every side, until Venice was the fairest and gayest city of the east. Many of her present public buildings give unmistakable evidence of this fact. Among these may be reckoned the Church of St. Mark, a magnificent structure of Saracenic style, which was commenced in 977 and finished in 1111. The floor is of tasselated marble, (pictorial,) and the whole interior adorned with objects of art and beauty. Near it stands the clock tower with the Lion of the Virgin; while a short distance from this stands the Campanile (Bell-tower) dating back to 902. From its top I had a fine view of the entire city. Close to the church stands the Doge's Palace, said to be one of the most perfect Moorish buildings in Europe. As I wandered through its halls, I was amazed at the splendor that surrounded me; but could not help thinking of the horrible tyranny that once reigned here. Just across the canal from the Palace stands the grim old prison, with which it is connected by the famous *Bridge of Sighs*, across which so many condemned men in past ages were hurried never to return. As I gazed upon these dismal cells and instruments of torture and death, my blood almost chilled within me, and I felt to thank God that that period had forever passed.

Another place of interest is the *Rialto* (Bridge) that spans the Grand Canal. This, besides being a fine structure, is notable as being connected with Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" (Shylock) who is said to have had his office here. But I must bid adieu to Venice with all its strange and fairy scenes, but with impressions that shall last while memory holds her throne.

LETTER X.

FROM VENICE TO ROME.

Country View.— Florence. — Its Churches.— The Pitti Palace—Pisa—Leaning Tower— Campo Santo—Rome—The Coliseum—Arch of Titus — Old Ruins. — Palace of Caracula. — Heathen Temples. — Palace of the Cæsars.—Golden House of Nero.—Pantheon.

FLORENCE.— From Venice to Florence, our route lay across the Apennine Mountains. The road is one that every traveler will be likely to remember. From the fertile valley of the Po, where the weather was pleasant, we gradually gained an elevation where the snow was lying amid a mountain scenery of wildness and grandeur seldom equaled. At the highest point the snow was

nearly a foot deep, while a cold bleak wind made the windows of the cars rattle. As we approached the western side of the mountain, and looked off on the valley below, one of the finest views broke upon my vision that I had ever seen. For miles around, villages and dwellings dotted the plain that lay far down below, all green with grass and leaves. As our descent was rapid, it was not long before we were in a different climate, where birds were singing, and flowers still blooming.

We soon found ourselves in Florence, one of the finest cities in Europe. For five years past it has been the capital of Italy, but now ceases to be such as the seat of empire has just been transferred to Rome. The public grounds are very handsome, and statuary is seen on every side. Among the various objects of interest deserving particular notice, may be named the Cathedral, commenced in the fifteenth century and not yet completed. It is said to have the largest dome in the world, and has the peculiarity of being covered externally with various colored marble in panels (Mosaic). It is a magnificent structure of great architectural beauty. Near by it is the Baptistry of the same style, with fine granite columns, and Mosaic floor; also a marble group of the "Deposition of Christ," by Michael Angelo, which he left unfinished at his death.

Close to this is the bell-tower of Gothic-

Italian, near three hundred feet high, and is considered the finest structure of the kind in the world. From its top I had an interesting view of the entire city.

I visited the Church of the Holy Cross, an elegant Gothic-Italian structure, especially the front. The interior is also magnificent. Splendid columns, frescoed walls, and gorgeous side chapels, together with superb statuary, surround you on every side. But the most interesting objects here are the tombs of Dante and Michael Angelo. These are truly beautiful in design, and rich in elaborate sculpture ; a sight not soon to be forgotten.

The Church of the Annunciation is also magnificent in the extreme, as is also that of Medici ; they are richly adorned with porphyry, jasper, and various kinds of variegated marbles, finely polished, and in many instances inlaid with beautiful designs in pearl.

In the Pitti Palace, which is of great extent, and with many beauties of architecture, I saw the great Picture Gallery, which contains over five hundred fine paintings. I cannot describe it now other than to say it was marvelous in the extreme.

Pisa.—From Florence we went to ancient Pisa. Its Cathedral is a fine Grecian structure, with highly ornamental ceiling, all glittering with gold. For a rarity this seems to be finish-

ed; and unlike most of European cathedrals, it is surrounded with spacious grounds. Near it stands the celebrated Leaning Tower. This beautiful marble structure, which was erected in the twelfth century, is round, and consists of eight rows of pillars, one above another, and is one hundred and sixty-eight feet high, with an inclination amounting to about fifteen feet from the perpendicular. As the uppermost stories are more vertical than the lower ones, I am satisfied it was originally built in this form. From the top a good view of the city is obtained. I ventured to its edge in the direction in which it leans, and looked down with a feeling of insecurity that was not altogether pleasant. From the tower I visited the famous Campo Santo (Holy Field), one of the greatest wonders of art in all Italy. It consists of an old church-yard, surrounded with a covered colonaded space of considerable extent, which is filled with monuments erected to those buried here; the earth having been brought here from Jerusalem in fifty-two vessels, for this purpose. The walls at the back of this colonade are beautifully painted in fresco by the most celebrated artists. What will not superstition do, blended with ignorance and a corrupt priesthood!

From here I proceeded directly to Rome. There is not another city in all Europe that has so important and varied a history as this. From the time it was founded by the Romulus in

A. D. 753, down to the present time, it has held an important position. At one time it was the capital of the Pagan World, then of the Christian. It has both enlightened and enslaved mankind. It was originally built on seven hills, and in the days of the Cæsars, it contained one million two hundred thousand inhabitants; and is said to have been twenty miles in circumference. Very great changes, however, have taken place within that period. The area now enclosed by walls, is only sixteen miles in circumference. Besides a part of this enclosure is only covered with ruins. Once it had thirty-seven gates, now it has but sixteen. Only two of the seven hills upon which the city originally stood are now inhabited, the other five are covered with extensive ruins. In fact, the present closely built part of the city does not exceed seven miles in circumference.

Although so vastly inferior to what it once was, it is nevertheless full of interest, and that interest so varied, that the tourist scarcely knows which way to turn, or what first to select. I, however, was not long on deciding this matter. I wished to see, especially, what was left of old Rome as she was in the days of the Cæsars, when she sat mistress of the world.

Coliseum.—Accordingly, the first place I visited was this wonderful structure of which I had so often read and thought. This is, un-

doubtedly, one of the grandest monuments of art and labor anywhere to be found, except the Pyramids. It was built away back in the first century, in honor of Titus, the conqueror of Jerusalem; and tradition says that sixty thousand captive Jews toiled at its erection for ten years. In form it is oval (as most amphitheaters were), one thousand six hundred and forty-one feet in circumference, with walls one hundred and fifty-seven feet high, divided into four stories. If three of our four-story houses were placed on top of each other, the roof of the topmost one would not be higher from the ground than is the top of the outer wall of this vast pile. There is a downward pitch of flooring from the top of the wall to near the center of the enclosure, supported by immense columns and arches, forming thereby capacious chambers and galleries, which are now partly in ruins. This gigantic structure covers six acres of ground, and originally seated, it is said, eighty-seven thousand spectators. But its glory has departed. Its ornamentations and decorations are gone. Some portion of the wall even has fallen. It is gradually crumbling beneath the hand of time. Yet enough of it remains to tell of its former grandeur, and of the taste, wealth, skill and enterprise of the inhabitants of the city eighteen hundred years ago. As I gazed upon this immense structure, while standing in its center, I could not help thinking what vast crowds have

here assembled; how often these walls have resounded with the wild shouts of thousands, as gladiators have struggled together in terrible conflict with each other, or triumphed over some fierce beasts of prey, or gone down beneath the furious onset of the lion or tiger. I remembered that here, just where I am standing, the illustrious Bishop of Antioch, the venerable Ignatius, who had seen and heard the Apostles, was torn to pieces by wild beasts, in the presence of a vast concourse of people. After being dragged from his church and led to Rome, and condemned to be cast to wild beasts, he wrote to his brethren as follows: "Let fire and the cross, let companies of wild beasts, let breaking of bones and tearing of members, let the shattering in pieces of the whole body, and all the wicked torments of the devil come upon me, only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. I would rather die for Jesus Christ, than rule the utmost ends of the earth." It is said he was led into the arena, where he stood in calm heroic dignity until the hungry lion was let loose from his cage, when the ferocious animal gave one gigantic spring upon him, and soon tore him in pieces. Two of his deacons who had accompanied him to Rome, and stood by him to the last, gathered up his bones, and carefully buried them. Many others also suffered here for the name of Jesus. What horrid deeds of blood and slaughter have these old walls witnessed!

But the scene is changed. The beasts, gladiators, persecutors and spectators are all gone, forever gone, and nothing lett but these venerable old moss-covered walls to mark the awful spot. I visited it several times during my stay in this renowned city, but on each occasion, as I roamed about its six acres of walls, and arches, and corridors, I experienced a feeling of awe and solemnity that was well-nigh oppressing.

A short distance from the Coliseum, still stands the venerable Arch of Titus, erected by the Roman Senate, commemorating the destruction of Jerusalem. It not only stands as a monument of his bravery and the triumph of Roman arms, but also of the fulfilment of the prediction of our Lord, in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew, respecting Jerusalem. It is ornamented with sculptured representations in bas-relief of the capture of the Holy City, and the return of Titus loaded with the spoils of victory, and the sacred vessels of the Temple.

A short distance in another direction, brings you to the Arch of the Emperor Constantine. And still farther on, stands the venerable Arch of Druses (on the Appian Way), said to be the oldest of them all. The inscriptions are, in most cases, so worn and defaced by age as to be ineligible. There are several others belonging to the same period, commemorating great events, but I can not dwell upon them.

I rode out on the Appian Way some five

miles, towards Albano, and was much surprised as well as interested with the extent and quantity of old ruins. Nearly the whole of this distance is strewn with fragments of broken columns, cornices, and various kinds of marble ornamentations. For miles around, you see standing up here and there, portions of massive walls or other evidences of large structures: great detached masses of cemented brick-work standing all alone, hundreds of years from any building or arch, or structure of any kind, looking as if they had been broken from some great temple-wall or huge structure, larger and greater than any now known, having the appearance, as they loom up from the plain, of enormous solid towers. I remembered, too, that along this Appian Way Paul passed, when he came a prisoner to Rome. Do you wonder that my very soul was stirred within me amid such associations? To think that here I was where this same Apostle lived two years a prisoner; and where he wrote five of his epistles, and where he finally poured out his life's blood in testimony of the Gospel of Christ!

Among the wonders of Rome are the Baths of the Emperors. Their extent and magnificence are truly astonishing. Those of Caracalla, in connection with his palace, cover an area of a mile in circumference. I found, by pacing the main building, that it was three hundred and ninety feet wide, and eight hun-

dred and forty feet long. Two columns on the west side are some eighty feet in circumference, and perhaps one hundred feet high. The arch they once supported has fallen. The most of the walls are still standing, and even some of the arches still remain. The floors are beautiful mosaic, of various designs, but which are now more or less covered with beautiful carvings of marble, broken and defaced statues, and fallen pillars. It is utterly impossible to give anything like an adequate idea of these old ruins by any written description in one letter, or the extent and magnificence of these semi-palaces. The great centre of interest, however, to the antiquarian, is the old Roman forum, with its wonderful associations and surroundings. Taking your position here, before you stands, in a good state of preservation, the venerable Arch of Septimius Serverus, covered with *bas-reliefs*, representing great events in the early history of this people. Before you lie, in sad and solemn grandeur, the ruins of the ancient temples of Saturn and Romulus, some of the columns of which are still standing, like sentinels, keeping watch over the relics of these ancient piles. Near by is the Temple of Vesta, in a tolerable state of preservation; also the Temple of Minerva, the House of Concord, with its immense granite columns, the old Basilica of the Emperor Constantine, three arches of which are yet standing; the Tarpeian Rock, the Arch of Titus,

the grand old Coliseum; and last, though not least, near by is the Palace of the Cæsars. These ruins speak most eloquently of the past glory of imperial Rome. As I wandered among the old crumbling arches of this once magnificent structure, and thought of the fact that here the great Julius Cæsar, and Augustus, and Tiberius, and Caligula, etc., held their throne, what vivid scenes of the past started up before my mind! Heroes, orators, statesmen, philosophers, jurists, historians, warriors, kings, and emperors, of former ages, seemed to live again; and I almost fancied that I heard the tramp and shout of victorious legions returning from foreign conquest and entering the Eternal City in triumph.

The palace is a monstrous mass of ruins, stretching out in one direction toward the Coliseum, and in another toward the capital, embracing an almost incredible area—the whole of which is encumbered with blocks of stone, fallen arches, broken columns, and fragments of beautiful carvings of marble. In front of the palace there is, in good state of preservation, a marble base or pedestal of one of the columns, seven feet square. It is covered on all sides with figures (twenty-three in number) in *bas-relief*. On the front side, the design is particularly beautiful. There are two angels holding the Roman shield, on which is inscribed the name of Cæsar.

A short distance from this grand old ruin is another palace, called the Golden House of Nero. Here are seen extensive evidences of the opulence, grandeur, extravagance, and ambition of that licentious and blood thirsty tyrant whose name stands associated with all that is base and vile. How strange it seems, to be treading those now desolate halls where this wicked wretch and murderer once lived! I not only called to mind his execution of the great Apostle, but also the fact that, at the early age of seventeen, he poisoned his friend Britannicus, and soon after murdered his own mother. Having quarreled with his former instructors, Seneca and Lucan, he barbarously murdered both. Having divorced his wife Octavia, he banished her to an island, where he afterwards visited her and compelled her to put herself to death. He also murdered another one of his wives to get rid of her just reproofs. He wantonly set fire to Rome, by which the greater part of the city was reduced to ashes, while large numbers of the inhabitants perished in the flames. During a great part of this conflagration he amused himself with music and dancing. When he found that the people were furious at the loss of their possessions and the wide-spread ruin of their city, he falsely charged the crime of incendiarism upon Christians; and then, in order to give some coloring, if possible, to this infamous accusation, he kindled the fires

of persecution against them in the most horrid forms, too shocking for recital. Is it any wonder that this inhuman monster should die a violent death by his own hand?

The most perfect building of ancient Rome is the justly admired Pantheon or Rotunda, which was built by Agrippa. This beautiful temple, now used as a church, is circular in form, with a large portico in front, supported by a large number of massive pillars. From the circular walls rises the dome, one hundred and thirty-nine feet in diameter, and from which the plan of the dome of St. Peter's was taken, it being the same in size. In fact, on every side, in a more or less perfect state of preservation, we see memorials of Rome's former greatness when she sat mistress of the world. The most graphic description of these old ruins must necessarily fail to impress the mind of the reader with their variety and magnitude. They must be seen, to be comprehended. These monumental piles which excite our admiration while crumbling to the ground, throw a halo around her still. It seems to me that no one can gaze upon these moss-covered, tottering ruins that stand all around, like spectral phantoms of the misty past, without seeing in imagination, at least, the spirits of the mighty dead who planned and reared them.

LETTER XI.

SIGHTS IN AND ABOUT ROME.

St. Peter's.—The Vatican.—The Pope's Extravagance and Tyranny.—St. John's Lateran.—Scala Santa.—Luther's Decision.—A Better Future.

ST. PETER'S.—Having devoted my previous letter to a description of the ruins of ancient Rome, I propose, in the present, to consider some of the leading objects of interest in modern Rome. Among these, none can claim greater prominence than St. Peter's. This wonderful structure is claimed (by Romanists) to cover the very spot where the Apostle Peter was buried. The first little chapel erected here, it is said, had more the appearance of a tomb than a church. This was at length removed, and, during the reign of Constantine, a more imposing structure was erected in its place. This was subsequently removed also; and, on the spot, the present noble edifice was reared. In attempting to give the reader an idea of this colossal structure, I wish to say, at the start, that any description of the building, in one short letter, must necessarily be imperfect. I will, however, do the best I can under the circumstances. As you approach this vast pile, you enter a spacious area of some acres, imme-

diately in its front, partly surrounded by the finest colonnade in the world, consisting of two hundred and eighty-four columns, each sixty feet high, and supporting a spacious gallery. The rear of this colonnade is filled with the church, while the front is open. In the centre of this colonnaded enclosure, stands an Egyptian obelisk or column, one hundred feet high, surmounted by a cross. Upon either side of this column is a beautiful fountain, ever playing. Such is the foreground, presenting a most magnificent entrance to the cathedral. As you approach the building, you ascend three successive flights of steps, four hundred feet long, which bring you up to the elevation upon which the structure stands. The first part you enter is the portico, into which five lofty portals open. The portico itself is fifty feet broad, four hundred feet long, seventy feet high, and is paved with variegated marble; the arch, or canopy, is supported by massive columns, adorned with mosaic and gilt, and terminating at each end with an equestrian colossal statue—one of Constantine, the other of Charlemagne.

The church itself, which is unsurpassed in point of magnitude and splendor by any other building of the kind in the world, was commenced in 1450, and dedicated in 1626; so that it was in process of building one hundred and seventy-five years. It is built in the form of a Latin cross, seven hundred and seventy-two

feet long, five hundred feet wide at the tran septs, and the nave one hundred and fifty feet high. The pillars which support the dome are seventy feet in circumference. The dome is one hundred and ninety-three feet in exterior diameter, and rises to the height of four hundred and thirty-one feet; and is pierced with sixteen windows, and surmounted by a gilt ball and cross. When I first entered the building, I was somewhat disappointed. It did not appear to me so gigantic as I had expected. But after a little it seemed to grow; and the longer I gazed, the more I wondered. The fact is, everything around you is on such a colossal scale that you fail, at first, to take in its immense size. I have visited it almost every day, for a week past; and it appears, on each succeeding visit, to become more and more stately and imposing.

The interior is not only large, but exquisitely grand. The whole pavement, or floor, is of colored marble. The vault or arches overhead, are of stucco and mosaic, on a ground of gold. There are four large arches on each side of the naves, supported by large pilasters, covered with arabesque and niches. From each arch opens up the arcade of a chapel. In the centre, immediately under the great dome, stands the high altar, which is truly magnificent. At its corners rise, from four ivory pedestals, four twisted pillars of Corinthian brass, fifty feet high, sup-

porting an entablature and a beautiful canopy, which reaches the height of one hundred and thirty-two feet above the pavement. Beyond this, at the end of the choir, is the patriarchal chair, which is partly supported by a cloud of gold, and partly by four colossal statues of Doctors of the Greek and Latin churches. This chair is elevated seventy-five feet above the pavement. A cloud of gold surrounds it, from which golden rays of light radiate, among which are seen a number of golden angels. In fact, the whole interior is richly decorated with exquisite works of art. The most beautifully variegated marble columns, costly tombs, colossal statues, carved work in bronze and marble, splendid paintings of the old masters, and lavish gildings, are seen on every side. One hundred gilded lamps are burning continually before the high altar. And yet, in this noble edifice that naturally impresses your mind with a feeling of awe and sublimity, what hollow performances are witnessed! What a mockery of all that is spiritual in the religion of Christ! Here, sitting in a chair, under a splendid canopy near the high altar, on a platform or pedestal about four feet high, is the celebrated bronze statue of Jupiter (a heathen god), which Pope Leo Christianized as St. Peter. One foot of this idol is somewhat extended—the great toe of which has been completely worn away by the lips of the unnumbered thousands, from the Pope to the

meanest beggar, who esteem it an act of great merit to kiss this foot. I saw, myself, a large number perform (to them) this sacred rite.

Adjoining St. Peter's, is the Vatican, said to be the most wonderful palace in the world. Here the Pope dwells amid splendor and luxury equal to the greatest of earthly potentates. This immense pile is one thousand one hundred and fifty feet long, and seven hundred and sixty-seven wide, and is said to contain four thousand four hundred and twenty-two fine apartments, besides twenty courts. These galleries of art extend for miles, where sculpture and paintings present the forms and scenes of by-gone ages. Here are some of the grandest productions of Raphael, that seem instinct with life and beauty; such as the transfiguration which has been literally worshiped by tens of thousands. To my eye, however, there is nothing here more beautiful, as a work of art, than Constantine's vision of the cross in the sky. The crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido, and the conversion of St. Jerome, by Dominichino, startle you with their life-like appearance; but I must not attempt to particularize amid such a wilderness of paintings and sculpture by the great masters. I will only say, that the two days I spent among them, were days of pleasure and wonder. At the same time I could not help but think of the enormous taxes that have been imposed upon the people by the popes for the collection and

hoarding of all this wealth and splendor. No wonder the people are poor and oppressed. How small is the resemblance between the Pope and Christ, who had, in this respect, not where to lay his head! It is a notorious fact, that under the cruel and despotic rule of the popes, the spirit and manhood of the people have been literally crushed out of them, by a system of the most heartless oppression. The education of the people has been almost universally neglected, the morals of the city, according to official reports, are the worst of any city in Europe. Is it any wonder that the inhabitants of this city, who know and understand the Pope best, should detest his despotic rule? Is it any wonder that on the twenty-fourth of November, 1848, he was compelled to flee from Rome in the guise of a Bavarian peasant to Ferdinand of Naples, to escape the fury of his own church communicants and subjects, and where he felt compelled to remain for safety until a French army compelled his people to receive him back again, and also compelled them for twenty-two years to endure him and his hateful government? As soon as the pressure of French soldiers was removed, in consequence of the Franco-Prussian war, and the people were again free to express themselves in relation to the Pope's administration, they declared against him by ballot, a thousand to one. If Roman Catholics themselves thus denounce the tempo-

ral rule of the Pope as unwise, unjust, and too oppressive to be endured—if they regard him as tyrannical and despotic to a degree that forbids longer forbearance, why should Protestants be blamed for opposing and exposing his false pretentions, and showing up his anti-republican and anti-Christian character?

The ecclesiastical establishments have all been richly endowed by the same system of taxation and extortion, that has been adopted in building and adorning with costly decorations Rome's three hundred and forty-six churches. The most of these are large structures, all of them expensive. There is one, however, after leaving St. Peter's, that deserves more than a passing notice, both because of its size, decorations, and its historical associations, namely:

St. John's Lateran.—This church stands out some distance from the present city, among the ruins of ancient Rome. It was erected in the fourth century by the Emperor Constantine, who is said to have assisted with his own hands in laying the corner-stone. It is claimed to be the oldest church in Rome. I could not learn the size of it, but it is very large, and only second to St. Peter's. Its colonnaded front is magnificent, and the whole interior of chapels, monuments, statuary, and beautifully polished, variegated pillars, and carvings of marble, present a scene of rare richness and splendor.

Here the popes are crowned. . Here five general councils have been held. Here the celibacy of the clergy was decreed in 1123. Here, too, in 1179, was convened the Council by order of Pope Alexander, that decreed the extermination of the poor Waldenses, which directly led to those untold horrors of persecution that were visited upon that dear people, for their Protestant principles. It is to be hoped, however, that it will never again be desecrated by such a wicked and diabolical decree.

Close by this splendid edifice, but in a separate building of no very great pretensions in itself, is the *Scala Santa* (Holy Stair-case) which is said to be the identical steps that our Saviour trod in passing into Pilate's judgment hall. Whether these be the identical steps that led to Pilate's hall, or not, I suppose we may claim the liberty to doubt; and yet, there is proof that Pilate's hall was taken down, and removed to Rome, and, as this staircase is something like what we might expect Pilate's to have been, it is at least possible that this may be the one. The steps (twenty-eight in number) are marble, and lead to a small gothic chapel at the top. Up these steps devout persons ascend upon their knees. In fact, no one is allowed to pass over them in any other way. The number that thus crawl up, has been so great that the steps are well nigh worn out, and are now covered with boards or planks for protection. I saw a

number thus ascend, some of them kissing each step as they went up, not the marble, but the wood that covered them. It may do for Romanists to kiss through an inch and a half plank, but I should not like so much intervention between my lips and the object of my affection. There are two parallel stair-cases, one upon each side of Pilate's, up which those can go who do not choose to go up upon their knees. I suppose I need hardly say that I went up one of the side stair-cases.

There was one circumstance, however, that made this staircase particularly interesting to me; and that was the fact, that, while Luther was descending these steps on his knees, his mind was so powerfully impressed with these words: "*The just shall live by faith*," that he suddenly arose and walked down the steps. His eyes were now fairly opened. From that moment he was a changed man. The whole routine of relic worship was from that hour, by him, abandoned. The mighty spell that had long held his mind in vassalage to the senseless mummeries of a spacious formalism, was now forever broken; and the great reformer from this time felt himself a free man, and began at once his glorious career of showing the antagonism between Rome and the Bible.

But I must bid adieu to this interesting city. Did space permit I would love to write more at length of her magnificent edifices, her public

works, her classic history, her temples of art, her rare collection of antiquities, etc. And yet, after all, how unlike is Papal Rome to Imperial Rome—to what she was in the days of the Cæsars, when she sat upon the seven hills, mistress of the world—when the Coliseum, her old palaces and temples, stood in all their virgin beauty! But a brighter future already begins to dawn upon the eternal city. The temporal rule of the Pope, that has been so disastrous to her prosperity, so oppressive, and despotic, is at an end. On the 27th of the present month (November), Victor Emanuel assembled his Parliament at Rome, amid the most imposing demonstrations of joy and gladnesss that can be imagined. All except the priest, and some of the ecclesiastical orders, are nearly wild with joy. I never saw such demonstrations before. And no wonder. The people are now free—free to speak, free to act, free to believe, and free to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and the word of inspiration, instead of being compelled to bow to the behests of a corrupt and oppressive hierarchy. True, the Pope mutters, and threatens to leave, but I am told by men of intelligence that he does not mean it, but thus talks to create sympathy abroad and obtain money. Even if he should leave, it is thought the world will not end on that account.

LETTER XII.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

Mount Vesuvius.—Its Eruptions.—Pompeii.—Its Destruction.—Its Discovery.—Its Streets. Houses.—Shops.—Public Buildings.—Its Cemetery.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—On approaching Naples, the first thing that greets you, overshadowing every other object, is old Vesuvius, towering up, in the form of a cone, 3,680 feet high, with a flat surface at the top, from which a cloud of smoke is seen ascending. This is the crater. Within this immense and awful cauldron, from age to age, for thousands of years, the waves of melted, seething lava have been rising and falling, and rolling; while sheets of fierce flame have every now and then leaped up toward the clouds, followed by explosions that have not only shaken the mountain, but all the surrounding country. At times its eruptions have been of the most fearful character, and awfully destructive. That of 1822 carried terror and alarm through all the towns and villages which lie around its base. The immense shower of ashes that was sent up at that time from its crater, extended more than a hundred miles around, and in the vicinity of the mountain darkened the sun at noon-day. The

eruption of 1794 was still more disastrous. The town of Torre del Greco, which contained some 20,000 inhabitants, was utterly destroyed. Some fifteen other eruptions in the Christian era have occurred, more or less violent; but the most terrific and awful was that of A. D. 79, which overwhelmed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum in utter destruction.

POMPEII.—Pompeii is about twelve miles from Naples, on the south-east side of Vesuvius. At the time of its destruction it was a city of considerable importance, and was noted for its elegance, wealth, and beauty. It had been severely shaken by an earthquake sixteen years before, when many of its buildings were destroyed. But the mischief had been repaired. Its dwellings, theatres, and temples, had been rebuilt with greater elegance and sculptured beauty. By the time of its final calamity, its voluptuous inhabitants had, in all probability, dismissed from their minds the fears that the earthquake of A. D. 63 had excited. We know not the minute details of the every-day life within its walls; but there can be no doubt that gayety, business, pleasure, and dissipation, employed the masses. The shops, the streets, and the bazaars were undoubtedly thronged with busy multitudes hastening to and fro as usual. In all probability the theaters and places of public amusements were filled with

the gay and pleasure-seeking crowds, as they had often been before. The temples undoubtedly had their devotees; but even there they were taught dissipation, and their walls often resounded with bacchanalian songs, that mingled harmoniously with the shouts of triumph over gladiatorial combats. Such, we have reason to believe, was the every-day life witnessed in this heathen city 1800 years ago. And, in the midst of scenes like these, it was that Vesuvius was gathering up her forces for the final charge. The historian tells us that on the 24th of August, ominous indications of an eruption were manifest. Unearthly sounds were heard, like the distant mutterings of strange thunders. The earth shook, and chasms opened here and there, emitting sulphureous gases. The sea rose and fell, retreating to a great distance from the shore, and then returning with foaming fury. In the midst of these unmistakable evidences of the pent-up internal forces that were struggling for an outburst, a strange black column of smoke, some quarter of a mile in diameter, was seen rising from the crater of Vesuvius. It looked magnificently grand, and perhaps, at first, no one thought it foreboded mischief. But it soon commenced spreading at the top, like a tree, until it became beautifully grand, and, perhaps, still unfeared. But as it continued to spread farther and farther, the spectacle would soon lose all its charm. The

whole heavens were at length covered with blackness. The day was strangely turned into night—a black and starless night. In the meantime, while the bewildered inhabitants were filled with dismay and consternation, the ashes, and cinders, and fragments of stone began to descend with fearful rapidity upon their devoted city. The terrible scene of anguish, horror, and despair that ensued, no pen has recorded, nor ever will. We only know that all who did not speedily escape from the city and its neighborhood, miserably perished. The daily hum of city life ceased, and death reigned in every street, until the city became one vast tomb of its people. All that was true of Pompeii was also true of Herculaneum, which was destroyed at the same time. They were blotted out as though they had not been, and as ages passed, their locations became forgotten.

In 1748 the ruins of Pompeii were accidentally discovered. Since that, extensive excavations have been carried forward, until more than forty acres of the city have been untombed and cleared of the rubbish, so that a great portion of a city rises up before us, precisely, in all its essential features, as it stood 1800 years ago, not a single building, more or less, not a solitary innovation in style or furniture.

The very next day after my arrival at Naples I started for Pompeii. No single place in all Europe had I so much desired to see as this. As

I passed through one of its portals and stood within its walls and looked up one of its desolate streets, walked upon its old pavements, looked into its private dwellings, its shops, stores, and public buildings—all tenantless and empty now—a strange feeling came over me as I gazed and thought of the past, that I shall never forget. I did not wish to speak; it seemed to me to be a place where silence was most befitting. As you pass along the streets there is something to interest you at every step. The roofs of the houses, having been built of wood, have been destroyed. With this exception, the buildings are generally standing. The stone fronts, marble counters, and columns, are but little injured. The doors, windows, and shutters, however, are nearly all destroyed. The general appearance of the deserted streets is gloomy in the extreme. You see, at a glance, the style of their buildings. The decorations of their houses were principally within, while the side next to the street, unlike our houses, was very plain. The street windows are small, and were protected by wooden shutters. The inner walls, instead of being plain, are almost invariably painted in fresco. In the better class of houses, strong bright colors abound, and it is astonishing how remarkably they have retained their brilliancy for so long a period. A few of the paintings were in frames and hung upon the walls, but, as a rule, they were painted on the

wall itself. Here are seen landscapes, portraits in abundance, various kinds of birds, and animals, vines, flowers, etc. In passing up the street, we came to the dwelling of Sallust. This has been a very fine structure in its day. Its courts, its pavements, its frescoed walls, its rich pilasters, and carved images, give unmistakable evidences of a refined taste, and large wealth upon the part of its original proprietor. The house of Panza is also spacious and elegant. The doorway is ornamented with beautiful Corinthian pilasters. The interior also exhibits taste and skill in mosaics and paintings. One of the most noted dwellings pointed out is the house of the tragic poet, as it is called; why it is so designated I could not ascertain. Its walls are entirely covered with historical paintings, illustrating the customs, manners, and the heathen mythology of former ages. In one picture is seen the great chariot race between the gods; in another, Jupiter is marrying the unwilling Thetis to a mortal; in another, the priests of Diana are engaged in preparing for a human sacrifice; in another is a representation of the battle of the Amazons, etc., etc.; while the floors are beautiful mosaic. I might thus continue in describing house after house, giving the name of the owner in most cases, did space permit, for they are numerous with their owners' name, either over the doorway, or inscribed in mosaic on the floor at the entrance. I would,

however, say that the better class of houses were generally arranged as follows:—the porter's lodge was just inside the street door, which opened into an open court, in the center of which is always found a shallow marble cistern for water. This court is surrounded with a number of small rooms, apparently for the accommodation of callers, besides a large reception room, perhaps for callers of note. Further on, or back from the street, you come to another court, surrounded in most cases with a beautiful colonade, around which is a suite of rooms for more private purposes; such as a dining-room, sitting-room, library-room, toilet-room, and a bed-room. In this inner court-yard, which is frequently covered with mosaic, is a marble fountain, and generally more or less statuary. Some of these dwellings were very large. The house of the Questor, as it is called, is one hundred and fifty feet front, and one hundred deep. The bedrooms in the upper part of the houses are small, and in the place of bedsteads the floor is raised to the proper height, and on this raised portion the bed or mattress was laid. In many instances there is an additional elevation at the head so as to do away with the necessity of a bolster.

The shops, also, that are found lining some of the streets, are of a very interesting character. In most cases, you readily perceive the kind of wares that were kept, or the trade that was

carried on in them. The signs, paintings, inscriptions, and statues, illustrative of the articles manufactured, or sold, or used, enables you to point out the shops of the baker, tailor, apothecary, the fish shop, the fruit shop, the wine shop, etc. The latter seem to have particularly abounded. I should judge there were two of these to one of any other kind. In the baker shops are the mills, still standing, in which the grain was ground. I should think that each set of stone would weigh near half a ton. They are much larger than I had anticipated.

The streets are generally narrow—perhaps about eight feet wide; but in this respect they are very much like the streets of Naples, or any other old Italian city. The two principal streets, however (that have been opened up, as yet), and which cross each other at right angles, are about fourteen feet wide. The paving-stones are unusually large, with flat surfaces. As the sewerage of the city was probably very imperfect, the water, in time of rains, ran down the middle of the streets; hence, at the crossings, there are usually hewn stones firmly placed at proper intervals across the street, standing up above the pavement from six to eight inches, upon which they stepped in crossing. It is between these stepping-stones more especially, that you see ruts of chariot wheels in the stone pavement, worn, in some instances, four inches deep.

But perhaps the most interesting part of Pompeii is its public edifices, which are surprisingly large and numerous considering the probable size of the city. Among these, stands foremost the amphitheatre, a stone building four hundred and thirty feet long, and three hundred and thirty-five feet wide, of an oval form, and used for gladiatorial purposes, and capable of accommodating about eight thousand people. Beneath the building are vaults, in which, undoubtedly, the men and beasts were kept until the day of exhibition, when they met before the assembled multitudes in deadly combat. I was told by my guide (a government official), that in the arena a human skeleton was found, supposed to have been that of a gladiator. I thought, as I stood within this enclosure, how often these seats had been thronged, and how often these walls had resounded with the shouts of vast multitudes, as they witnessed the triumphs of favorites, all covered with ghastly wounds and blood! How often had the eyes of assembled thousands gloated over scenes of blood and slaughter, as unfortunate gladiators met ravenous beasts in the horrid conflict, where only death on one side or the other could end the strife! But the bloody scene is over; the play is ended; the curtain has fallen; the last great tragedy has been performed; and gladiators, beasts, and spectators are all gone, forever gone!

The Forum is also a building of special interest. I could not learn its exact size; but by pacing it, I found it to be four hundred and ninety-two feet long, and one hundred and eleven feet wide. Its fine fluted Corinthian columns, which extended all around it, and which are still, in most cases, standing, give unmistakable evidence of its original beauty.

The Temple of Isis has also been a magnificent structure. It is eighty-four feet long, and seventy-five feet wide, and is adorned with Doric columns, which once formed and supported the portico. Everything remains very much as it was at the time of the eruption. Here stands the altar on which human sacrifices were burnt, and the oratory in which the victims' bones and ashes were put. Here, too, was found the idol or statue of divinity, though unfortunately broken. Even the private staircases and secret tabernacle, together with the sacred vessels and the vestures of the priests, have all been found and identified.

I would like to speak of the Pantheon, also of the Temple of Venus, the Temple of Mercury, the Temple of Aquilla, and the Temple of Justice, but space will not permit. A dozen letters would not suffice to give even an outline of the numerous objects of interest that crowd on every side within the walls of this wonderful city, which, every month, is becoming more and more interesting, as the excavations are pro-

gressing, and thereby enlarging the field of observation and multiplying its wonders.

One of the most interesting scenes connected with these excavations is outside of the walls. There has been uncovered, in part, the burying-ground of the city, in which were deposited the remains of the dead. There has been opened up an avenue of considerable extent, along which, on either side, are crowded stately tombs and monuments, reared by surviving friends. Many of these marble memorials are rich in carvings and sculptured designs, and would compare favorably with the tombs and monuments of more modern cemeteries. Appropriate inscriptions, generally legible, tell the names of their occupants. An inscription on one large tomb of beautifully sculptured decorations, tells you that within reposes the dust of the priests of Pompeii.

LETTER XIII.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.—*Continued.*

Pompeii.—Its Museum and Skeletons.—Diomede's Mansion and Family.—Places and Positions in which Skeletons were Found.—Reflections.—Herculaneum.—A Theatre.—House of Argus.—The Library.

POMPEII.—In my previous letter, I endeavored to give you some idea of the extent and general appearance of that portion of the city which has thus far been exhumed, together with the general style of the buildings. In the present letter, I wish to call attention to some additional particulars that have made a deep impression on my own mind, and which, I fancy, will interest others. In my visit to this ill-fated city, there was one thought that burdened my soul, and of which I could not free myself; namely, the untold anguish and horror that must have seized the inhabitants as they saw the terrible evidences multiplying around them of their approaching doom. In a museum on the ground, I saw several forms, of both sexes, that had been taken out from different localities. These forms were remarkably well preserved. One of the females had a beautiful set of natural, pearly teeth; and on one of her shriveled fingers was a valuable ring. She

had evidently belonged to the upper class; but what cared Vesuvius for wealth, or beauty, or tears, or rank! All classes, on that fearful night, were mingled together in one indescribable scene of ruin.

As you enter the gateway into the city, you see the place where the sentinel remained and perished at his post. The niche in which he stood is some six feet square, arched over at the top, and open in front. When his skeleton was uncovered, it was found partly crouched against the side wall, his bony fingers still grasping his spear. Here he had evidently stood, amid the terrors of that awful night, until the ashes had accumulated about him sufficient to prevent his falling when life became extinct. Near by the gate, I was shown the spot where the remains of a female and three children were found, and in such a position as showed how earnestly she had sought to save them; but all to no purpose. Near the gate is also the splendid mansion of Diomede, that presents unmistakable evidences that its possessor was a man of taste and wealth. But the storm of fire made no distinction between the lordly mansion and the humble cottage. In the wine-cellar of this extensive building, seventeen human skeletons were found, all huddled together—the mistress, her children, and her female servants or slaves; the former distinguished from the latter by the jewelry that still adorned their necks and fingers. The

remains of Diomede, however, were not found with his family, but in his garden, a short distance from his dwelling. A bunch of keys was in his hand, and by his side was another skeleton, supposed to be his slave, with silver vases and a sum of money. It would be interesting to know the thoughts and feelings of that family on that fearful night. Why did he leave his wife and children? Had he concluded that to stay in the house was death, and therefore that he must escape? and was it impossible for his wife and daughters to leave, on account of the storm of ashes and fire without? Did he take his leave of them, knowing it would be the last time? These, and many other similar questions, will never be answered. One thing is quite certain; namely, that he made an effort to escape, but he had delayed the matter too long, and in all probability perished sooner than his family. They having betaken themselves to the subterranean vaults of the house, where the storm of ashes could not reach them, perhaps survived until their death resulted from starvation.

Near the door of one of the temples, I was shown where they found a skeleton, supposed to have been one of its priests. The position in which this body was found, was such as to show that he had struggled hard to escape the terrible death that awaited him. His bony hand still grasped a hatchet, with which he had tried

to effect his escape from the temple, which was now turned into a prison. The massive doors, which opened outwardly, being rendered immovable by the great mass of ashes that pressed against them, he had attempted to cut his way out through the wall. He had evidently worked hard, and perhaps long—how long, we do not know. At all events, he had, at one point, well-nigh succeeded in piercing through. But the wall was too massive to readily yield to such an instrument; and the poor fellow had been compelled to give up the struggle.

Temples, prisons, mansions, and hovels, were all alike defenceless before the fiery fiend that swept over Pompeii on that terrible night. No asylum was respected. The fell destroyer entered every street, every house, and every room in quest of victims, regardless of wealth, beauty, station, or smiling innocence, leaving his foot-prints of death and desolation everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the entire city. Many undoubtedly fled in time to escape with their lives. Many more, in all probability, left their homes, but were overtaken on the plains beyond the city walls, where, overcome by fatigue, or bewildered and lost amid the impenetrable darkness, they were buried beneath the awful descent of ashes and cinders, in spite of all their efforts. Within the area uncovered, the skeletons of two thousand persons have already been found—some in one

place, and some in another; some in their houses, some in cellars, some in the streets, some in temples, etc.

Herculaneum, as already stated, was destroyed at the same time. We know far less about this city than we do about Pompeii. This is principally owing to the fact that, being nearer to Vesuvius, it was overwhelmed by lava as well as by ashes; and, consequently, excavations are carried on at Herculaneum with a much greater amount of labor and expense. Not only is there a larger amount of lava, but the city is buried to a much greater depth than was Pompeii. Another difficulty in the way of extensive excavations at Herculaneum is, the fact that a modern town is built immediately over it, in consequence of which private claims stand in the way of public enterprise. Notwithstanding all this, the city, or rather a small portion of it, has been uncovered at two points, some few hundred yards apart. The first we entered, if I mistake not, was the first that was opened. With lighted torches in our hands, the guide and myself descended a long flight of stone steps, which landed us at the top of the amphitheatre of old Herculaneum. This I found to be an immense structure, semi-circular in shape, with stone seats, commencing at the top of the outer wall, and each row or tier gradually descending until the lowest and inner circle sweeps

partly around the arena, at a small elevation. This building is capable of seating ten thousand persons; consequently it is somewhat larger than the one at Pompeii. A shaft has been opened from the surface of the ground above, to the bottom of the amphitheatre, which, I should judge, is a distance of about sixty feet—the depth to which the city has been buried. All around this structure, in every direction, there seems to be but little else than the hard lava. Consequently, there has been but little more done in the form of excavations, at this point, than was necessary to properly uncover and bring out clearly this noble structure. The walls and mason-work generally were of brick, covered with marble. All the front of the stage was covered with this material. I was even shown the dressing-room of the actors. One of the interesting items of the place that was shown me, was the mask formerly worn by the clown. But the clown, the actors, the spectators, are all gone; and for eighteen hundred years the silence of the grave has reigned within this vast enclosure. The great drama of a terrible visitation, that looks like the enkindling and burning of the wrath and indignation of the Almighty against a wicked and idolatrous city, has been acted, ending in a most awful tragedy. On the outside of the building, leaning up against the wall, was found a skeleton. Where it stood, pressed against the stonework,

the stain of blood has left the human form quite visible.

After seeing all there is to see at this point, we came up and went to the other opening, which lies at the opposite side of the city from Vesuvius. Here, there is nothing like the amount of lava there is at the theatre. There is, I should judge, at this point, more than an acre of the city that has been uncovered. There are two streets that cross each other at right angles, that have been opened up for some little distance—especially one of them. There is the same general appearance here as at Pompeii. The streets and houses are much the same. There are two dwellings on one of these streets that are very fine indeed, and present abundant evidence that their owners were persons of opulence. One of these has inscribed on it the name of "Januas" as its proprietor. It is quite extensive, with frescoed walls and mosaic pavements of courts and rooms. The other is larger and finer still. Over the doorway is inscribed on marble the name of its owner: "Argus, Proconsul." The inner court of this establishment is much larger than any I had seen before, and is surrounded with a beautiful colonnade, consisting of twenty-six fluted Corinthian marble columns. The floors are mosaic, and the walls frescoed. The court and grounds were adorned with some very fine marble and bronze statuary. In one of the rooms of this building was found

the rolls of Papyrus, written in Latin and Greek, that constitute the Herculaneum library, which is decidedly the most valuable thing yet found among the ruins of these two cities. These rolls are now in the museum at Naples. How many there were of them originally, I do not know. Many of them were destroyed in the vain efforts of different persons to unroll them; as, in consequence of being charred by the heat, they were torn by the slightest touch. A method, however, has been discovered, by which they can be unrolled and preserved, in consequence of which we may yet have an interesting history of that city. I counted, in the museum, over four hundred rolls that have not yet been disturbed. What they contain, of course no mortal knows. But, in all probability, in due time the whole will be revealed, and this library of Argo will be printed, and help to enrich the public libraries of the world.

LETTER XIV.

NAPLES.

Naples.—Its Churches.—Its wonderful Museum.—Its large Collections from Pompeii and Herculaneum.—Astounding Revelations of the Morals of their former Inhabitants.—Puteoli.

THIS is the largest city in Italy, and contains nearly half a million of inhabitants. Its surroundings are grand, perhaps unsurpassed in beauty of natural scenery, by any city in the world. Situated upon one of the finest bays of the same name, with the isles of Ischia and Capri, and others, in full view, with old Versuvius in the background, it challenges admiration. The city itself, as you approach it from the harbor, has a beautiful appearance. But on entering its streets, the vision is changed. You find them narrow, crooked and filthy. The houses being very high, make the streets dark and cheerless. This gloom is increased by the sparseness of windows on the side of the houses facing the streets. But this is not the worst feature of the city. There seems to be, judging from appearances, an almost incredible amount of wretchedness and poverty. Beggars swarm the streets wherever you go. As a rule the

lower classes are filthy in appearance, and almost naked. There seems to be more wretchedness here than even at Rome.

The churches of Naples are, externally, rather common-looking edifices; many of them apparently needing repairs; but internally, as a rule, they are quite equal to those of Rome. The Church of Santa Chiara, founded by Charles of Arragon, is particularly handsome. Here is a wonderful display and combination of marble, silver, and gold, in artistic forms of rare beauty. Besides, it is very spacious and capable, it is said, of holding ten thousand persons. Here are costly tombs in which repose the dust of several of the princes of Arragon.

I visited also the Church of San Domenico, which is thought by some to be the finest church in Naples. It is very large and rich in sculpture and paintings, besides a large amount of other costly decorations. Yet it did not come up to my expectations; nor do I think it equals the Church of Santa Severa in beauty and splendor. This latter church is very old, having been originally a heathen temple, and dedicated to Diana of the Ephesians. True, it is not near so large as San Domenico, and consequently not so costly, yet it is a perfect gem. Among the large amount of statuary that it contains, there are three that claim particular attention, as marvels in the art of sculpture. One of these is a superb marble statue of Virtue, with

a thin gauze-like drapery over her, worked in marble, that easily deceives you. It looks like fine flexible texture of lace work, that you can lift from her form, rather than a part of the marble that forms the statue. On the opposite side of the church from this, is another marble statue representing Vice, which is enveloped in a net-work of rope, out of which he is endeavoring to escape. An angel is graciously assisting him in his pious exertion. The artistic skill displayed in this, is also most surprising. The net-work seems so distinct from the body, that it has the appearance of having been put on, rather than worked out of the same block of marble with the statue. The other is in a circular room below the main floor, and is a life-size marble statue of Christ, representing Him in death after the crucifixion. He lies on a bed (of marble) in which you see apparently the linen texture of the bed clothes. There the form of our Saviour lies with death depicted in His countenance and every feature. Over His form there is worked a delicate texture of thin gauze-like material, that seems to be quite distinct and separate from the body, and which has the appearance of having been spread over Him, and yet so fine and delicate as to enable you to see apparently through it, not only the outlines of the form, but every feature distinctly. Beside the body lie the hammer, spikes, and thorns, all carved from the same block of marble,

There are many other statues here, all of which are very fine. There is one other that I will barely name. It is a representation of Christ giving sight to the blind. This latter scene is carved out of one block of marble, and is fifteen feet high, and eight wide.

The Cathedral, which was once a pagan temple, is internally very georgeous. Here is the celebrated Chapel of St. Januarius, a small room separated from the nave by a beautiful brass gate, which is said to have cost thirty-two thousand ducats ($30,000). The high altar is of gold and precious stones, etc. Here is a statue of St. Januarius, behind which is an oratory where a golden bust of the saint and a bottle of his blood are kept for exhibition. Here you are seriously told that when he was put to death, a woman caught his blood, a part of which was taken to Spain, and the remainder of it was brought to Naples, and carefully bottled up, and which is kept here on exhibition. You are also told that this blood liquifies twice a year, and that a great many miracles have been performed through these relics. While their pretended miracles are not only palpable lies, but so grossly absurd as to be disgusting to every educated Protestant; and their tricks and artifices so shallow and absurd as to surprise any Protestant, that even the uneducated masses can be deceived by them; yet it must be admitted that their sculpture, architecture

and paintings, command respect and admiration. Another object of special interest in this city, is the museum, which is justly regarded as one of the finest collections in the world. The picture gallery is also quite extensive, with many fine paintings from the old masters. The Farnese collection of paintings from Rome, contains many objects of rare merit and beauty. But that which makes this museum so exceedingly interesting to every traveler, is its vast collection from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which is already very extensive indeed, and is constantly enlarging, as the excavations are pushed forward in uncovering these cities.

Among the paintings that have been transferred to this building from these ruins, besides a large number of portraits, is a great variety of animals, birds, fishes and reptiles, such as horses, cattle, lions, leopards, deer, goats, rabbits, etc., dunghill fowls, peacocks, turkeys, eagles, hawks, parrots, quails, doves, etc., with quite a variety in fruits, such as pears, oranges, figs, grapes, etc.

In another department you see in great abundance their household furniture and utensils. Here shelf after shelf is filled with pots, kettles, jars, pans, skillets, lamps almost without number, fluted glass tumblers, cups, on one of which is inscribed in Latin, "Drink, my friends." Here are also their scales, weights, steel yards, measures, shovels, tongs, axes, carpenters' com-

passes, squares, pincers, fish-hooks, combs, inkstands, pens, knives (no forks), spoons, flutes, needles, thread, cloth, ropes, etc. A large amount of glassware has recently been found in Pompeii. Among this variety is a superb urn of most exquisite workmanship. The ground-work is blue, adorned with raised human figures, vines and flowers, of white glass, resembling cameo. This was found encased in an earthen pot, or urn, and was found on examination, from an inscription on it, to contain the ashes of a lady of distinction.

In another department you see the various kinds of armor used by the Pompeian warriors, both offensive and defensive. In its examination I was forcibly reminded of the description of the armor of the ancients by Paul, in Eph. vi. 13–17. If the Apostle had stood with this collection before him, his description could not have agreed with it better than it now does.

In another department is a large amount of bronze statuary of great merit. The collection is from Pompeii and Herculaneum, but mostly from the former. I counted in this department over four hundred statues, some of them colossal, some life-size, and others small. There is also a large amount of marble statuary from the same cities. Many of them interested me exceedingly, as they are undoubtedly good likenesses of the persons whose names they bear. That of the great Scipio Africanus, represents

him with thin lips, large aquiline nose, and a bald head. Here is also the great philosopher Seneca, with glass eyes; also the busts of Socrates, Demosthenes, Plato, and an equestrain statue of Nero, two busts of Euripides from Pompeii, and also two from Rome of the same person; and they all look enough alike to have been sculptured by one man. In the department of sculpture from Pompeii is one that looks particularly domestic; it is the representation of killing and cleaning a hog. There is a large kettle of water, under which is a fire, and on the edge of which lies a hog partly in the kettle of water, and partly hanging over its side. There are two men engaged in the work; one is in the act of putting wood under the kettle, the other is scraping the hair off of the animal, which process is about half completed. All this is carved out of one block of marble.

In another saloon is arranged in appropriate cases, the jewelry that has been found on the persons or skeletons that have been taken from the ruins of the two cities. These consist of finger rings, ear rings, and pendants, bracelets, necklaces, amulets, or charms, etc. These are mostly of gold, with various devices upon them by way of ornamentation, and to a large extent set with precious stones. There is also in this room a case containing bread, cakes, honey, various kinds of nuts, common bird seed, barley, etc., that were found at Pompeii.

In looking over their sculpture, paintings, household furniture (which is generally highly ornamented), their jewelry, amulets, etc., one is not only forcibly reminded that they were heathens, but also of the great contrast between them and Christian nations; showing very conclusively what the Christian religion has done for our world. One of the buildings in Pompeii in view of its obscene fresco painting, etc., has been justly closed against all females and minors. And here in this museum, a room has been appropriated to receive such sculpture, paintings, lamps, jewelry, household furniture, etc., that are not fit for public exhibition. From this room women and minors are likewise excluded, and I think men should be also. Here is jewelry that no lady would now have about her person, to say nothing about wearing it publicly as did the women of Pompeii. I have thought whether or not, in view of their wickedness, their utter disregard to all the decencies and proprieties of life; their drunkenness (for there is abundant evidence that they were great wine drinkers); their undisguised licentiousness and carnality, etc., whether their cup of iniquity was not full; and accordingly whether their terrible destruction was not appointed by the Almighty as a judgment upon them for their transgressions. Yet after all, perhaps, they were not more wicked than were other heathens around them. We, at this distant day, can

scarcely realize the terrible condition of society two thousand years ago.

Puteoli. — In visiting the ancient town of Puteoli, we passed out of Naples at the west side by the road or grotto of Posilippo. This is a tunnel through a mountain, and is a half mile long and a hundred and fifty feet high. Emerging from this, we soon met with the ruins of houses along the way that had been shaken down by earthquakes. About two hours' ride brought us to Puteoli, which stands by the sea-side, with a small but convenient harbor. It was formerly noted for its warm baths and springs, from which it is supposed to have derived its name. This is the most ancient looking town that I have yet seen. It contains a population of perhaps ten thousand, and looks as though it had been finished a thousand years ago. The houses are built of stone with small windows, and have a very gloomy appearance. Here was the famous bridge built by Caligula, the Roman Emperor, the ruins of which yet remain to tell the massive character of the work. Just back of the town is the ruin of an old Roman amphitheater. But that which brought me here, more especially, is the fact that this is the place where Paul landed and ended his long and tedious voyage from Cesarea, when, as a prisoner, he was on his way to Rome. Here he found brethren with whom he tarried

seven days. (Acts xxviii : 13). After traversing about all its streets, and thereby making sure that I had walked where Paul had walked, I returned to Naples.

LETTER XV.

FROM NAPLES TO ALEXANDRIA.

A Storm.—Island of Crete.—Landing at Alexandria.—The People.—The City's Former Grandeur. — Obelisks.— Pompey's Pillar.— Catacombs, etc.

FROM Naples I took passage on an Italian steamer to Alexandria. In sailing down the coast of Italy, and through the Straits of Missinia, I was very much interested in the scenery, which opened up before us. The volcanic Stromboli stood up in rugged grandeur against the sky. We also passed near old Regium on the left of the straits, where Paul stayed one day, when on his way to Rome, (Acts xxviii : 13). Still further on was Mount Etna in the distance, and also old Syracuse, of so many historic associations.

While on the Mediterranean we encountered one of those furious easterly storms, such, I

imagine, as Paul experienced over eighteen hundred years ago. (Acts xxii.) On Sabbath, December 10th, while the steamer was nobly battling with the winds and waves, I took out my Testament and read the above chapter (in which Paul's shipwreck is recorded,) with a deeper interest than I had ever read it before. As we passed close along the Island of Crete, where Paul first encountered his storm, I almost seemed to see them rolling and tossing amid the furious winds and waves as they "let her drive." Our wind at length changed round to the northwest, blowing more furiously than before; so that when we arrived at Alexandria no pilot could come out; and here, in sight of the city, we were running backward and forward, tossing, rolling, and pitching at a most fearful rate, waiting for a pilot, for forty-eight hours.

As we finally approached the inlet, the most prominent objects that first met our eyes, were the light-house and the Pasha palace; then numerous windmills along the shore came in view, and then the city.

On entering the harbor, one of the most novel sights greeted us that I had ever seen before. We were soon surrounded with small boats manned with the strangest looking swarthy crews of Turks and Arabs, with still stranger looking costumes. After landing and passing through the custom-house in the accus-

tomed way, we took an omnibus to the Hotel de Europe (I say we, for I had fallen into the pleasant company of Dr. Terry and wife from Cincinnati, and Dr. Rogers and a Mr. Brown, a lawyer, and his wife and mother-in-law, from Chicago. We were just in time to witness a great national holiday. The yearly fast of Ramadan, which lasts thirty days, during which time no Mahomedan is permitted to take any refreshments of any kind between sunrise and sunset, had closed, and the last day of the three festive days that follow, called Bairum, was being celebrated in the most approved Egyptian style. Besides the firing of cannon and other public demonstrations of joy, the people were generally out. The streets, which are almost universally narrow and filthy, were crowded with the strangest sights imaginable. Never before had I gazed on such a scene as met my eyes on every side. The evidence that we were in Egypt was overwhelming. Camels, dromedaries, donkeys, dogs, and people, seemed to block up the streets. But the strangest and the most comical sight after all is the wonderful medley of human beings that you meet in every street, go where you will. They present an almost endless variety of strange features : Turks, Albanians, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Copts, Abyssinians, and Africans. In a word, from the sable negro, through all the intermediate shades of color to the white European, with a strange

variety of social conditions and singular costumes; some of them of gaudy colors, others plain. Picture to yourself people with white, green and blue turbans; some dressed in a light blue garment which looks more like a dirty night-gown than anything else, and which but half conceals their nakedness; others, in strange, incongruous, grotesque habiliments, which need to be seen in order to be understood; some on foot; others on donkeys, while donkey boys are belaboring the donkeys with sticks; some holloaing; some scolding; others quarreling; all gabbering, making more din, noise, and confusion than you ever heard before; and you have a faint view, or picture, of life in the modern city of Alexandria.

And yet this city was once called the queen of the East; and such undoubtedly it then was, when its population numbered six hundred thousand souls. Here the renowned Ptolymies held their seat of empire for near three hundred years. Here stood the splendid temple of Serapis, an object of beauty and admiration. Here, too, directly in front of the city, on the isle of Pharos, which formed the harbor, stood the immense tower of Pharos (a light-house), that took rank as one of the seven wonders of the world. It is said to have been five hundred feet high, casting its rays of light one hundred miles out upon the sea. In a word, here once stood in imposing grandeur, palaces, magnificent

temp'es, spacious theaters, and gorgeous palaces. Here was then the seat of literature, the center of learning and refinement. Here, too, was the great museum which at one time had fourteen thousand students, from different parts of the world. Here was the famous College of Philosophy, whose renowned library was the largest and choicest in the world; and is said to have contained no less than seven hundred thousand volumes, four hundred thousand of which were in the museum, and three hundred thousand in the temple of Serapis. In this vast collection was treasured up the whole of the Greek and Roman literature.

Alexandria has also some very interesting associations to the Christian world. Here the most ancient version, the Septuagint translation of the old Hebrew Testament Scriptures into Greek, called the Codex Alexandrinus, was made, from which our Saviour and his Apostles so frequently quoted, in referring to the law and the prophets. Here, according to Eusebius and others, the Evangelist Mark preached the Gospel, founded a Christian Church, and suffered martyrdom. Here the profoundly learned Jew Philo, lived and died. Here the distinguished and philosophic Clemens taught and wrote, and here his pupil, the scholarly Origen, was born and educated.

But its glory has departed. From the time of its capture by Caliph Omar, in A. D. 640, it

rapidly declined until it became more noted for its ruins than for its greatness. In the sixteenth century it reached its lowest point of degradation, when its population scarcely exceeded six thousand. From that time, however, it began to revive, and recently its prosperity has been greatly accelerated, until now it numbers about one hundred thousand inhabitants.

The first place I visited after getting my hotel arrangement completed, was the site of the Obelisks or Cleopatra's needles. These are found at the northeast angle of the city, just inside the wall, near the sea. One is still standing; the other has fallen, and now lies prostrate, and covered up with the sand. It is said they were quarried in the reign of Thothmes III., in 1495 B. C., and that they formerly stood before the temple of the sun, or Neptune, at Heliopolis, and that they were subsequently brought here for one of the Cæsars, to grace the entrance to some magnificent temple or palace. The standing obelisk is about eight feet square at the bottom, shooting up to the height of seventy feet, tapering off gradually to less than five feet at the point where the line of angle suddenly changes, so as to form a pyramidal pinnacle at the top. On each side of this huge shaft are inscribed three long lines of hieroglyphics reaching from the top to the bottom. These once mysterious characters are now deciphered, and made to speak of the long, long past—of

the skill and enterprise of remote ages. What wonderful changes this column has witnessed, as thrones have crumbled and dynasties have passed away! What wide-spread decay and desolation! How memories of past ages like spectral forms from the misty deep flit before the mind, as we gaze upon this old relic of a remote period. Where are they who quarried it, the head that planned it, the sculpturers who carved it, and the hands that reared it? All, all gone, ages ago. The next place we visited was Pompey's Pillar. As the streets were muddy in consequence of a rain that had just fallen, I availed myself of the common mode of conveyance of the country. Had you have been along you would have seen me astride of a donkey, in true Egyptian style, with an Arab dressed in a sort of blue frock (or shirt), that came down to his knees, bare-legged and bare-footed, running behind, holding on to the donkey's tail, and whipping him up. Our company, to whom I have already referred, were exceedingly amused with this ridiculous outfit and appearance, while I regarded it as one of the most eventful circumstances of my life.

This column tradition has associated with Pompey, the rival of Julius Cæsar. How this happened, it is not easy to determine. It is thought to have been erected in honor of the Emperor Diocletian in A. D. 296. It stands on an irregular eminence apart from any edifice,

and consists of a base, pedestal, shaft, and capital. The base, or foundation, is built of rough stones cemented together, and in all probability was originally covered from view. The pedestal is a huge block of hard redish granite, about ten feet square. Upon this lies a thinner and broader stone, constituting the proper base of the column, which is about twelve feet high. From this rises the noble and imposing shaft of red granite, seventy-three feet high. It is all of one piece, perfectly round, twenty-nine feet eight inches in circumference, and highly polished. Its summit is crowned with a beautiful Corinthian capital sixteen feet in horizontal diameter, and ten feet thick, making a total height of ninety-five feet. Upon the top there stood originally an equestrian statue, which must have added very much to its beauty. It is said once to have occupied the center of the city; but now it not only stands outside of the gate, but even a considerable distance beyond the city suburbs towards the lake Mareotis; not that the pillar has changed its location, but such have been the changes of the city since the period of its erection.

Another special object of interest is the catacombs, some two miles west of the city, but which were once within its suburbs. These immense excavations, that present to the eye not only mechanical skill, but even beauty, dating back to an early Egyptian period, are in a

good state of preservation. As these were the first I had ever entered, you can well imagine the peculiar interest I felt in gazing upon them. Some of these, no doubt, once contained the remains of some of the most illustrious of that day. Somewhere here the body of Alexander the Great, who founded this city, was, after being brought from Babylon, deposited. But where is his dust now? His golden coffin was appropriated to other purposes hundreds of years ago, and his sarcophagus is claimed to be now in the British Museum. What a commentary upon the vanity of wealth and power to secure an earthly immortality, or to prevent the wasting desolations of the tomb, or to secure undisturbed sepulchral rest and immunity from the avarice and curiosity of posterity!

To the east of the present city is pointed out a large square enclosure called the ruins of Queen Cleopatra's palace. Here also was fought the famous battle of Aboukir, in which Sir Ralph Abercromby fell.

The site of Cæsar's palace is also shown, where a part of the old wall is still standing. But most of the noble structures that once adorned the city of Alexandria are entirely gone. There is nothing left of the magnificent temples that were once the pride and glory of the city, except it be extensive mounds and fragments of cornices or broken columns. Her renowned library has been consumed; her illus-

trious schools of theology and philosophy have passed away; her famed light-house of marble is no more; her glory has departed. Desolation is seen on every side. For miles, especially east and west, are scattered in promiscuous confusion, time-worn and defaced marble statues, broken granite columns, fragments of entablatures, cornices, and capitals, which tell of her former grandeur and her departed glory.

LETTER XVI.

EGYPT.

From Alexandria to Cairo.—Scenes by the Way. —Cairo.—Its Inhabitants.—Streets.—Houses. —Citadel.—Joseph's Well.—Mosque of Ali. —Horrid Treachery and Slaughter by M. Ali. —A fine View.—Heliopolis.—Temple of Hassen.—Temple of Taylaon.

FROM Alexandria, I went by rail to Cairo, a distance of one hundred and thirty-one miles. Our route lay through a portion of the Delta, and nearly all the way the country is like a garden. We passed through numerous cotton-fields on the route. As the waters from the

overflowing of the Nile had recently passed off, we saw many plowing and preparing the soil for the various kinds of crops. Grasses and vegetables were already growing most luxuriantly. But while all nature around us looked familiar and beautiful, there were among the people the same laughable oddities in the country, as we had seen in the city, except here they were intensified. Clothing seems to be of very little account among the lower classes in Egypt, except among the women to cover up their dirty and tattooed faces; hence nakedness, however much it may disgust you, soon ceases to surprise you. We passed quite a number of clusters or villages of mud huts on our way, at some of which the train stopped, enabling me to inspect them more closely, which in due time I shall attempt to describe.

On arriving at Cairo, I began to realize that I was in the land of Egypt—the home of the Pharaohs. How strange it seems to know that I am in this renowned country in which the patriarch Jacob spent his latter days; where Joseph also lived and died; where the children of Israel toiled for many long, weary years, in terrible bondage; the land where Moses was born and educated; where the mighty Sesostres lived and reigned! The land where the most stupendous miracles on record were wrought under Moses in behalf of Israel; the asylum of our Saviour; the cradle of civilization; the

nursery of science; the land where ancient pyramids, obelisks, sphynxes, hieroglyphics, catacombs, and mummies, help to make up the round of wonders that make Egypt so pre-eminently inviting to antiquarians and travelers.

Cairo.—This purely oriental city is the present capital of Egypt, and is situated on the eastern bank of the Nile, in a sandy plain. It is sometimes called New Cairo, to distinguish it from old Cairo, which is now in ruins. It is said to contain over four hundred thousand inhabitants, consisting of Arabs, Turks, Copts, Mamelukes, Greeks, Syrians, Jews and Armenians, with a sprinkling of Europeans; some are white, some black, some copper-colored, some brown, some red, and some yellow. To this fact is to be attributed the strange medley and great variety of oriental costumes. A few are enveloped in silk and lace, or richly embroidered cloth, many with flowing trowsers and sleeves, while most have on only one solitary article of clothing, a sort of shirt of coarse cotton cloth, open in front down to the waist, and reaching only to the knees at most, and so thin as to reveal the entire outlines of the body, besides being often very ragged and dirty. This applies to the women as well as the men, except the women wear a veil or cloth over their faces, which they would not neglect for any consideration, while their persons are frequently exposed

in the most shameful manner, without the slightest regard to taste or decency. The few, however, whose faces I have seen, by accident or otherwise, are generally besmeared with dirt, and tattooed in the most frightful forms. One thing, however, predominates amid the great variety of costumes and nakedness that you see around you, namely: the ever present and all-prevailing turbans; some green, some white, some blue, and others black, according to their nationality.

The streets are narrow, crooked, and filthy. They are generally from eight to fifteen feet wide and unpaved. Many of them, however, are not over six feet wide. Only one in the business part of the city is wide enough for carriages. This is the great public thoroughfare called the Muskay, which is thirty-two feet wide. The houses are generally of stone, flat-roofed with projecting upper stories, that almost meet each other overhead, leaving at most but a narrow streak of sky to be seen. In many instances the sky is not to be seen at all, as matting or something of the kind is thrown across from roof to roof, to shut out the sun from the streets below, which are generally filled with camels, horses, donkeys, men, women and children, crowding, jostling, pushing and hallooing, in wonderful confusion. The most crowded streets, however, are the bazaars or market-places, which frequently extend the whole length

of the street. Different portions of them are devoted to different commodities. In one part are fruits peculiar to the east; in another, cotton goods; in another, silks, etc., etc. Their shops or stores are very peculiar. They are generally from six to twelve feet square. The floor is elevated from two to three feet above the street, without a chair or counter; the salesman sits cross-legged upon the floor, while the buyer stands in the street. Often the room is sufficiently small so as to enable the proprietor to reach the most of his wares without rising from his seat at all.

The Citadel.—This is the most important place in Cairo, and was one of the first locations I visited. This fortification stands on high ground that overlooks the entire city and country around. It contains an area of several acres, on which are located objects of peculiar interest. One of these, to me the most important, is what is called—

The Well of Joseph.—This well, the history of which is still, I believe, involved in mystery, is undoubtedly the most remarkable well in existence. Contrary to my expectation, the shaft or well proper is not circular, but square, the sides of which are, I should judge, about fifteen feet across. It is excavated out of the solid rock, and is two hundred and seventy feet deep. Outside of the well there is a stairway,

also excavated out of the same material that goes around the shaft of the well spirally until it reaches the bottom. There is a wall of native rock between it and the well, of about two feet in thickness, which is pierced at proper intervals with holes, to let into the stairway light from the well. Its history, so far as known, is as follows: In 1711, the Sultan commenced the erection of this castle. In clearing away the rubbish, and in grading the face of the rock preparatory to laying the foundation, this wonderful well was discovered—filled up with sand and rubbish. A gang of men was at once employed to dig out the sand to see what the excavation was. After an immense amount of labor the whole was removed, when this well, such as we now see it, was brought to light. Its origin is unknown. Many suppose it belongs to the period of the pyramids, when men delighted in doing wonders.

Here, also, within the walls of the fortress, is the Mosque of Mohammed Ali—one of the finest structures in all Egypt. Its marble exterior, size, beautiful dome, and lofty minarets, give it an imposing appearance. Having taken off my boots (and declining to put the slippers on they furnished me), I was conducted, in my stocking feet, by my guide, through a splendid open court, paved with marble, and surrounded with a colonnade of beautiful marble pillars; we then entered the mosque, which forms the east side

of the court. The interior is very fine. The floor is richly carpeted. Its walls, pillars, and arches, are of the most beautiful alabaster; the ceiling is painted and gilded; a mellow light comes streaming through upper stained-glass windows; an immense glass chandelier is suspended from the central dome; around this is circle after circle of a thousand lamps, all on the same level. This mosque was built by Mohammed Ali, as much for his tomb, as a place of worship; accordingly, in a conspicuous part of the edifice stands his sepulchre, where his remains repose, surrounded with a railing, and adorned with silver lamps that are ever kept burning. All the larger mosques are built after the same plan. A niche in the wall, on the inside, points out the direction of Mecca, towards which the face of the worshipers must be turned, in order that their devotions may be accepted. On the right of this niche stands the pulpit; on the opposite side, a volume of the Koran lies on a sort of table that is supported by two small columns. There are no seats of any kind. Women and children are not allowed to enter them at any time. The above general outlines apply to all the mosques of any pretensions. Women, children, and seats are excluded from all.

In the reign of Mohammed Ali, in 1811, one of the most remarkable incidents connected with Egyptian history occurred within the walls of

this fortress. The Sultan determined to destroy the political power and influence of the Mamelukes (the Arabic word for slaves), who were of a different race, and had controlled the government of Egypt for two hundred and sixty-three years, when their dynasty was overthrown, in 1517, by Selim I. They still, however, governed the provinces by twenty-four Beys of their own number. To put an end to this, the Sultan prepared a grand entertainment at the palace, to which all the dignitaries of the land were invited. Special pains being taken to secure the attendance of all the chief men of the Mamelukes, no less than four hundred and forty of them were there. The occasion was one of great pomp, and the imposing ceremonies did not end until a late hour; at which time the Mamelukes, after the usual courtesies and interchange of salutations, retired and mounted their horses to return to their homes. On reaching the gate, however, to their amazement they found it shut and barred. A suspicion of treachery at once flashed across their minds. But what could they do? Before they had time to plan or determine anything, a sudden flash and crack of musketry revealed their worst apprehensions. Many of them fell at the first fire. Thicker and faster came the leaden balls of death. Every discharge of musketry told terribly upon their ranks. Resistance or escape seemed to be alike impossible; and, sad to re-

late, all of this large number were murderously shot down except Emir Bey, who, seeing the certain destruction that awaited him within this terrible enclosure, put spurs to his horse, dashed across the yard, and down a fearful, perpendicular precipice his charger leaped. The horse was killed, but the Bey escaped with his life. The place pointed out to me where he took the fearful leap is, I should judge, some forty feet down to where he would land.

From this eminence a fine view of Cairo and the surrounding country is obtained. The city, with its four hundred mosques, is from this point a picture of beauty. You see nothing of the filth of the streets and their motley crowds. You are out of the reach of the noise and confusion of the bazaars. The lower and meaner structures disappear; while palaces, domes, and graceful minarets stand out distinctly before you. The alternate layers of red and white, running horizontally in the construction of the mosques, give them a fine appearance. But this is not all. Beyond the limits of the city, there stretches out in every direction a marvelous landscape. On the west are seen, in the distance, the glaring sands of the desert and the pyramids of Ghizeh; while further south are the site of Memphis and the pyramids of Sakkara. To the north you see the Nile threading its way to the delta and sea. To the east, six or seven miles away, you see a lone obelisk

standing up against the sky, that marks the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis—the "On" of the Bible. Here Joseph married his wife Asenath, a daughter of the priest of On (Gen. xli: 45). Here it is said that Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus, lived during their stay in Egypt, to escape the wrath of Herod. Here, it is claimed that Moses was educated, and thus prepared to be the leader of the Israelites out of Egypt. But this once proud and opulent city has disappeared. Nothing but mounds and fragments of ruins are to be seen, and but few of these. The sands of the desert have become its winding-sheet, where it lies entombed without the promise of a resurrection. This obelisk, that is known from its inscriptions to have stood here when Joseph was lord over Egypt, and Jacob's sons came to buy corn; which, in a word, dates back four thousand years, now stands as the tombstone of Heliopolis.

I next visited the Mosque of Sultan Hassen, which is very large, and said to be the finest specimen of Arabian architecture in Cairo, or perhaps in all Egypt. It was built in 1350, or a little over five hundred years ago, by Sultan Hassen, who was afterwards murdered by the Mamelukes in this very place; and on the tesselated marble floor, the stain of his blood is still pointed out where he met his doom. In one of the spacious rooms of the building is a tomb which holds his remains.

From this, I went to the Temple of Tayloon, in old Cairo, which is noted for its great age, as well as some other particulars, having been built in 880. It is said to be a precise copy, in miniature, of the great mosque at Mecca. It surrounds a square, each side of which is five hundred feet long. It is built with pointed arches, and is claimed to be the oldest specimen of this style known. The minaret, or tower, has a winding stairway on its outside. Within its walls is the tomb of Amer Tayloon. But its columns, and arches, and walls, are crumbling with age. It is little else than an old ruin. Yet a thousand years has made it venerable to outsiders as well as to Mohammedans. It is said to stand on the spot where Amer, with his Saracen army, encamped, in his subjugation of Egypt to the Moslem power. These are the principal mosques of the city; the rest being of an inferior grade, nothing additional is to be seen in visiting them. I entered some of them, but saw nothing worthy of note.

LETTER XVII.

EGYPTIAN SCENES AND WONDERS.

Tombs of the Caliphs.—The Nile.—Pasha's Palace.—The Pyramids.—Their Immense Size.—Sphynx.—A Temple.—Memphis.—Farming.—Mud Huts, etc.—From Cairo to Suez.—The Country.—Suez.—The Red Sea.—The Tide.

ON the south side of Cairo, near the Victory gate, is a burying-ground some two miles square, in which are located the tombs of the Mamelukes and the Caliphs. Those of the former are large and white, looking very much as I had anticipated; but the latter far exceeded my expectations. They are within a spacious stone building, in the form of a Mohammedan temple, and are beautifully ornamented with costly decorations. While I was there, numbers of the devout were before the tombs, going through their peculiar forms of religious prostrations, without the slightest regard to our presence.

One of my interesting excursions was to the banks of the Nile, to gaze upon the stream of which I had so often read and thought. It is not so wide and grand in appearance as some other rivers I have seen. Its banks are low, and its waters are turbid—at least, they are so

now. But as I stood by its side, how my thoughts wandered up and down! I remembered that in its waters Pharaoh's daughters bathed. Here the infant Moses was found—the very river over which he subsequently stretched his rod, and forthwith its waters were turned to blood; the river of which Homer sang, and Isaiah prophesied; and which has made Egypt a garden in all ages.

Having secured a ticket of admission to the Pasha's garden and palace, through the American Consul, I crossed the Nile on a bridge of boats, presented my ticket to a guard of soldiers, and was at once admitted within its walls. The grounds and palace are situated on the west bank of the Nile, and are truly most magnificent. I will not attempt to give a description of either one or the other, except to say that apparently all that modern taste and skill and wealth can do toward making an earthly paradise, has been done. Beautiful walks, bowers, grottos, colonnades, fountains, statuary, artificial lakes, and every variety of choice tropical plants and fruits and flowers are seen on every side. The collection of animals and birds, in the Zoological department, embraced a large variety, and is the finest I have ever seen.

Pyramids.—The morning having arrived that had been fixed upon for visiting the Pyramids, the American party who came with me from

Naples (and to whom I have referred in a previous letter), and myself, soon found ourselves seated in carriages, and on our way to one of the greatest wonders of Egypt and of the world—the famous Pyramid of Cheops. During the drive, a distance of twelve miles, we noticed a very singular illusion. The Pyramids did not seem near so large, nor half the distance off that they really were. But when we came near them, they then began to appear gigantic; and the longer I gazed upon them, the mightier they seemed to grow, until their size became truly wonderful. We first came to Cheops, the largest of the group. It is located just in the edge of the desert. Its base is said to be one hundred feet above the waters of the Nile, and rests upon a solid rock, which had been cut away to a perfect level, for a foundation. It has four equal sides, which are said to face the four cardinal points of the compass with greater exactness than can be determined by the compass without the aid of scientific calculation. It is built of dressed limestone, the blocks of which are from three to four feet in thickness, and seven or eight feet long, and as many wide. These are systematically adjusted in two hundred and six layers, one above another, in a receding series, forming huge steps, running up at an angle of 52°, and reaching the enormous height of four hundred and eighty-six feet. It has been ascertained, by calculation, to contain

seventy million cubic feet of solid masonry, and covers more than eleven acres of land. Within this immense pile are two chambers, called the king's and queen's. The queen's is seventeen feet long, fourteen feet wide, and twelve feet high, and entirely empty. The king's is directly over the other, and seventy-one feet above it, and is thirty-four feet long, eighteen feet wide, and nineteen feet high. The walls and ceilings of both rooms are formed of immense blocks of granite, highly polished. The king's chamber contains a sarcophagus of red granite, seven and a half feet long, three feet and three inches wide, and three feet and a half deep; and is known to have been placed there while the Pyramid was in process of building, as the passage leading to the chamber is too small to admit it. Here, undoubtedly, he who reared this immense pile intended his remains should rest in undisturbed security; but they are gone, and where they are no mortal can tell. By a careful examination of all the facts connected with this structure, together with whatever has a bearing upon the subject, scientific men have placed its building in B. C. 2170. According to this, it has stood here nearly four thousand years; was old even in the days of Moses; was also seen by Jacob's sons when they came down into Egypt to buy corn; and was undoubtedly looked upon with wonder, even by Abraham.

But a short distance to the south of this pyramid (for there are others in the vicinity,) is the Sphynx, which justly takes rank among the wonders of Egypt. Its body is that of a lion lying upon the ground with his fore paws extended, while the breast, neck, and head, are those of a man. Its size is truly enormous. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long; from the bottom of the belly to the top of the head, fifty-five feet nine inches; circumference of the head around the forehead, eighty-eight feet seven inches. Its fore paws stretch out fifty feet in front of the body. It faces the east, and has been sculptured out of one immense block of stone, that must have been originally on the spot. It undoubtedly belongs to the period of the pyramids, and once received divine honors. Here it has stood for thousands of years in solemn greatness and grandeur, amid the drifting sands of the desert, while generation after generation have passed away, and dynasties have changed, and empires have perished.

A hundred paces or so from the Sphynx, is a temple in ruins, that belonged to the same period. The lower part of it, which has been buried in the sands of the desert, is in a good state of preservation. It is built of granite and alabaster, but principally of the former. The granite blocks are beautifully faced, and so nicely fitted to each other, as to require close inspection to discover the seam. There are also

many other objects of interest in this immediate neighborhood, but I have not time to dwell upon them.

A few miles to the south of this point is seen the sandy plain of Memphis, and a little to the west of this plain, the pyramids of Sakkara, rearing their awful forms against the sky. Although not a vestige of Memphis remains, except the prostrate statue of Remeses, yet here the Pharaohs held their seat of empire. Here Joseph lived, and to this city Jacob's sons came to buy corn, and here Joseph was made known to them as their brother, whom they had years before cruelly sold into Egypt. Memphis was a great city in its day, as its extensive burying-grounds, to the west of it, abundantly prove. But Isaiah was directed to foretell its doom (see Isaiah xix.), and in due time its destruction came.

While the arable land of Egypt is almost a perfect level, clear of stone, and very fertile, the people are generally poor. This is owing principally to two circumstances. The first is, they do not own the soil. The whole land belongs to the Pasha of Egypt, or the Sultan of Turkey. The people are merely tenants, paying a yearly stipend of from one dollar and fifty cents to five dollars per acre, according to quality. Even this tenancy cannot be sold without permission from the government. Any man can be turned off of his farm at any time the

governor chooses. The other difficulty is they do not understand farming. They have no plows, except wooden ones, which merely root the ground instead of turning a furrow. Their teams, with which they plow, etc., are of the same order. Sometimes a yoke of oxen, but more frequently an ox and a horse, or a camel and a cow, with a yoke, in either case, perfectly straight, and at least ten feet long. They have neither hoes, rakes, or spades. Hence the land is poorly tilled, and after the heavy taxes are taken out, there is but little left. This keeps the people poor; and then such poverty I never saw before. Their dwellings, or rather mud huts, are not scattered over the land as houses are with us, but are clustered together in villages; but what singular villages! I wish I could give the reader an idea of these miserable hovels, but they are so unlike anything that was ever seen in the States, as to make it a most difficult task. Try, however, to picture to yourself, an enclosure ten feet by twenty, with mud walls six or seven feet high, across the top of which poles are laid, over which is spread a sort of reed or thatch, to keep out the sun by day; a rickety door that serves to close up at night, a low irregular entrance, through which you cannot pass without stooping; the interior divided into two rooms, the front one serving for the general purposes of the family, the furniture of which consists of a few dirty straw mats, upon

which they sit; no flooring except the ground; not a table or chair of any kind, not even a bench:—the other, or back room, furnished precisely like the front, except, in the place of mats, one or two dirty scanty straw beds; the naked earth for a floor; not a window of any kind in either room, except here and there a hole near the top of the wall, about the size of a man's hat, the door and roof supplying what additional light is needed—and you have before you an imperfect description of an Egyptian mud hovel, of which you see hundreds huddled together without any apparent order. The above is no exaggeration—it is not the worst, but a medium tenement. The larger number of these mud huts have but one room, and that not over six feet in diameter, instead of the size described above. I speak from actual personal knowledge, as I have, during the two weeks I have been in Egypt, been among them and in them. These clusters of dwellings are always built on elevated ground, otherwise the inundation of the Nile would flood them.

After having finished my visit in Cairo, I took the cars to Suez, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. For near half of that distance we passed through a beautiful, luxuriant plain, interspersed with extensive cotton-fields, which were called into existence by our war. At length we reached the border of the desert, where a vast waste of sand stretched out before

us, as far as the eye could see. And then, for hour after hour, there was nothing but sand, *sand*, SAND—an utter desolation. We reached Suez a little after dark. Suez is situated at the head of the Red Sea, and contains over six thousand inhabitants.

The Red Sea has a special interest to the Bible student. Here the Israelites were encamped, on its western shore, when the terrifying announcement was made that the Egyptian army was advancing with chariots and horsemen for their capture. Consternation and dismay quickly spread like fire throughout the entire encampment. Methinks I see the hurry, bustle, and confusion of the panic-stricken throng. Methinks I hear the universal cry, as they chide with Moses: "Were there no graves in Egypt, that thou hast taken us away to die in the wilderness?" I fancy, however, that I see Moses standing in the midst of them, dignified, calm, and hopeful; and then lifting up his voice like a trumpet, I hear him exclaim, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show you to-day, for the Egyptians whom ye have seen this day, ye shall see them again no more forever." (Ex. xiv : 5–31.)

In confirmation of this stupendous miracle, we find names given to immediate localities commemorative of the event that have come down from a remote antiquity. Hence the valley where they were probably encamped is

called "Badeah," which means the miraculous. The mountain range is called "Jebel Attaka," which signifies the mountain of deliverance. A range of mountains on the opposite side of the sea, is known as "Jebel Tih," the mountains of wandering; and also a valley named "Wady Tih," the valley of wandering. Nearly opposite this peninsula is a spring called "Ai n Mousa," the fountain of Moses, etc.

As I had often heard persons suggest that the natural rise and fall of the tide might account for the passage of the Israelites and the destruction of the Egyptians, without the intervention of a miracle, I made particular inquiry at Suez, in reference to the amount of its rise and fall, and was told it was about three and a half feet. This accorded with my own observation.

From Suez, I went to Ismalia by rail, and from this point down the canal to Port Said. On the route I saw a caravan of forty-two camels that were on their way from Syria down to Egypt—pursuing the same route in all probability that was traveled by the caravan that carried Joseph down into Egypt over three thousand years ago.

LETTER XVIII.

WHAT I SAW IN THE HOLY LAND.

Discouraging Reports from Palestine.—Jaffa.—Population.—Streets.—An Old Town.—Its Historical Incidents.—Ramleh.—Lydda.—Plains of Sharon.—Ajalon.—Terebinth.—Emmaus.—The Mountains.—Jerusalem.—Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

WHILE at Cairo, various reports reached me respecting the cholera in Palestine and the establishment of a quarantine for all vessels from the coast of Syria. The American Consul of Cairo told me also that he did not think it advisable for me, under the circumstances, to visit that country. In addition to all this, I saw a gentleman from Philadelphia, who, on his way from the Holy Land, had been quarantined at Alexandria, twenty-one days, at an expense for board of eighty-four dollars. After a considerable of doubt and perplexity as to what I should do, I finally resolved to risk whatever danger might be incurred, and accordingly took a steamer from Port Said to Jaffa, where I landed on the 29th of December.

JAFFA, which the Arabs call Yaffa, and which the Bible calls Joppa, has a population of some fifteen thousand. From the steepness of the

side hill upon which it is built, it shows to very good advantage, as you approach it from the sea. Its stone buildings, with their numerous flat domes rising above the roofs, give it rather an imposing appearance, especially when viewed from a distance; but on entering it the charm is broken. The streets are narrow and filthy. Besides, in consequence of the unevenness of the ground, many of them are broken by flights of steps. In fact, there is but one street that may be called passable for camels, and that is the one running along the sea wall. And yet this place is justly held in high esteem. It is one of the oldest cities in the world. When the Israelites first came to this country it was then a place of considerable importance. It is even claimed by some Rabbinical writers to have derived its name from Japhet, and to have been built immediately after the flood. At all events its history is known to run back to a remote period. All the timber furnished Solomon by Hiram, king of Tyre, for the building of the temple and his palaces, were floated down to Joppa, and from thence conveyed to Jerusalem. It was here that Jonah took ship to go to Tarshish in disobedience to God, who had directed him to go to Nineveh and proclaim its doom. It was here that Dorcas, who was full of good works, lived and died, and was restored to life again by the Apostle Peter. (Acts ix : 36–43.) It was also here that Simon the tanner lived,

close by the sea-side, with whom Peter lodged when he had that wonderful vision of the sheet let down from heaven, etc. (Acts x : 5–6–9–16.) The house pointed out to me by my guide, answers well the description given by the sacred writer. It is located by the sea-side, and is undoubtedly of great age. There are also vats in the yard excavated out of the solid rock, which are said to have been used by him in his business.

Having bargained with an Arab to take me to Jerusalem, we set out on horseback in the afternoon for that city. As we passed out of Jaffa, we rode through the most beautiful groves of orange trees, loaded with their golden fruit, and also orchards of lemon and apricot trees, giving equal evidence of fruitfulness. About ten miles brought us to Ramleh, where I spent the night. One of the most prominent objects of this place is an old stone tower of massive proportions, one hundred and twenty feet high. From its top I had a fine view of the extensive plains of Sharon, in the midst of which Ramleh is located. From this point I had also a full view of the village of Lydda, which is close at hand, and where Peter healed Eneas of the palsy, and where he was when he was sent for, to come to Joppa on account of the death of Dorcas. Around this tower are portions of walls and arches still standing. Its history, however, is involved in mystery. Ramleh has a population of some three thou-

sand. This place is claimed by some to be the Arimathea, where Joseph formerly lived, in whose tomb the body of Christ was laid.

The plains of Sharon, so celebrated for their fertility in Solomon's time, have lost their former character. The prophecy of Isaiah has been fulfilled—"Sharon has become a desert." Some seven miles from Ramleh brought us to the village of Yalo, the Ajalon of the Bible. Just below it stretches out the valley of Ajalon, over which Joshua commanded the moon to stand still (Josh. x. 12). We also crossed the valley of Terebinth, where David is said to have slain the giant Goliah. Passing on we at length came to Emmaus, where Judas Maccabeus so signally defeated the Syrians; and the place, as some suppose, to which the two disciples were journeying when our Saviour, after his resurrection, talked with them on the way, and where He made himself known to them in the breaking of bread (Luke xxiv. 13–31). Do you wonder that my very soul was stirred within me as I gazed upon these sacred localities of which I had been reading all my life long? I will not attempt to describe my feelings as I began to realize that I was on hallowed ground; that I was at last in the land that above all other lands, is endeared to every believer, no matter what are his creed and name; the country where wonder has followed wonder, and miracle has followed miracle, until the whole land has

glowed with a divine glory. I feel most emphatically "it is good to be here."

After having crossed the plains of Sharon (which are some twelve miles wide), and a strip of hilly country, we entered among the mountains, which are very peculiar, and unlike any that I had ever seen before. They are not only destitute of timber (as I expected), but also even of bushes, which gives them a barren and naked appearance which I had not anticipated. Besides, their limestone formations lie in horizontal layers, each layer receding as you ascend, so as to give them the appearance of huge steps up the mountain-side. But the one great thought, the ardent wish that filled my soul, while ascending and descending elevation after elevation, was Jerusalem; and I found myself several times during the day humming the words and tune: "Jerusalem, my happy home," etc. For an hour or more before we reached the city, with a throbbing heart and eager eyes I gazed from every new elevation, hoping to catch a glimpse of its towers, domes and minarets. At length they began to appear. There at last was Jerusalem before me. We entered through the Jaffa gate about sunset, and soon found myself comfortably quartered at the Cosanova Convent.

Next morning (Sunday), immediately after breakfast, I started for the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Among the places of interest within

and around Jerusalem, none can claim greater distinction than this. The entrance is on the south side, and is approached through a narrow, crooked street. You enter a paved court, by descending a broad flight of rude stone steps, the ground floor being below the street. On the right and left are portions of the wall of the Greek convent, which is built in connection with the church. From this court you have a good view of the building. The architecture is massive and imposing. From one corner rises a large bell-tower. The great double-arched doorway is ornamented with deep mouldings and elaborate carvings. There is also finely wrought sculpture, in bold relief, representing our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The church itself is rather a group of buildings united together under one roof, than a single edifice. It is very large, being three hundred and fifty feet long, and two hundred and eighty wide. Within are some seventeen chapels. Perhaps in no other place is there such a cluster of sanctuaries, transcepts, shrines, altars, vestries, naves, etc., etc. This is owing to the fact that this building is claimed to cover not only Calvary, and the tomb in which our Lord was laid, but a number of other sacred places. Hence, under this immense roofing is the altar of Melchisedec; chapel of the sacrifice of Isaac; chapel of the division of garments; chapel of the three Crosses; chapel of St. Helena; chapel of the

Greeks; chapel of the Latins; chapel of the Jacobites; chapel of the Copts; chapel of the Maronites; chapel of the Georgians; chapel of the Armenians; chapel of the Abyssinians, etc. Here amid a host of burning lamps and candles and smoking incense, I saw worshipers of almost all nationalities either chanting praises, or bowing before some hallowed shrine. I truly felt that I was on holy ground. For, although there is no absolute certainty, yet I see no absurdity in supposing that this was the place where our Lord was laid. I therefore drew near to the sepulchre with such feelings as a sense of the nearness of Christ alone can inspire. This sacred place, as might be expected, occupies the most conspicuous part of the edifice, namely, the great rotunda. This is sixty-seven feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a dome which rests upon eighteen massive piers. Immediately under this immense dome is the "Holy Sepulchre." I did not care just then to be too inquisitive about the locality of this sacred spot. I rather proposed to indulge such feelings that such associations are calculated to inspire, than engage in the cold formalities of criticism. Accordingly I entered this hallowed shrine and knelt down beside the tomb and lifted up my heart to Him who is risen from the dead, with feelings and emotions that I shall not soon forget. I felt it to be an interesting fact that, whatever might be the doubts of some,

this is regarded by the Christian world as the most sacred place on earth, and around which have clustered their best hopes and affections for more than sixteen hundred years.

LETTER XIX.

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem. — Farm of Boaz. — Shepherd's Grotto. — The place of Christ's Birth. — Stable and Manger. — Pools and Gardens of Solomon. — Cave of Adullam. — Etam. — Tomb of Rachel.

IN the afternoon of December 31st, I went to Bethlehem, which is six miles south of Jerusalem, where I spent the night, and a part of the next day (New Year's day). There are but few places more noted in Bible history than this city. Bethlehem is built on the slope of a hill, and contains a population of about four thousand. The houses are of stone, substantial and compact. The streets narrow, filthy, and in many instances precipitous. Its surroundings are pleasant. The land, though generally broken and rocky, is said to be fertile. It overlooks the plain where Boaz's farm was located, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers. I strolled

over this property with a great deal of interest. Close beside this the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks, when the angel announced to them the birth of our Saviour. I visited the grotto, the very spot where the shepherds are supposed to have been at the time. But let us return to Bethlehem, the place of Christ's birth. A large building covers a grotto where, I doubt not, this wonderful event took place. The floor of the grotto is about nine feet below the church floor, and about ten feet wide and eighteen feet long. I entered this sacred enclosure with feelings of reverence and awe. I was shown the place where He was born, and near by the manger in which He was laid. The former is a semi-circular recess, on the floor of which is a gilded star with this inscription: "*Hic natur esi Jesus Christus de Virga.*" (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin). The latter consists of a block of stone hollowed out somewhat like a trough. In both places a large number of costly lamps are kept burning, night and day, according to the custom of Romanists. Near by is also shown a pit or vault, where it is affirmed the children were thrown who were slain by order of Herod (Matt. ii. 16). Here is also shown the room in which Jerome made his translation, called the Vulgate, as is also his tomb. But that which impressed my mind most was the birth of Christ; that over the place where I now stand the glit-

tering star shone, and to this sacred place, the Magi and shepherds came. Do you wonder that I was deeply impressed, and that I knelt down beside the place, while tears bedewed my cheeks? You may call it superstition or what you please, I will not stop to dispute with you; enough for me to know it was to me a blessed and a hallowed hour.

On the road to Hebron, some three miles south of Bethlehem, are the pools and gardens of Solomon. The pools are three in number, and on an immense scale. The upper one is three hundred and eighty feet long, two hundred and thirty-six wide, and twenty-five deep. The middle one is four hundred and twenty-three feet long, two hundred and fifty wide, and thirty-nine deep. The lower one is five hundred and eighty-two feet long, two hundred and seven wide, and fifty deep. About one hundred yards distant is the fountain that supplies them. It is covered with a stone building, and I counted twenty-six steps that led down to it. Just below these pools are the gardens of Solomon, together with the ruins of his summer house, etc. It is said he made for himself "gardens, and orchards, and pools of water," etc. (Eccl. ii. 5–6). From these pools water was originally conducted to Jerusalem, a distance of nine miles. A part of the old aqueduct is still standing.

A short distance from here I was shown a

grotto, supposed to have been the cave of Adullam, where David cut off the skirt of Saul's garment (1 Sam. xxiv. 2–7).

I also visited the site of Etam, where Samson dwelt at one time (Judges xv. 8–13.) It is very properly called the top of the rock, as it is the top of a cone-like hill, where there is little else than rock and loose stones that may once have formed a part of Samson's dwelling. On returning to Bethlehem, I visited the celebrated well, the waters of which David had learned in youth to so highly prize (for David was brought up in Bethlehem), and which three of his men risked their lives to obtain for him on a certain occasion (2 Sam. xxiii. 15–16).

A short distance from Bethlehem, by the roadside, is the tomb of Rachel, Jacob's wife, whom he loved so dearly, the mother of Joseph and Benjamin. This place is equally reverenced by Mohammedans and Christians, and I believe there is no dispute as to this being the very spot where the remains of Rachel were laid. It so precisely agrees with the account respecting the locality as to make it pretty certain that this is the place. As Jacob was on his way from Bethel to Hebron he would necessarily pass along this road. In the next place, "It was but a little way from Bethlehem, where she died and was buried" (Gen. xxxv. 16–20). And in the next place Jacob set up a pillar to mark the spot; and, doubtless, from that time to the

present, as monument after monument has crumbled away, a new one has been erected, so that, in all probability, there never has been a time since Jacob set up the first pillar, but some stone has designated the place and commemorated the sad event.

As I gazed upon these sacred places, what strange emotions kindled within my bosom! What a land of wonders is stretched out before me! What stirring scenes have transpired all around me! It seems as though every hill and valley is associated with some Bible story, or echoes the voice of some inspired prophet, announcing divine blessings or maledictions.—After having spent one of the most interesting New Year's days of my life, I returned to Jerusalem with feelings very much, I presume, like those experienced by the two disciples when they hurried to this city after the Lord had made himself known to them at Emmaus, "in the breaking of bread."

LETTER XX.

TRIP TO THE DEAD SEA AND THE JORDAN.

A Rough Road.—Marsaba.—A Scene of Desolation.— The Dead Sea.—A Swim.— The Sea's Appearance and Character.—The Jordan.—Its Size.— Old Gilgal.— Pisgah.— Jericho.—The Wilderness.—An Ancient Inn.

THIS part of my tour I had, from the beginning, most dreaded, as it is generally regarded as one of the most dangerous routes in all Palestine, on account of the Bedouins who occupy the section of country bordering upon the Dead Sea and the Jordan, and who are ever ready to pounce upon the traveler at any time for plunder. The character of the road from Jerusalem to Jericho is very much to-day what it was in the days of our Saviour, who has stated it so clearly in the parable of the "man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, who stripped him and wounded him," etc. But I felt a degree of safety, from the fact that our party, dragoman, guard, muleteer and all, numbered over a dozen persons. We passed out of the Jaffa gate, turned down the valley of Gihon on the west side of the city, passing the lower pool of Ghion, and so on, sweeping around the southern end of

the city, through the valley of Hinnom to the junction of the Kedron, and from thence down its valley.

During the first half-hour's ride, or more, we passed orchards, and beautiful groves of fig, olive, and almond trees, and then entered upon a strange scene of desolation. Hour after hour we rode up and down the steep hill sides, in narrow stony paths, beside deep precipitous ravines, through dismal valleys, and among dark caverns, over hills and mountains, until just at sunset, we arrived at the famous convent of Marsaba, where we pitched our tents and spent the night.

This monastery, history tells us, was founded in the fifth century, by St. Sabas. The situation of this institution is wild and romantic in the extreme. Excessive barrenness, and the most dismal solitude reign in every direction. It is built on the steep side of a deep ravine. Some of the rooms are nothing more or less than natural caves, others have been excavated in the solid rock, while others are formed of masonry. Some of the chambers project over the deep valley, and seem to cling to the sides of the precipice like swallows' nests. The establishment is very extensive, and I am told some sixty or seventy monks reside here, far away from society, and, consequently, from all possibility of doing good. If this is not putting the light under a bushel, I know not what

would constitute that folly. We were politely shown through the concern, and saw among other things an immense pile of human skulls, numbering some thousands, that have been accumulating for thirteen hundred years. During the evening, we saw several jackals and a wolf, and were told by the monks that these animals were generally prowling around the convent through the nights, for the purpose of picking up whatever in the shape of food may have been thrown out during the day.

Next morning, about sunrise, we mounted our horses and resumed our journey. The hills, the valleys, the mountains, and the ravines, were very much like what we saw the day previous, only, if possible, still more hideous and frightful. Never before had I gazed upon a scene presenting such wildness and sterility. For five long hours we rode up and down rough, rocky pathways, amid grim mountains and narrow defiles, that at points seemed impassible.—For miles and miles there was not a village, not a house, not a tent, not a tree, not a bush, not a green spot to break the dismal monotony of utter desolation. The hills and mountains look as though they had been thrown together in terrible confusion, with the curse of God upon them, and there left to be bleached in the sun, and to be scathed by the lightnings of heaven.

About noon we reached the shores of the Dead Sea, and after taking our dinner in a very

primitive form, most of the party prepared for a swim. I had read so many stories about its dark, turbid waters, covered with slime, and its corrosive properties, and the clammy, prickling sensation that one experiences in going into it, that I approached it with some degree of hesitation. The wind was blowing fresh from the south, and although I had read that the surface of this lonely sea is never disturbed by winds, yet white-crested waves were breaking upon the clean, pebbled shore, in a very familiar form. Its waters certainly look very much as other waters look. Its appearance is of a deep green hue, contrasting strangely with surrounding scenery of barren cliffs, and rugged mountains. Its waters are also remarkably clear. Wading in, I found them even more buoyant than I had expected. It requires no effort to keep on the surface of the water; in fact it would be very difficult to get under. This, however, will not seem so strange when it is understood that in twelve pounds of this water there are three and a half pounds of minerals, consisting of two pounds of chloride of mag nesium, one pound of chloride of sodium (com mon salt), and half a pound of murate of lime, while the same quantity of ocean water contains less than half a pound of minerals, so that this contains seven times more minerals than does the ocean. Another peculiarity is, that while the water is very clear it nevertheless feels very

much like oil. I swam out quite a distance from the shore, and remained in some time. I felt no unpleasant effects whatever, from the water, except in getting some of it in my eyes; it made them smart quite sharply. On tasting it I found it intensely salt, and also exceedingly bitter and biting. This remarkable sea is some forty-six miles long and ten wide, and its surface some thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and then its waters as many more feet deep. Having finished our ablutions, and bottled some of the water, we mounted our horses and started northward over the plains of Jericho. About two hours' ride brought us to the banks of the Jordan, at the Greek ford.

What a place for reflection and contemplation! The Jordan that I had so often read about, and of which I had so often thought and sung, was now rolling before me with its wonderful history! I remembered that Jacob, on his return to his native land, passed over it with his staff in his hand. As this ford is opposite to old Jericho, it is believed to be the very place that Joshua and the Israelites, with the priest in front bearing the ark, crossed over dry-shod, the waters retreating at the presence of the ark. I also remembered that it was miraculously passed over by the prophets Elijah and Elisha, just on the eve of Elijah's translation. In its waters, Naaman the leper was healed. I remembered, too, how the people once flocked here

in crowds from "Jerusalem and Judea, and all the regions round about Jordan," both Pharisees and Sadducees, to be baptized of John (Matt. iii : 5, 6); and that, more than this, here the Lord of life and glory was baptized, when the Holy Ghost, in the form of a dove, descended upon Him, and there was heard from the upper regions a voice, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Where is there another river that can boast of such hallowed associations? What other river has become, to such an extent, a household word in all Christian lands? And yet it is not majestic. Its waters are rapid and turbid, and its channel narrow.* I could well understand the force of Naaman's reasoning, when he inquired: "Are not the rivers of Damascus better than all the waters of Israel?" I resolved, however, to try the virtue of the waters of the Jordan in washing off the brine of the Dead Sea; and not only went in, but, like Naaman, I dipped myself seven times, as did also two others of our party.

A couple of hours' ride more, over the barren plains of Jericho, brought us to the village

* I have seen a statement, somewhere, that the Jordan was not over eighty feet wide at this ford. Now, I am sure that this is a mistake. I should think it all of one hundred and fifty feet wide. Of the seven of our party who attempted to throw a stone across to the opposite bank, only three succeeded.

Riha, where we encamped for the night. This miserable collection of Arab huts is supposed to occupy the site of old Gilgal, where the children of Israel first encamped after crossing the Jordan, and where they set up the twelve stones as a memorial, which they took from the bed of the river. Here the tabernacle was set up, and here it remained until it was removed to Shiloh. Here Joshua saw the man "standing over against him," who declared that he had come "as captain of the host of the Lord" (Josh. v : 13, 14). Here Saul was made king, and here he subsequently forfeited his kingdom (1 Sam. xi : 15; xiii : 7–14). Here, when David had fled from Absalom, the tribe of Judah assembled to welcome back their king from exile (2 Sam. xix : 15). Here Elisha neutralized the poison in the pot (2 Kings iv : 38–41). These are but a few of the many stirring scenes and remarkable events that are linked with this renowned locality. But, alas how changed!—not only Gilgal, but the entire plain of Jericho! Once it was like a garden; now it is encrusted with salt, nitre, and sulphur, and utterly barren, save near some brook whose waters have washed away these destructive substances. As I looked across to the mountains of Moab, on the other side of Jordan, where Moses stood and looked from Pisgah's peak upon this then fertile plain, and the adjacent hills and mountains, then all covered with verdure, I could not but feel, as

well as see, that the curse of God now rested upon this land.

The next morning, a half hour's ride brought us to the site of old Jericho. Its situation is very fine. A short distance to the west are the mountains of Judea. To the east stretch out the extensive plains of the Jordan, with the Dead Sea full in view. Across the Jordan, at no great distance, rise the mountains of Moab like an immense dark wall, forming the background to the picture. I could not but think how the inhabitants of Jericho must have been surprised when they saw the hundreds of thousands of Israel emerging from the Jordan, some six miles away, coming up and spreading over this vast plain—for as the site of the city is somewhat elevated, they must have been in full view. How its inhabitants must have been excited! What speculations were then indulged as to the object and probable success of this strange multitude! They undoubtedly, however, immediately prepared for a siege. Their gates were closed and barred; but the Israelites were soon before them. But how strange must their proceedings have appeared to the besieged, as day after day they marched around the city, simply blowing their trumpets! How consummately foolish and silly must they have regarded this, to them, ridiculous farce! But on the seventh day, when their walls began to rend and topple as though upheaved by an earth-

quake, their amusement must have suddenly turned to utter consternation. The city thus made defenceless was taken and destroyed. It was afterwards rebuilt, and a school of the prophets was established here (2 Kings ii : 4, 5). Its subsequent history, however, is involved in obscurity. But little is known respecting it, except that in process of time it was also destroyed.

On its site nothing now is to be seen but stones strewn over the ground and mounds of earth mixed with broken pieces of pottery, save the universal thorn and scattering weeds. Just at the eastern edge of these mounds is the celebrated fountain of Elisha, the waters of which he healed of their bitterness by casting in salt (2 Kings ii : 21). This fountain fixes beyond a peradventure the site of ancient Jericho. Its waters come bubbling up out of the ground in sufficient quantity to drive a mill. I never saw a finer fountain in my life. I drank of its waters, and found them slightly tepid, but otherwise very sweet and pleasant.

Jericho was again rebuilt, but not exactly upon the same site. This third Jericho, as we may call it, was situated a mile or two further south, on the banks of the brook Cherith, or Kelt, as it is sometimes called. Herod the Great adorned it with many fine buildings, so that in the time of Christ it was a city of great importance. Our Saviour often visited this place.

Here he met with blind Bartimeus and restored him to sight. Here Zaccheus the tax-gatherer lived, who, when Jesus passed along through one of their streets, attended by an immense multitude, climbed up into a sycamore tree that he might see Him. Jesus, as he passed beneath the tree, looked up and said unto him, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for I must abide in thy house," and from that day he became his disciple. (Luke xix : 1–10.) This city, however, was finally overthrown by the Mahommedans, so that in the seventh century it was a waste of ruins without an inhabitant, and so remains to this day. Here is also, as already stated, the famous brook Cherith, where Elijah was directed to hide himself, and where he was miraculously fed by ravens. (1 Kings, xvii : 3–7). Here is also to be seen the remains of an old aqueduct, that once conveyed the water from the hill-side springs and fountains to the city. Its crumbling piers and arches are, however, fast yielding to the hand of time. Here, a little to the east, are the remains of an ancient reservoir of large dimensions, it being no less than four hundred and ninety feet broad, and six hundred and fifty-seven feet long. It is now very much filled up, so that the upper part of the walls only are to be seen.

Just west of these ruins, is pointed out the place where our Saviour, immediately after his baptism, was led by the Spirit into the wilder-

ness, and where he fasted forty days and nights, and was tempted by the devil. (Luke iv : 1–8.) Here was also the scene of John the Baptist's ministration, as he preached "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," etc.

Having finished our inspection of Jericho and its surroundings, we commenced our ascent toward Jerusalem. On gaining the top of the mountain range we had a fine view of the Jordan valley, the Dead Sea, and beyond the Jordan, the long and regular mountains of Moab, and Pisgah, on which Nebo is located, from the summit of which Moses viewed the promised land. There was so much of up hill work as we advanced, that we saw the force of our Lord's expression: "A certain man went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho, etc." I could not help but think, as I rode along, how often the Saviour had passed along this same road when he was here on earth ! I love exceedingly to linger by those places that his feet have made forever sacred.

At noon we stopped and lunched at the ruins of an ancient inn, supposed to be the one to which Jesus refers in his parable of the good Samaritan. (Luke x : 30–35.) This is the only appearance of there ever having been a house between Jericho and Bethpage, a distance of near twenty miles. The road retains much of the character now that it did at that period. It is still considered one of the most dangerous

roads in all Palestine, on account of thieves and robbers. Besides the road is rough in the extreme. A Russian lady, however, has recently given about three thousand dollars for its improvement, and gangs of workmen have already commenced operations, so that hereafter travelers will not be in as much danger of breaking their necks as heretofore.

After our repast was over we mounted our horses, and after riding for some two hours or more, over a most wretched road of rocks and loose stones, and mostly up hill, and at points very steep, we arrived back to Jerusalem.

LETTER XXI.

JERUSALEM.—ITS HISTORY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Jerusalem.—Its History and Topography.—Origin Unknown.—Very Ancient.—Captured by David.—Stormed by Shishak.—By Nebuchadnezzer.—By Titus.—Its Topography.—Mount Zion.—Moria.—Bezetha.—Akra.—Tyropean Valley.—Gihon Valley.

IT may not be amiss, in this connection, to give a brief synopsis of the leading events that have marked the past history of this re-

nowned metropolis. Jerusalem has a story and a record, that, for importance in view of their character and their far-reaching influences upon society, are perhaps unsurpassed by those of any other city on the globe. Its origin, however, is a mystery. When or by whom it was founded is unknown. It was the residence of Melchisedec, who was its king and priest in the days of Abraham, which would make it at least more than three thousand and eight hundred years old. What sieges, assaults, and revolutions it experienced previous to the settlement of the Israelites in this land, we know not. It was at that time undoubtedly the most opulent and powerful city in the whole land of Canaan. As an evidence of its great strength, it was not captured by the Israelites until in the eighth year of David's reign, who thereupon immediately made it his capital by removing the seat of empire from Hebron to this place. From this period our general knowledge of Jerusalem is to be dated. King David both enlarged and strengthened it. It continued to increase in population, wealth and power, until in and during the reign of Solomon, it is supposed to have reached the zenith of its glory.

Under the reign, however, of Rehoboam, in 973 B. C., Shishak, king of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem with an immense army, laid siege to it and finally took it by storm, and robbed it of a large quantity of gold and silver,

and carried away among the rich spoils, the gold and silver vessels of the temple. (2 Chronicles xii : 2–9.) This, in connection with the revolt of the ten tribes, and the following wars that ensued, in which Jerusalem was often the scene of strife and bloodshed, but especially its conquest by Jehoash, king of Israel, who laid a part of it in ruins, despoiled it of its former grandeur and glory. The reverses however, although important in themselves were as nothing when compared with what it suffered in the conquest of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, who laid siege to it six hundred years B. C. For three long years the desperate struggle was continued between the besieged and the besiegers, with unabating fury. But the invaders at length triumphed. The city was captured by storm. The horrible scenes that followed, as related by the historian, are enough to make the blood to curdle in the veins. The inhabitants were butchered by the brutal soldiery without any distinction of age or sex. The streets ran down with blood. The most magnificent monuments of the city were utterly destroyed. Its costly palaces and splendid temple, its chief glory, were burned with fire. Its walls were razed to the ground. The city was plundered of all its treasures, while thousands of its inhabitants, who escaped the massacre, were carried off in captivity to Babylon, leaving the city in ruins.

At the end of seventy years they were permitted to return, and they at once commenced to rebuild the city. The walls were reconstructed—a second temple was erected—the wealth and population of the city continued to increase until it again became populous, rich, strong, and stately; so that in the time of Christ it perhaps nearly equaled its glory in the reign of Solomon.

According to the prediction of our Saviour, however, it was destined to be again captured, plundered, and laid waste, by its relentless foes. Accordingly in the year A. D. 67, a Roman army under Titus laid siege to the city. The horrors of that siege, which has, perhaps, no parallel in the annals of history for suffering and slaughter, have been vividly portrayed by Josephus. While the Roman army was pushing forward with resolution and vigor their operations upon every side without, the famine and pestilence were doing their terrible work within, and so effectually, that the Romans needed only to have waited, when resistance would have ceased, and on entering the city they would have found it but a tomb of its people. The city, however, was ultimately stormed and captured. An indiscriminate slaughter of the inhabitants followed—the carnage was awful—the blood flowed in torrents on every side. The pleadings for mercy, and cries and tears were alike unavailing; nor was the sword sheathed

until the enormous number of more than a million of the Jews had perished in the siege, and the slaughter that followed the capture.—A great part of its walls and towers were leveled with the ground, its temple again burned with fire by a triumphant soldiery, whose pathway was everywhere marked with fire, ruin and slaughter. As these historical facts came up before my mind while gazing upon its present walls, towers, minarets, and domes, I could not help thinking of the terrible crime and imprecation of the Jews, when seeking the death of the Lord of life and glory before Pontius Pilate, "His blood be on us and on our children."—And according to that awful prayer, and the prophecy of our Lord, their destruction speedily came as a mighty whirlwind that overturned the very foundations of their civil polity, and scattered them among all nations.

In A. D. 636, Jerusalem was again besieged, and became the center of fierce and desperate encounters between opposing forces. A Moslem army, under the Caliph Omar, encompassed the city on every side. After many vain attempts of the inhabitants to break through the lines of their assailants, and raise the siege, during which many bloody conflicts were waged with desperate fury, the city was captured, and Mohammedanism triumphed. The religion of the false prophet was established, and on Mount Moriah, on the very site of the ancient temple

built by Solomon, was erected the mosque of Omar. Since that period, sanguinary wars have been waged between Christian and Mohammedan forces, in which sometimes victory favored one side, and sometimes the other, but in which Jerusalem was always the sufferer. But for more than six hundred years past, the Turks have held undisputed possession of this coveted city. Such are the outlines of some of the more prominent events that have occurred within and around these walls.

The site of Jerusalem is very peculiar. Although situated on the top of the mountainous ridge that lies near midway between the Mediterranean and the valley of the Jordan, at an elevation of two thousand four hundred and eighty feet above the level of the former, and over three thousand seven hundred feet above the latter, it is, nevertheless, surrounded by still higher elevations, which brought to my mind, very impressively, the words of David: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord around about his people." Besides, the formation of the ground, or the surface upon which the city is built, is very irregular. There are four hills that constitute its leading features. These are known as Mount Zion, Moriah, Bezetha, and Akra, which are separated from each other by valleys or depressions, that are easily traced from any elevated position that overlooks the city. The principal one of these is the

Tyropean valley, known by the unpoetic name of the valley of the Cheesemongers. This commences near the northern wall, and runs, in a southerly direction, through the city, deepening gradually as it advances, and dividing it into nearly two equal parts. The western portion is the highest, and constitutes what Josephus calls the upper city, as the eastern one does the lower. At the southern end of the city, on the western side, is Mount Zion: On the eastern side is Mount Moriah, upon which Solomon's Temple stood. The former is more than one hundred feet higher than the latter. On Mount Zion was located the palace of David, and the royal residence of his successors. Here, too, was the celebrated fortress of David, a part of which is the renowned tower of Hippicus, which was, perhaps, one of the strongest fortresses known, and was justly regarded by David as impregnable. Hence he regarded these works with particular satisfaction, and on one occasion exclaims, "Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell (count) the towers thereof; mark ye well her bulwarks and consider her palaces."—The position was also regarded by him as being particularly fortunate, as is evident from the following: "Beautiful for situation; the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion." Here are also pointed out the tombs of David and Solomon and St. James. Over the latter is erected a church. Near by is pointed out the spot where

stood the house in which our Lord celebrated, with his disciples, the last supper.

Across the Tyropean Valley, on the east side, a little north, is Mount Moriah, crowned, at present, with the Mosque of Omar, as before stated. The Tyropean Valley is known to have been, in the days of Solomon, much deeper than at present. Anciently a stone bridge, built upon arches, spanned this valley, connecting Mount Zion and Mount Moriah. This structure is supposed to have been the work of Solomon. One of these arches was first discovered by Wilson, and is now known as Wilson's arch.—The extensive excavations that have been made at this point, show that in this place the Tyropean Valley has been filled up, so that its surface is some eighty-five feet above where it originally was. North of this, in the north-east corner of Jerusalem, is the hill Bezetha, where was located the palace of St. Helena, and on the side of which stands a church that marks the spot where, according to tradition, our Saviour underwent the punishment of scourging. West of Bezetha, and north of Zion, is the hill Akra, on which is located the celebrated pool of Hezekiah, which is still filled with water, of which I had a fine view from the roof of the Mediterranean Hotel. But what is of much greater importance, on this hill (that is now inside of the city wall), is located the scene of Calvary—the place of the crucifixion; and also the sepulchre.

The city itself stands between two valleys, which, from their configuration, nearly surround it on all sides. On its east is the valley of the Kedron, which, in its course, sweeps partly around the northern part of the city, from the northwest, bending more to the south, and rapidly deepening as it advances. On reaching the point where it separates the city from Mount Olivet, it takes the name of Jehosophat, and from thence passing onward, resuming the name of the Kedron, just beyond the southern limits of the city.

On the west side near its northern boundary, begins the valley of the Gihon, which, opposite the Jaffa gate, takes a southerly course; also deepening as it advances, it soon reaches the lower pool of Gihon, below which it takes the name of the Valley of Hinnom. As it advances still onward, it at length sweeps round to an easterly direction, thereby forming the southern boundary to the ancient city, with a depth of more than one hundred and fifty feet below the brow of Zion. Just below the south-east corner of the city, it intersects the Kedron. Originally this valley was, undoubtedly, much deeper than it is now. Then, from its sides rose steep and rocky precipices. But owing to the immense amount of *debris* on the side next to the city, that has been tumbled down, the descent is now smooth, although steep, the rocks being entirely covered up. This part of this valley is

the Tophet of the Old Testament, and the Gehenna of the New. Here, at one time, the Israelites sacrificed their children to Moloch, in consequence of which, it was afterwards regarded as a place of abomination. The valley of Jehosophat, into which this empties, is much deeper. It was the great depth of these valleys that so nearly encompassed Jerusalem, in connection with its massive walls and towers, that made it, in former ages, one of the best fortified cities in all the east.

LETTER XXII.

JERUSALEM AS IT NOW IS.

Jerusalem as it now is.—Its Walls.—Houses.—Streets.—Lamps.—Population.—Classes and Sects.—Public Buildings.—Tower of Hippicus.

I THINK that no one can gaze upon the present city without being struck with the great contrast between what it is now and what it was eighteen hundred years ago, as described by Josephus. Then it was grand and populous. But the surging billows of past ages and the sword of the conqueror have despoiled it of its

glory, and for near two thousand years, it has been trodden down of the Gentiles. She that once sat as a queen among the tribes of Israel, now sitteth solitary, "reft of her sons and mid her foes forlorn."

The city is quite irregular in shape. The walls do not rest upon the same foundations they did in the time of Christ. Then the outer wall was about four miles in extent. Now it is but a little over two miles and a half. The present southern wall is much farther north than anciently. It now extends directly across Mount Moriah, or Ophel and Mount Zion, leaving outside more than a hundred acres that were once within the city. The wall has a massive and formidable appearance, being from ten to fifteen feet in thickness at the bottom, and from twenty to sixty feet high; its height varying at different points to suit the character of the ground. On the north and south it is quite crooked; but on the east side it is nearly straight, while the western wall is also crooked. It is furnished with salient angles, and square towers, and also with battlements, and loopholes, for the use of fire-arms. There is a broad pathway on the top of the wall protected by breastworks which runs around its entire length. As I walked around the city upon this wall, the words of David, "Walk about Zion, tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks," etc., had a significance and a pathos that I had never

felt before. These walls at present are pierced by five gateways; the Damascus gate on the north, the Jaffa gate on the west, the Zion gate on the south, and the St. Stephen's gate on the east, and a gate leading down to Siloam.

The present city is built upon the accumulated rubbish that has been gathering for ages. The houses are peculiar in several respects. They are built of limestone, which is generally broken into squares and laid up in its undressed, rough state, except in a few cases among the rich. Although perhaps while most of the dwellings are three stories high, many of them are low and small, and not a few of them are in ruins. There are no windows in the lower stories facing the streets. Such windows as are elsewhere are invariably small, and in each case where they are large enough to be entered by a burglar, they are barred with iron, which gives them a grim and gloomy appearance not unlike prisons. Besides, the windows are generally destitute of glass, that being a luxury enjoyed only by the rich. There are no numbers on the houses.—The roofs of the buildings are flat, the material being stone and supported by arches. I walked some distance upon the tops of houses, and was reminded of the ease with which, from this circumstance, the people could have obeyed the injunction of Christ, in the hour of danger: "Let him that is on the house-top not come down, but make haste to escape." There is a

large amount of waste ground within the present walls that is merely strewed with ruins, while both in the south-east corner of the city and the south-west are several gardens under cultivation.

The streets, owing to the irregularity of the ground, which is broken into hills and valleys, are far from being level. You can follow no street any distance without going up-hill, or down-hill, or both. You every now and then encounter a flight of steps, running entirely across the street, which is made necessary by the steepness of the ascent or descent, as the case may be. At other points along the street, you meet with steps, with perhaps five or six feet of space between them. Besides, the streets are generally unpaved, except in the bazaars and markets; and even these look as though they had been paved ages ago, and had never been repaired since. They are also crooked, having been originally laid out without apparently any reference to any plan whatever. In addition to this, they are very narrow—many of them being not over five and six feet wide; while even the widest are not over from eight to fifteen feet. Sidewalks are out of the question. The centre of the street being the lowest, serves as a gutter for the water in time of rains. One thing struck me as singular, even among the many strange things that surrounded me in this peculiar city, namely, many of the houses

are built on arches that span the streets at somewhat irregular intervals; so that in many instances you see an arch and a building above it, spanning the street, and then an opening to admit the light to the street, and then another arch, and so on. These arches, in connection with the narrowness of the streets, while they answer a good purpose in keeping out the sun in the heat of summer, at the same time make the streets dark and gloomy. This is especially the case after nightfall, as there are no lamps or lights of any kind to light up the streets and alleys by night; and as all stores and shops are closed at sunset, and as there are no windows facing the street, through which lights might shine from dwellings, the streets are fearfully dark. All this, added to their unevenness and roughness, gives a remarkable emphasis to the words of Jesus: "If a man walk in the night, he stumbleth," etc. Nor is the case changed by transferring his steps from the city to the country; as the roads of Palestine are the roughest of any roads that I have ever seen. Consequently, but few venture out after dark—especially in the city. Those who do are required to carry a lamp or lantern, without which they are liable to be arrested as thieves. It is owing to this circumstance, this necessity of carrying a light, which was the same in the days of Christ as now, that gave rise to the frequent reference in the Scriptures to the carry-

ing of lamps. Allow me, in this connection, to refer to the singular manner in which people carry their lamps in the streets. The lantern containing the light is attached to a cord, some two feet or more long. The upper end of this cord is held in the hand, so as to bring the lamp within four or five inches of the ground or pavement. By this arrangement, the pedestrian is not so much blinded by the light as he would be if it were carried higher; while, at the same time, it lights up his pathway much better. I have no doubt that it was to this practice that King David referred, when he said: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Although there is a great variety of caste, color, and nationality, yet they may generally be divided into Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians. These number somewhere in the neighborhood of the following figures, namely: Jews, nine thousand; Mohammedans, eleven thousand; and Christians, five thousand; making a population of twenty five thousand. These sects in a great measure keep to themselves and occupy different portions of the city. The Christians live principally in the northwest corner. The Jewish quarters are located on the northeast slope of Zion. The Mohammedans occupy exclusively the northeast section of the city, while they spread more or less over the other portions. The officers and soldiers are

mostly Turkish foreigners. Of the Christian denominations, the Greek Church is the strongest, and the Protestant the weakest. The Greek Church has one hundred and fifty priests, and the Latin Church one hundred, making two hundred and fifty, to a population of twenty-five thousand, or one priest to every one hundred of the inhabitants, counting children and all. There are five or six common schools and two Theological Seminaries. Yet, notwithstanding the number of ecclesiastics and religious institutions, there is an amount of degradation among the people that is truly sad. This is owing to the fact that their energies are directed toward mere forms of worship instead of the spiritual. Poverty and squalid wretchedness meet you in every street. This, in connection with its uneven, crooked, narrow and filthy streets, impress the traveler unfavorably.

And yet, the city viewed externally has a stately appearance. This is partly owing to its massive walls of hewn stone, which are surmounted with battlements and towers; and partly to its beautiful mosaic domes, and scores of graceful minarets, that lift their slender forms above the city; while a thousand low round cupolas of Byzantine form, rise in every direction, from the flat roofs of dwellings, breaking the outlines of the roofing into lines of beauty. In addition to all this, its elevated position, as its walls rise up from the brow of

deep ravines, on either side, give it the appearance of oriental grandeur.

Besides, there is not, perhaps, another city to be found where the proportion of public buildings to the population is so large as in Jerusalem. There is the Patriarchal palace; the Armenian hospital; Prussian Hospice; English hospital; Armenian convent; Greek convent; Syrian convent; convent of Gethsemane; convent of St. John the Baptist; convent of Constantine; convent of St. Theodore; Cosanova convent; Copts convent; Franciscan convent; besides two or three nunneries; between twenty and twenty-five churches; a large number of mosques, etc., etc.

Tower of Hippicus.—One of the interesting landmarks of the present city is the "Tower of Hippicus" or "Tower of David," as it is sometimes called. It stands near the Jaffa gate and is justly noted for its great strength and antiquity. It is thought by some to date back to the time of David, under whom it was erected. At all events there is but little doubt that it stood here in the time of Christ, and when the Romans conquered the city under Titus, it was one of the towers spared by that general, as a memorial of the great strength of the city. As might be expected, it looks venerable with age. It is about forty feet high, and is protect-

ed by a fosse. The stones in the lower part especially are large, being from ten to twelve feet long, and four feet thick.

LETTER XXIII.

HOLY PLACES IN JERUSALEM.

The Via Dolorosa.—The Sepulchre.—Its Decorations.—The Sepulchre not as I expected.—Calvary.—The Crucifixion.

THERE are not over three streets that have names, except such as were given them by the Crusaders, or which have been given them by modern travelers. The most noted of these is the street called the "*Via Dolorosa*," or the "sorrowful way." This extends from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in an easterly direction towards the St. Stephen's gate, and is marked by the most tender memorials of the Saviour's suffering in the closing drama of his life. No other street perhaps in the world is regarded so sacred as this, as it is believed that Jesus passed along through it on His way to Calvary, the place of His execution. At its lower end, near the pool of Bethesda, is pointed out the site of the old Judgment Hall of Pilate,

now occupied by the house of the Pasha or Governor of Jerusalem. Immediately opposite this, is an old weather-beaten arch spanning the street called the "*Ecce Homo Arch.*" It is affirmed that after Pilate's examination of Jesus, he brought Him out, and here set Him before the multitude and said: "Behold the man!" A flight of stone steps originally led from near this arch to Pilate's Hall, over which our Saviour is said to have passed on that occasion. These are gone, and it is claimed that they were removed to Rome in the reign of Constantine, and that they are now covered by the Bascillica of St. John Lateran, and are known as the "*Scala Santa*" (sacred stairs.) When at Rome I saw the superstitious devotees of Popery passing up these steps on their knees, kissing them at the same time.

A short distance from the above arch stands the "Church of Flagellation," where it is believed the Lord of life and glory was scourged and crowned with thorns. Near by is shown the place where the Cross was laid upon Him. A little further on, in the direction of Calvary, tradition locates the place where, from suffering and loss of blood, He fainted and fell down beneath the Cross, when it was taken up, and laid on Simon the Cyrenian, who was compelled to bear it. Still further on is marked the place where He met Mary His mother, who from that point accompanied Him the rest of the

way to Calvary. A short distance from where Mary met Him, is shown the site of the dwelling of St. Veronica, the woman who, seeing the face of Jesus covered with blood, as He was passing, that was trickling down from His thorned-pierced brow, pressed forward and gave Him a napkin, upon which He left the impress of His features in blood. Still passing on, and up the gentle ascent to Calvary, we came to the spot where we were told a crowd of women stood weeping for Him, to whom Jesus said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." A few steps from this point brings you to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which tradition has also marked as the place where our Lord was nailed to the Cross, and where He was made an offering for the sins of the world. This street, like the streets in general, is narrow and crooked, flanked with gloomy buildings that seemed to be in keeping with the solemn associations pointed out to me by the way. The entire distance from Pilate's Judgment Hall to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in which all the above interesting events occurred, is about eight hundred paces or nearly a half mile.

As to this being the identical street through which our Saviour passed on that terrible morning that witnessed the closing scene of His humiliation and suffering, in which He trod the

wine-press alone, and when the burden of a world's atonement lay upon Him, I suppose different persons will entertain different opinions. I see no valid reason myself for rejecting the tradition that declares our Lord to have passed up the *Via Dolorosa.* He certainly passed through some street, and if the place of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre be the place of His crucifixion and burial, this street, it seems to me, would be the most direct.

As to the correctness of the tradition that locates the various events that occurred along the way, and which has baptized them as *sacred places*, I have not a particle of confidence in them. In fact I felt that the deep and solemn impressions that I wished to cherish, as I contemplated this awful period of our Saviour's insult and agony, were rather disturbed and dissipated by such apparent trifling as these legendary traditions seemed to show. Not that I doubted for a moment that the events narrated by the evangelists took place. But while this is settled by the word of inspiration, there is not a syllable about the distances or locations, save the naming of Pilate's Hall and Calvary. How do they know, or how can any mortal tell whereabouts any one thing occurred between the two places above named ?

The Sepulchre.—On my arrival at Jerusalem I hastened first to the Church of the Holy

Sepulchre, as the most interesting spot in or around the city. I also gave an account of what I saw on that occasion. Having now been here for near a week, during which time I have visited the sepulchre on different occasions more leisurely, and, consequently, with better opportunities for observation and inspection, I propose to lay before the reader some additional facts of interest in relation to this wonderful place.

On entering the church, the first thing that presents itself before you is the stone of unction, a marble slab, where it is affirmed that our Saviour, after being taken down from the Cross, was embalmed by Joseph and Nicodemus. A short distance from this, under the great dome as before stated, is the Holy Sepulchre. A small building some twenty-five feet long and fifteen broad covers the spot. This is built of white and yellow marble, and is surmounted by a dome in the form of a crown, so that you have this small church inside of the large one. It is highly ornamented, the exterior or outside being nearly covered with crucifixes and images, and surrounded with enormous candles eight or ten feet high, and proportionably large in diameter.

On approaching the sepulchre, you first enter a sort of ante-room, which is perhaps some eight feet square and about seven feet high. This is called the chapel of the angel, as it is claimed

that the angel sat upon the stone which he rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre at this point. In the centre of the room is a square block of marble, said to be the identical one. The Armenian monks, however, deny that this is the stone that was thus honored, while they claim that they have the genuine one on Mount Zion. I presume their claim is entitled to as much respect as the Latin's, and perhaps no more.

On the opposite side of this room is a low narrow doorway leading to the second. You pass through this by stooping down, and then you stand within the sacred enclosure—the sepulchre of Jesus—the Christian's holy of holies; where tens of thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands have knelt, and prayed, and wept. The room is nearly of the same dimensions as the other. Some forty gold and silver lamps suspended from the ceiling are burning night and day, while incense floats upon the air. This profusion of art, however, did not interest me. It rather, in this connection, distressed me than otherwise. It was not the display of costly ornamentations and artistic decorations that I wished to see, but the place where our Lord lay, as it then was. In this, however, I felt disappointed. It does not in my opinion answer the description given by the evangelists. It is there stated that the tomb was hewn out of a rock, and that when Peter and John came to it, to

see if the report of Mary Magdalene were really true that the body of Jesus was gone, they stooped down and looked in previous to entering. This would indicate that the tomb was in the side of a hill, and that its walls were the native rock. How it was originally inside we are not informed. As you enter the room, as it now is, on the right is the sepulchre itself. This consists of a sort of sarcophagus of white marble, or at least it is incased with marble, the top of which is some two feet above the level of the floor of the tomb.

Now admitting this to be the original sepulchre, it is quite evident to my mind, that it has been very much changed in its appearance since the crucifixion. It certainly has been cut or leveled down in some way, at some time, perhaps in the days of Constantine; or its upper part may have been destroyed by the intense heat to which it was subjected when the church erected over it by Constantine was burned in A. D. 614, piling its burning timbers on the sepulchre. Besides the above change, the original rock is now covered over with polished marble on every side, and its walls hung with pictures and crucifixes. I consider all this in very bad taste, to say the least of it, and it is well calculated to cast an air of suspicion and doubt over the whole affair. Originally the sepulchre was undoubtedly outside the city walls and within a garden. Now the place

so revered by so many thousands as the tomb where Jesus lay, is some distance within the present city wall, and surrounded within a compactly built portion of the city; while around and over the tomb rises the walls and dome of a colossal church edifice, as before stated. As I gazed upon the surroundings of this wonderful location, and contrasted what I saw with the scriptural account, I felt to adopt the plaintive lines of the poet:

Oh! for that garden in its simple guise,
Where she the earliest of his mourners came,
Came ere the stars of Syria's cloudless skies
Grew pale before their morning burst of flame.

Oh! if the lichen now were free to twine
O'er the dark entrance of that rock hewn cell,
Say, should we miss the gold-encrusted shrine,
Or incense fumes' intoxicating spell?

There are but few travelers, I presume, who have not felt perplexed and disappointed in visiting sacred places, to find that the misguided zeal of former generations has, in many cases, led them to make changes for the purpose of beautifying with ornamentation that has well nigh destroyed the form, or the essential features of the original.

Calvary.—Within the walls of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and about one hundred and twenty-five feet from the tomb, is also pointed out the place where stood the Cross. The eleva-

tion of this part above the main floor of the building is considerable, and is reached by a flight of steps cut in the rock. There is also a platform at this point, about ten feet long and six broad, and some fifteen or eighteen inches high. Here is pointed out a round hole in the rock, which is cased with silver, as the veritable socket in which the Cross that bore our Saviour stood. The place is marked by a chapel, rich in costly decoration, that belongs to the Greeks. There are also two other holes, that are designated as the ones where stood the crosses of the thieves. At a few feet distant is also pointed out a peculiar fissure in the rock, said to have been made at the time of the crucifixion, when the rocks were rent by the earthquake. The cleft is some five or six inches wide at the top, and apparently closes a short distance below, but is seen again in a chapel close by, and runs down to an unknown depth in the earth. As its intricate windings could not have been made by art, it is evident that it has been made by some convulsion of nature at some time or other; and as at the crucifixion the rocks were rent, I see no reason for disbelieving this tradition so far as the fissure itself is concerned.

I have not time to notice other locations of interest within this building, or to attempt to point out the absurd pretensions of locating the place where the Virgin Mary stood at the time of the crucifixion; the place where the soldiers

cast lots for His garments; the spot where they nailed Him to the Cross; where Mary Magdalene stood. Of course we know that all these incidents had their location, but that any mortal can point out the exact places of these occurrences, that were casual and insignificant in themselves, and at the time of the crucifixion could have had no place in the minds of those who witnessed that awful scene, is too absurd to be seriously entertained for a moment by any one who has not a sort of mania for holy places. And yet, after all, I felt that this was hallowed ground. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings that possessed my soul as I contemplated, with these surroundings, the facts narrated by the evangelists in connection with the crucifixion. Suffice it to say, that I felt it was good to be here. The facts and details of the suffering of our Lord seemed to stand out before my mind with stronger lights and shades, with distincter outlines and more angular forms.

What a place for reflection and contemplation! We gather from Holy Writ that about eight o'clock on Friday morning, Jesus was arraigned before Pontius Pilate, where He was, in violation of all forms of justice, condemned, scourged, insulted, crowned with thorns, mocked, and then led from here to Calvary to be crucified. Here He was nailed to the Cross about the third hour of the day, which answers

to our nine o'clock A.M. From this time until twelve o'clock, for three dreadful hours, He endured untold agony amid the jeers and taunts of an infuriated mob, who with hellish glee exclaimed, "He saved others, himself he can not save;" "If he be the King of Israel let him now come down from the Cross." From the sixth hour (noon) until the ninth hour (three P. M.) there was a strange supernatural darkness and gloom, during which time there was an earthquake that rent the rocks. The curtain of the temple that separated the holy from the holy of holies, was torn asunder by an unseen hand. At the end of the ninth hour, Jesus exclaimed, "It is finished, and gave up the ghost." Shortly after Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate to beg the body of Jesus. A soldier was dispatched to see if He were really dead; this being demonstrated, the body was surrendered. This, perhaps, occurred about five o'clock in the afternoon. The body was taken down by Joseph and Nicodemus, perhaps assisted by others, and wrapped in linen with spices, and laid in Joseph's own new tomb, hewn out of a rock in his garden. At its entrance a great stone was placed. Immediately after this the women and all left on account of the nearness of the Sabbath, which commenced at sunset, which, perhaps, had already arrived. From this time they rested until the morning of the first day of the week, when they were surprised to find Him

risen. Now these are facts that cannot be gainsayed, and with these surroundings I pondered upon them with untold interest.

LETTER XXIV.

IS THE SEPULCHRE NOW SHOWN THE TRUE SEPULCHRE OF CHRIST?

Is the Sepulchre now Shown the True Sepulchre of Christ?—Difficulties in Settling the Question.—Testimony of the Evangelist.—Tradition. — What Enemies Did. — Quotations from Spencer, Williams, Ferguson, and Olin.

THERE is, perhaps, not another single question connected with sacred locations in the Holy Land that has been made the subject of such sharp and acrimonious controversy between various writers, as the place of the sepulchre of Christ. While some can see no reason whatever for believing that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre covers the spot where our Lord lay after His crucifixion, others equally candid and intelligent can see no reason at all for disbelieving it; and I suppose that this difference of opinion will continue, in spite of anything that can be said, until some additional light is

thrown upon the subject by excavations in the neighborhood of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, determining the foundation, and consequently the location of the old wall, or evidences of this character. It is to be hoped that ere long this may be accomplished, and this much vexed question set at rest. Until something of this kind is done, we must be content with such evidences as the evangelists and tradition supply.

One of the great difficulties in coming to a proper conclusion in reference to the sepulchre, as well as other sacred places in the Holy Land, is found in the fact that most persons enter upon the investigation with preconceived notions, or prejudices, that tend to color or distort whatever they see or hear on the subject. Even the minds of readers at a distance, in many instances, become influenced in receiving the testimony of travelers by a consideration of the theological type of mind of each writer, so that he is estimated as a witness according to his creed. Now all this is certainly a hindrance in coming to a knowledge of the truth. These things I have tried to avoid, and I hope I will not be charged with egotism when I say that while I have examined this question carefully in the light of all the facts at hand, I think I have done so with an unbiased mind.

But to the question. Does the Church of the Holy Sepulchre cover the place where our Lord

was crucified and buried, or does it not? I have come to the conclusion that it does. I see no valid reason against this hypothesis. What the Scriptures say upon the subject that is calculated to throw any light on the question is as follows: "And He bearing His cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in Hebrew, Golgotha, where they crucified Him;" and that "the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." Again: "Now in the place where He was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus, therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand." Paul also says, "Wherefore, Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate." Here we have the name of the place, and its relative position to the city. Golgotha, we are told, means the place of a skull; that is, the place where the skulls of executed criminals were to be seen, or a hill, the top of which resembled a skull. There is, however, nothing said by either evangelist about a hill of any kind in connection with the crucifixion. We only know from the above that He was crucified near the city, perhaps just outside the wall, and that the tomb was also nigh at hand, near the Cross. True, as urged by some, this site does not now agree in all respects with the account

of the inspired record. That states that Christ suffered without the gates of the city, and that He was laid in a tomb in a garden. This, however, of itself, proves nothing, as we know that during the past eighteen hundred years very great changes have taken place within and around this city. This has been especially the case in some of its captures, in which its walls have been broken down. In fact, in a recent publication, entitled "The Recovery of Jerusalem," edited by Dr. Stanley, of London, in which the results of the labors and researches of the Palestine Exploration Society are embodied, there is a map of Jerusalem, as it is supposed to have been in the days of Herod, in which the wall is marked out so as to leave the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre without the city. And yet I am free to acknowledge that the topographical difficulties in the way of this theory are so great that I should at once give it up were it not for other weightier reasons that can not be ignored. With these before the mind, if it be hard to believe the present sepulchre to be the true one, it seems to me to be much harder to disbelieve it. Let us look at this question in the light of tradition.

Tradition.—That the Christians who lived in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion knew where Jesus was crucified and buried, I think no one will for a moment dispute. Not only

must they have known the spot as well as any other location in or about the city, but so must those converted on the day of Pentecost. They would not, they could not, lose sight of a place so closely connected with their faith and redemption. It is true the city was soon after captured by the Romans under Titus, and partly destroyed. And, although the disciples of Christ fled the city on that occasion for a season, they soon returned and dwelt among its ruins. No one certainly can imagine that they would forget Calvary and the tomb from which their Lord so triumphantly rose from the dead. To suppose this, would be to suppose that they were different from mankind generally, or that they acted contrary to every principle of human nature. So far from this, however, being the case, history informs us that the people of that age were especially given to materialism, and that, consequently, they were more inclined to reverence holy places than are the people of the present age.

But we are told that from A.D. 117 to 138, a period of twenty-one years, the Emperor Hadrian not only banished the Christians, tens of thousands of whom he cruelly sold into slavery, but forbid them to visit or come near the holy city. He also took special pains to desecrate, and, as far as possible, to obliterate all sacred places, and especially Calvary and the sepulchre of Christ. This is true, and it is also true

that he caused a mound of earth to be raised over the sepulchre, and perhaps the place of the crucifixion; and that to further desecrate them, he erected over their sites the idol temples of Venus and Jupiter.

Now, what did all this amount to, except to perpetuate a knowledge of these very places? These acts of Hadrian certainly prove the following facts: 1. That these places at that time were well known. 2. That the early Christians were in the habit of venerating them. 3. That the acts of the Emperor, instead of obliterating these sacred localities, served to mark and designate them in the most effectual manner. And although there were other persecutions under succeeding Roman Emperors, and especially under Diocletian, there is nothing to show that during those terrible ordeals of suffering by Christians, that there is any probability that the place of our Saviour's burial and resurrection should not have been known, or should have been forgotten.

When Constantine ascended the throne in A. D. 306, a new era in the Christian Church was inaugurated. In 313 he espoused the cause of Christianity, and at once set about rescuing the holy places from the heathen profanation. For this purpose he wrote to Marcurious, then Bishop of Jerusalem, informing him that he was not only very desirous of freeing the holy sepulchre of our Lord from all heathen idolatry, but

also of adorning it with a Christian temple, that should serve as a memorial to perpetuate its memory.

"There does not appear," says Dr. Spencer, "as Dr. Robinson and others represent it, any doubt either on the part of the bishop and clergy or of the Emperor, that this spot, covered by a large mound of earth, on the top of which was Venus' shrine, marked really and undoubtedly the holy sepulchre of our Lord. 'The Empe ror's orders were—not that any inquiry should be instituted, not that any search should be made, but simply that the temple (of Venus) should be leveled with the ground, and the earth carried away. This was done, and the sepulchre came to light.'"

Mr. Williams says, "Was it not a reasonable cause of amazement to those who witnessed it, that the pagans, when they sought to obliterate the memory of the spot, should have left the cave entire; and that, notwithstanding so long concealment, it should come forth unharmed, presenting, as it were, a figure of its resurrection in its own recovery?"

"I believe," says Mr. Ferguson, "that the boundaries of property were well defined, and registers kept, describing every field and house, and more especially everything in the immediate proximity of the capital of a Roman colony, as Elia Capitolina (Jerusalem) was in the time of Constantine; so that I do think it

more than probable that he (the Emperor) possessed the means of ascertaining the fact beyond all doubt."

The Church of Constantine was dedicated in the presence of a large concourse of clergymen in A. D. 336, about three hundred years after the crucifixion, without a single objection, so far as is known, from any one, as to this being the identical spot, or sepulchre of Christ. As to the fact of its being inside of the walls of the city instead of outside, being made by some an insurmountable objection, let it be borne in mind that the bishops or clergy of that day could read the New Testament as well as we, and yet they saw no difficulty in the way of its present location. If they had lost a knowledge of the place, and were unprincipled enough to resort to forgery, why did they not locate it outside of the walls, so as to leave no apparent discrepancy between the scriptural account and its location? But to my mind the very fact that they adhered to this place in spite of the difficulty that is now urged by many, goes very far towards placing the matter beyond all doubt. Besides, if the clergy of that day were wicked enough to resort to trickery and fraud, how could they have got everybody to fall in with the measure? "When," asks Dr. Olin, "would be the period, or what the possible circumstances in which it would be practicable to *begin* to practice imposition or impose ignorance upon the thousands of Chris-

tians born and reared in sight of Calvary, who would naturally and irresitiblybe led to venerate and visit the consecrated spot at every recital of the Redeemer's sufferings by parent or priest, and by every impulse of faith or gratitude in their own bosoms?"

LETTER XXV.

JERUSALEM—*continued.*

Mount Moriah.—Temple Area.—Mosque of Omar.—Sacred Rock.—Excavations.—Solomon's Stables.—Sea Under the Temple.—The Jewish Place of Wailiny at the Base of the Temple Wall.—A Singular Document found in one of its Crevices.—Its Translation.—Strange Revelations of Jewish Customs.—An Old Aqueduct.—Fountain of Hezekiah.

MOUNT MORIAH.—What a strange and marvelous history is connected with this sacred spot! What thrilling events have transpired here! What hallowed associations cluster around the mount of God! In no age since the time of Solomon has there been a period but thousands of hearts and faces have been turned towards this hallowed place. No other

hill or valley on earth has been so honored of God, or so reverenced by his people. Here Abraham proceeded to offer his son Isaac, and by that act has given us an example of surprising faith and fortitude. Here stood the threshing-floor of Ornan, which David bought for 600 shekels of gold ($4,854). And here also stood the Temple of Solomon, the grandest structure of the age.

The Temple area must have been very different originally in its natural state from what it is at present. The top of the hill has been mostly graded and leveled off; while, at the same time, massive walls from fifty to eighty feet high, were built up around its sides. This area has then been filled in so as to form a beautiful plateau, not perfectly level, but sloping gently down from the centre to the south, east, and north.

On entering the enclosure I was forcibly struck with its great size. It is said to be about one thousand six hundred feet on the west, one thousand five hundred feet on the east, one thousand feet on the north, and nine hundred feet on the south end, thus enclosing an area of some thirty-five acres of ground. On this central eminence, that was once crowned with the Temple of Solomon, now stands the

Mosque of Omar. — This noble structure, which is said to rank, in point of sacredness,

next to the Temple of Mecca, is somewhat singular in form. The lower part is octagonal, and built of beautiful variegated marble. Each side is sixty-seven feet long, making the interior about one hundred and seventy feet in diameter, and is surrounded with marble columns, between which are numerous windows of stained glass. Through these a flood of mellow light comes streaming down on the floor within. Above this first story the walls become circular, forming a sort of rotunda. This terminates in a beautiful dome, sixty-six feet in diameter, and rising to the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and is covered with encaustic glazed tiles of various colors. The dome is crowned with a lofty bronze crescent, that adds much to its architectural beauty. From whatever side you approach the city, the Mosque of Omar is seen towering up as one of its leading features.

Laying aside my boots, in obedience to the demands of officials, I was permitted to enter the interior. This I found very much in keeping with the exterior. Two rows of Corinthian columns, while they form beautiful corridors, together support the great dome above. The floor is marble, and the walls are decorated with gaily enameled tiles of various colors, while Arabic inscriptions are artistically arranged upon them in forms of beauty.

The most interesting object, however, to me, within this sacred enclosure, is the *Es Sakhrah*

(sacred rock). This lies directly under the dome, and is about sixty feet long and fifty broad, and rises some seven feet above the floor. The rock is in its natural and undressed state, and bare, except that a silk awning stretches over it. It is also surrounded with an iron railing, the top of which is gilded. In the south-east corner is an excavated chamber, to which you descend by a flight of stone steps. This chamber is irregular in form, about seven feet high, and contains an area of more than one hundred square feet. In the centre of this cave there is in the floor a circular slab of marble, which, being stamped upon, sounds hollow, showing that there is an opening beneath, where it is said there is a well, or shaft, terminating in a horizontal passage.

This rock, which, without doubt, was enclosed in the court of Solomon's Temple, is supposed by many to be the one upon which Abraham prepared to offer his son Isaac, and that it is the "unhewn stone" on which the altar of the temple was built; and that as Ornan, the Jebusite, in all probability, had his threshing floor beside this rock, that this cave was probably the place where he stored his grain, perhaps, to conceal it as did Gideon (Judges vi: 11); and in all probability it was in this cave that "Ornan and his four sons hid themselves" from the angel (Chron. xxi: 20). The well, or shaft, in the centre of the cave may have been prepared by

Solomon as a sort of sink, into which the blood of the sacrifices drained. Be this as it may, I have no doubt that the Mosque of Omar stands upon the site of Solomon's Temple. And as I stood within its walls and gazed upon this rock and its surroundings, I could not help thinking of the fact, that here God's glory was especially manifested; that here was the holy of holies; that here was the ark; and here, upon the mercy seat, between the cherubims, dwelt the august symbol of God's presence. But, alas, how changed! The temple is gone, and according to the prediction of our Lord, not one stone has been left on the top of another.

There are a large number of ridiculous and absurd legends that the Mohammedans have in relation to this rock, which my guide took very special pains to relate to me, as he pointed out the various places of interest. But they are not worth repeating. They only show the absurd credulity and superstition of the believers of Mohammedanism.

A very deeply interesting subject to all Biblical archæologists, and in fact to all Christians, is the important discoveries made in and around Jerusalem, but especially in the vicinity of Mount Moriah, by the "Palestine Exploration Society." By their excavations a part of the foundation wall of the temple platform built by Solomon, on the south side, has been uncovered to the depth of fifty feet below the present sur-

face. This, added to the eighty feet above, made the wall originally one hundred and thirty feet high. At the southeast corner on the east side, a shaft has been sunken by which it has been ascertained that the foundation of the wall at that point is seventy feet below the present surface. At this corner of the temple area, but under it, are fifteen rows of columns, arched over to elevate and support the platform above, so as to secure the necessary elevation of this part of the surface. These columns or piers, are from three to eight feet in diameter, and from five to twenty feet apart. This extensive subterranean structure is supposed by some to have been Solomon's stables, where his twelve thousand riding horses were kept. It is approached by a triple gate under the Mosque el Aksa, a building formerly used by the Knights Templar.

The interesting discovery by Dr. Robinson, of what he supposed to be one of the arches of the bridge across the valley, separating Mount Zion from Mount Moriah, which has been so sharply contested by different writers, has not only been confirmed, but is now proved to have been about one hundred and fifty feet high, fifty one broad, and not less than three hundred and fifty feet long, stretching across the Tyropean valley, and to have formed a most magnificent highway from Solomon's palace on Zion to the Temple on Mount Moriah. No wonder

that when the Queen of Sheba saw "his ascent by which he went up to the house of the Lord, there was no more spirit in her." Besides all this, aqueducts, cisterns, and rock-hewn channels have been discovered, that throw additional light on the buildings, the arrangements and the services of the temple. The basin which contained the "sea" under the temple spoken of by the son of Sirach, has not only been brought to light, but its capacity determined to be two million gallons, it being seven hundred and thirty-six feet in circumference, and forty-two feet deep.

Passing out of the enclosure of the Temple area, we visited the wailing place of the Jews, which is at the base of the wall which rises from the Tyropean valley, and supports the west side of the Temple area. This wall is built of large beveled stones, and is supposed by many to have been constructed by Solomon. Here the Jews congregate on stated occasions and kiss these stones, and weep over the desolation of their city, and the destruction of their Temple. This sacred enclosure is to them the most holy place on earth. They firmly believe that prayers offered here are far more efficacious than prayers offered anywhere else. As they are not permitted to worship on the immediate spot where their Temple stood, they gather at the base of its foundation wall to offer up their devotions; and so highly do they esteem the

privilege of praying here that at different times they have paid their Mahommedan oppressors large sums of money for this precious boon.

Those whom I saw congregated here looked poor, dejected and forlorn; and were going through their forms of worship and lamentations with evident emotions of sorrow. Here, with tearful eyes and trembling lips, they were solemnly chanting, "Be not wroth very sore! O Lord, neither remember iniquity forever! Behold! see, we beseech thee, we are thy people. Thy holy cities are a wilderness. Zion is a wilderness. Jerusalem is a desolation. Our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste. (Is. liv: 9–11.) My interpreter told me that so great was the importance that they attach to praying at this place, that many who came from a distance to this sacred spot, and who could return to it but seldomly or never, frequently wrote out a prayer, and then thrusted it into some deep crevice of the wall, that in their absence their petition might be pleading with God from this hallowed shrine. While he was relating to me this interesting custom and passing along the wall and looking into its numerous crevices, he spied in one of them a piece of paper, and immediately exclaimed: "Here is one now." By the aid of a small stick with a pin attached to the end of it, he was soon

engaged in trying to drag it from its hiding place. I shall not soon forget how sadly the Jews looked on while this sacreligious act was being perpetrated. Their evident sorrow elicited my sympathy, and I begged of the hard-hearted Turk to desist, but all to no purpose. The paper was secured, and I finally received it, and although I could not read it, I brought it home with me as a literary curiosity and memento of my visit to that interesting place.

Since my return to the States, I have submitted it to the examination of Prof. G. W. Sheldon, of New York, who informs me that the language is *Aramaic Hebrew*, written in the modern Hebrew current hand, which is quite different from the printed Hebrew; and furthermore, that, instead of its being a record of a prayer, as I supposed, it contains a list of the names of certain persons who, though probably residing in Europe, wished to be prayed for at Jerusalem. This singular document (a literal translation of which is herewith furnished by Professor Sheldon), is made perfectly intelligible by the following explanation given to him by a Jewish Rabbi, also of New York.

He states that in Europe, and especially in Poland, from which he came, when a Jewish Rabbi is about to visit Jerusalem, it is customary for devout Jews of his acquaintance to furnish him with their names, and to state

to him the blessings which they feel they most need, that he may carry the list to the Holy City, and there, where prayer (as they believe) is rendered so wonderfully efficacious by the sanctity of the place, offer up in their behalf his supplications for the blessing craved. That it is also expected upon their part, and promised by him, that their names, together with their requests, shall be left in some secure place in or about the Temple wall, that their petitions may continue to be answered in their behalf, if needs be, all their lifetime. For these services they usually pay to him more or less toward defraying his expenses in his journey.

This arrangement of writing the names and the blessings craved upon paper, and placing it in some particular locality that it may continually plead with God without any further trouble upon the part of the petitioner, is very much like the plan of a certain man of whom I have heard; who being impressed with the importance of saying the Lord's prayer, each might before retiring, and yet wishing to avoid the necessary labor and consumption of time required in its nightly repetition, wrote it out on paper, which he pinned on his bed-curtain, and thereafter, as occasion required, he merely took hold of the curtain, shook it gently, remarking: "Lord, these are my sentiments," and then contentedly consigned himself to rest.

The translation of this singular document is as follows:

"By the help of the Name (Jehovah).

Tsvi Hirsch, son of Rachel; for the cure of the pain in his eyes.

D. Peril, daughter of Rauda Hena.

Eliezer, Joseph, son of Peril; for prosperity and increase in honor all the days of his life.

D. Gotil, daughter of Hasi [or Hase].

B., the bride Sarah Pheiga. D., the bridegroom, Samuel Benjamin.

B. Phroma. Blessed be the Name! May He (Jehovah) provide a mate for her soon.

Moses, son of Peril; for prosperity.

D. Sarah, daughter of Hasi [or Hase].

The bride Sarah, daughter of Rachel Leah. The bridegroom Joshia [probably for *Joshua*] son of Tipporah.

Basi [probably Bittriah]. Pheiba daughter of Sarah.

For the peace of Mordecar, son of Peril. Blessed be the Name! May He hasten the consummation of his happy engagement [to be married].

Dav Wolf, son of Chayah. The bride Rebecca, daughter of Dabrein."

Some things in the above cannot fail to strike the mind of the attentive reader as peculiar. The same precaution against using the name of Jehovah is here manifested that characterized the Jews in ancient times. Another thing is worthy of note, namely: every single blessing craved in the above specifications is temporal and material. The two petitions relating to marriage (perhaps by mothers), although right and perfectly natural, yet it seems strange to

us to see such desires lifted up above all spiritual blessings. This is certainly a sad commentary upon the present materialism of this ancient people. It will be also observed that each one named is said to be the son or daughter of the mother instead of the father. This is said to be a common Oriental custom, resulting from the general prevalence of polygamy in the East, and the lax condition of the morals of society that render it so difficult in speaking of the parents of children, to go beyond the mother.

A short distance from the Temple wall a very important aqueduct has also been discovered by the Palestine Exploration Fund Society, within the city, which they have no doubt is a part of the original aqueduct from Solomon's pools, south of Bethlehem. This ancient relic is partly built of masonry, and partly cut in the solid rock; and the city portion of it has, up to the present time, been traced about seven hundred feet. Many other interesting facts in connection with these excavations within the city might be dwelt upon, or at least referred to, did space permit. I will, however, in this connection, refer to one other place, namely, the fountain of Hezekiah.

This is situated in the western part of the city, near the Jaffa gate. Hezekiah is known to have done considerable in the form of public improvements in Jerusalem. Among these, not the least was supplying the city with an abund-

ance of water. Hence the reservoir that still bears his name. This immense basin is now known to be supplied with water by the means of an aqueduct leading from the upper pool of Gihon, which lies some distance outside of the walls of the city to the west. It is said in Chron. xxxii : 30, that "Hezekiah stopped (or turned) the upper water-course of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David." Again, it is said, "he made a pool and conduit, and brought water into the city." It is also stated that when the king of Assyria, Sennacherib, came up to besiege Jerusalem, that Hezekiah "took counsel with his princes and his mighty men to stop the waters of the fountains which were without the city; and they did help him. So there was gathered together much people, who stopped all the fountains and the brook that ran through the midst of the land, saying: 'Why should the kings of Assyria come and find much water?'" (2 Chron. xxxii : 3, 4). It is thought by many, that at that time the king had this subterranean passage excavated, by which the upper pool of Gihon was emptied of its waters, which were treasured up in the fountain of Hezekiah, within the city. Besides all this, I was told that when the English Church was being built, in making excavations for the foundation, some twenty feet below the surface, the workmen came upon a most remarkable work of masonry, consisting

of a veulted chamber resting upon a foundation of solid rock. From this chamber a flight of stone steps led down to an immense conduit, which was partly excavated out of the solid rock, and partly built of masonry; and that this conduit has been traced more than two hundred feet. Another singular fact has been brought to light in connection with this aqueduct. It is found that there were apertures leading from the surface to the interior of this conduit, at regular intervals, from which it is supposed the people drew water. This, it is said, could have been easily done, as the bottom of the aqueduct was so nearly level as to have had a sufficient depth of water for this purpose.

The fountain of Hezekiah is certainly a fine work. It is two hundred and forty feet long, and one hundred and forty-four feet broad. The bottom, it is said, consists of the natural rock. It is partly filled with water—how deep I was not able to learn; but was told that the quantity was large, and capable of supplying half the city.

LETTER XXVI.

AROUND JERUSALEM.—VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

The Tomb of Absalom.—The Tomb of Jehoshaphat.—Tomb of St. James.—Tomb of Zachariah.—Whited Sepulchres.—Fountain of the Virgin.—Pool of Siloam.—Mount of Corruption.—Well of Job.—Hill of Evil Council.—Aceldama.—Valley of Hinnom.—Pool of Gihon.—Tombs of the Kings.—Tombs of the Judges.

THIS renowned valley is, as has been before stated, on the east side of Jerusalem, and is a continuation of the Valley of the Kedron, and separates the lower portion of the city from Mount Olivet, and is between one and two hundred feet deep. Whatever it might have been originally, at present it is little else than a vast cemetery. On its west side, just under the wall of the city, opposite the temple area, is the Mohammedan place of sepulchres, which is thickly crowded with their singularly constructed, whitewashed tombs. The Mohammedans deem it a peculiar privilege to be buried as near the great Mosque of Omar as possible, believing that this soil is made holy by the temple.

Immediately opposite this, on the east side of

the valley, extending up the slope of Olivet, is the Jews' burying-ground; where, for thousands of years, have been deposited the remains of passing generations, until the whole ground has been filled and piled with the bones and dust of a countless multitude. It is said that one of the greatest privileges a Jew can crave is to be buried with his forefathers in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. This strong desire is owing, in a great measure, to the fact that they believe the coming Messiah will stand here in the resurrection at the last day. Many of these tombs are excavations in the solid rock. The entire base of Olivet, on this side, has been cut and hewn into perpendicular faces, at some remote period, probably for stone. In these faces many tombs are constructed. Some of these are quite plain; others more ornamental and imposing. Others, however, assume a monumental form. Among those that deserve particular attention are the following—the tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, St. James, and Zachariah.

The reputed tomb or pillar of Absalom is a massive structure, about twenty-four feet square and fifty feet high. The lower part is hewn out of the solid rock. It is ornamented with two columns and two half-columns on each side, of the Ionic order, with pilasters at the corners, besides other sculptured ornamentations. Above these columns projects a large cornice with heavy mouldings. Above this rises a sort of

pyramid, nearly approaching the form of a rapidly tapering spire, except that it enlarges at the top, something like an opening flower. Around it is a large pile of small stones, which have been accumulating for ages by Jews casting stones at it as they pass by it, to express their contempt for Absalom's rebellion. He disobeyed God in refusing to honor his father; and, as a result, eternal infamy clings to his name. How impressive the words of Inspiration in connection with this fact!—"Them that honor me I will honor; and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." How little he thought that the monument that was to perpetuate his name would also perpetuate his disgrace! The account says: "Absalom in his lifetime had reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale, for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name" (2 Sam. xviii : 18). His remains, however, are not here. He was slain in battle in his own rebellion, in the wood of Ephraim; the account of which says: "They took him and cast him into a great pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him."

A short distance to the northeast of this is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, as it is called. This is a subterranean excavation in the solid rock, with no ornamentation except about the doorway, where there is still to be seen sculptured

foliage, etc. The tomb, at present, is much choked up with dirt and rubbish, betokening both neglect and decay. Although called the tomb of Jehoshaphat, there is not much probability that it was ever constructed for him. At all events, it is quite certain he was not buried here. The Bible tells us that he was "buried with his fathers, in the city of David" (2 Chron. xxi : 1).

Some two hundred feet south of the pillar of Absalom is the tomb of St. James. It fronts the west, and opens into a wall of rock at a considerable elevation. The front is adorned with a porch, eighteen feet wide and nine feet deep, supported by four Doric columns sculptured out of the solid rock where they stand, the adjacent rock having been hewn from around them. You enter the chamber from the south, through a low doorway—the main chamber being some seventeen feet long and fourteen broad. From this are openings or recesses extending still further back, making the entire excavation some forty feet back in the rock.

A few paces south of this, stands the tomb of the prophet Zachariah. The lower part of this consists of a cubical block of the native rock, and is about twenty feet every way. The rock has been hewn from around it. On the upper side (for it stands on a hill-side), a broad and deep excavation has been made, so that it should stand out detached from the hill-side. Each

corner is finished with square pilasters, while two columns and two half-columns adorn each side. The capitals are Ionic, and a heavy cornice, worked with leaves, runs around the top. This immense block is surmounted by a sort of pyramid, of some ten feet elevation, making the entire height of the structure about thirty feet. As it is solid, of course Zachariah is not buried here. It is said, however, to have been constructed in honor of this prophet, who was stoned to death in the court of the temple, in the reign of Joash. It is thought by some, that our Lord had this very monument in view when He said to the Jews: "Your fathers killed the prophets, and ye build their sepulchres."

While upon this subject I wish to say one thing, in reference to sepulchres, which has impressed my own mind since I have been in this country, and which, I think, will not be uninteresting to others, as it may serve to throw some light upon certain passages of Scripture. Most of the tombs of the East which are erected over the remains of the departed, are, at the time of their completion, whitewashed, and thereby rendered very white. But after this they are generally neglected. I noticed this practice as being well-nigh universal in Egypt, as well as here. Now, with these facts before us, let us turn to the denunciation of Christ against the Pharisees for their hypocrisy, in which He says: "Ye are like unto whited sep-

ulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward; but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." These whited sepulchres are not necessarily to be considered handsome, elegant marble structures, as I once supposed; but "*whited* sepulchres," meaning simply *new* tombs. This view of this passage gives additional force to the words of Jesus, and makes His reproof of the Pharisees all the more cutting. For it is the whited sepulchres, or new ones, where putrefaction and decomposition are going on within with the recently deposited corpses, which render them "*full of all uncleanness;*" which is not true of old sepulchres, where the bodies have long ago all turned to dust, and where all offensiveness has long since ceased to exist.

Fountain of the Virgin.—Passing down the valley, and turning to the right and crossing the brook Kedron, we came to the eastern side of the hill Ophal. On this slope, near its base, is located the Fountain of the Virgin. It is sometimes called the Bath of Samuel—the Fount of Siloam—the Pool of Bethesda, and the Fountain of the Virgin. The latter is the name by which it is generally known at Jerusalem. It is a deep artificial cavity, the basin of which is more than twenty feet below its mouth or entrance. Passing in under an arch, the water is reached by two flights of stone steps. The first

consists of sixteen, and lands you on a level stone platform, some ten or twelve feet square. The second numbers ten steps, extending from the platform down to the water. The reservoir, or basin, is fifteen feet long, some six wide, and about seven feet deep, and cut in the solid rock. The water is some three feet deep, and is prevented from rising much above this point by a subterranean passage, through which the water flows to the pool of Siloam, one thousand seven hundred and fifty feet south of the Fountain of the Virgin.

One strange peculiarity of this fountain is the fact, that the water flows into it at intervals, and not regularly. On reaching the pool you see, perhaps, the water still and tranquil. After gazing upon it for a while, all of a sudden the water gushes out from the north side, and comes bubbling up with considerable force for perhaps twenty or thirty minutes, rising near a foot, and then subsiding into the same tranquillity again for several hours, and so on alternately.

From whence these subterranean waters come is not known. Some suppose that they are derived from under the ancient temple area of Solomon. One thing, however, is quite certain, namely, that this periodical flow must be owing to a siphonic passage, either natural or artificial. In no other way can this singular phenomenon be accounted for. It is thought by some that this is the pool of Bethesda, and that this peri-

odical flow or bubbling of the water is what is referred to by the evangelist, where it is said that "an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water, etc." We leave the reader, however, to adopt his own theory in relation to the matter, according to his own convictions.

Passing south from the "Fountain of the Virgin," at the southern point of the hill Ophel, just at the mouth of the Tyropean valley, where it intersects the valley of Jehoshaphat, we came to the Pool of Siloam, one of the most noted fountains of Jerusalem. This pool dates back to a remote period, and is thought by some to have been originally constructed to water the king's gardens in the vicinity. Nehemiah tells us (iii: 15) that "Shallum built the walls of the pool of Siloah by the king's garden." It is built of masonry, and is fifty-three feet long, eighteen wide, and nineteen deep, and is supplied with water by a subterranean passage cut through the solid rock from the Fountain of the Virgin, as before stated. This pool is supposed to have been enclosed by the ancient city walls. It was to this pool that our Lord directed the blind man to go and wash, after he had anointed his eyes with clay; who, having done so, came seeing (John ix: 7). Near this pool, it is supposed, stood the tower of which the Saviour speaks, that, in its fall, crushed eighteen men to death (Luke xiii: 4).

Mount of Corruption.—Directly across the Kedron from this point, on the left, rises from the valley the Hill of Corruption, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Mount of Offence," or the "Hill of Scandal." Here Solomon set up his system of idolatry, and thereby disgraced himself, and incurred the displeasure of high heaven. "He built a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, in the hill that is before Jerusalem, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon. And likewise did he for all his strange wives which burned incense, and sacrificed unto their gods"—(1 Kings ii: 7–8). How strange that one so wise should have become so foolish! that he who had built the temple, the most marvelous structure of the age, and who had dedicated it with such pomp and magnificence, amid such exhibitions of divine glory, should have, under any circumstances, become an idolater! But such is the weakness of human nature. The Bible narrative and this hill will ever stand as witnesses of his strange infatuation, folly, and wickedness.

Well of Job.—Passing still further down the ravine, just below the junction of the Valley of Hinnom with the Kedron, and some five hundred feet below the top of Mount Zion, is situated the Well of Job, in one of the most charming spots in the vicinity of the city. This well is supposed to be the *En-Rogel* of the Old Testa-

ment, and to have stood in the days of Joshua, over three thousand years ago. It is sunk in the solid rock, and is one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, walled up at the surface with large hewn square stones, which terminate in an arch at the top. A large flat stone, with a circular hole through the middle of it, laid over the top of the well, constitutes its mouth. The water is excellent, and abundant at all times, and is said, in the rainy season, to overflow frequently. The water is still drawn as in ancient times, with leather buckets, or earthen jars attached to ropes, which are pulled up by hand. These ropes have worn deep grooves in the stone, giving it the appearance of great antiquity. In fact, nearly three thousand years ago, when David had fled from Jerusalem at the rebellion of Absalom, he employed Jonathan and Ahimaaz to bring him, or to furnish him with tidings of the progress of the rebellion, who tarried by this well, "for they might not be seen to come into the city." At a subsequent period Adonijah rebelled against David, his father, and made this well the rallying point. (1 Kings i: 9). Turning to the left from this place, and proceeding up the valley of Hinnom a short distance, you see on the south side of the valley rising abruptly,

The Hill of Evil Counsel.—On the summit of this hill tradition locates the ancient residence

of Caiaphas, and here, it is affirmed, the chief priests and scribes met and held their consultation how to arrest and destroy Jesus. Hence it is called the Hill of Evil Counsel, in view of this fact. An old ruin and a lone tree, said to be the one upon which Judas hanged himself, are about the only objects of interest that now meet the eye at this point. On the slope of this hill, facing the Valley of Hinnom, is pointed out

Aceldama.—This is the reputed field purchased with the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed Christ. For this reason it was called the "field of blood." Previously it was called "Potters' Field," as it is supposed pottery was originally manufactured here. As the clay had become exhausted, the ground was nearly worthless, hence the low price at which it was purchased, considering its proximity to the city. I believe it is generally thought that this is the veritable ground that was bought with the price of our Lord to bury strangers in. It is said that the plot of ground was only about thirty yards long, by fifteen wide. At present, however, there is no boundary to distinguish it from the rest of the hill side. In the midst of it is a charnel-house, half built, half excavated, now in ruins, where in former ages the dead have been laid. It has long since ceased, however, to be used for sepulchral purposes.

Passing on a westerly course up the Valley of Hinnom, which constitutes the southern boundary of Jerusalem, we soon reach the angle where the valley turns to the north, and takes the name of Gihon. The valley of Hinnom, which extends from the "Well of Job" to this angle, is something over a half mile long. Turning up the Gihon Valley, which lies on the west side of the city, one hundred and forty yards brings us to the lower pool of Gihon.

This is an immense reservoir of great antiquity. It is six hundred feet long, two hundred and fifty feet wide, and forty deep. It is now dry, being out of repair. Still further up the valley, at over a half-mile distance from the lower pool, is the upper pool of Gihon, which undoubtedly was formerly connected with the lower pool. This measures three hundred feet long, two hundred wide, and twenty feet deep. Many interesting allusions are made to these pools in very ancient times. By one of them, Solomon was anointed king in the place of his father, David (1 Kings i: 38–39). It was by the upper pool that Rabshakeh stood and delivered his boastful and insulting message from King Sennacherib to King Hezekiah, in which the latter was threatened with utter destruction if he should dare to join battle with the King of Assyria (Isaiah xxxvi: 2). Other allusions are also made to these pools in Bible history, but we have not time to dwell. Continuing our

course in a north-east direction, we soon reached the north-west angle of the city wall. About a half-mile north of the northern wall of Jerusalem is located the renowned tombs of the kings.

These are the most remarkable structures of the kind in the vicinity of Jerusalem, or perhaps elsewhere. The labor that has been required to excavate them has been immense. In the first place, a room, or court, has been excavated in the solid rock, to the depth of twenty feet, and ninety feet square. This is open at the top, or roofless, and in all probability was where the funeral rites were said. On the west side of this room is a portico, thirty-nine feet long, seventeen feet deep, and fifteen high, excavated also out of the solid rock. The columns in the centre, and the pilasters at the corners, bear some resemblance to the Corinthian order. The cornice has been originally ornamented with clusters of grapes, garlands, and festoons. In the south end of the portico opens a low doorway into an ante-chamber, which is nineteen feet square, and seven feet high. From this chamber three passages lead to other rooms. From one of these, namely, the west room, there is a passage way leading down several steps into a large vault, in which are excavated crypts parallel to the sides. To these entrances there were originally paneled stone doors, hung on stone hinges, but they have been broken. While down in these vaults, I felt

very much oppressed with the heat, and perspired freely. My candle, as well as the candle of my guide, became very soft. The air in these subterranean chambers was not only warm, but also very stifling and oppressive, and I felt very much relieved when I had finished my explorations, and reached the out-door air again.

What seems strange is the fact, that no one can tell who made these wonderful excavations, or for whom they were intended. They are called the "Tombs of the Kings," because it is thought that royalty must have had them excavated, as they have been evidently too costly for private enterprise, as the rock is intensely hard, and the work enormous.

About a mile further north are the "Tombs of the Judges," as they are called, which in their leading features are similar to the tombs of the kings, except that they are more varied and complicated. These, like the former, are shrouded in mystery. They undoubtedly belong to the remote past. Whoever had them constructed, undoubtedly hoped that their remains would, after death, here rest in security. They little thought inquisitive travelers would not only invade their sepulchres, but would carry away their bones to enrich private cabinets and museums. But so it is. Their very costliness has led to their desecration.

LETTER XXVII.

OUTSIDE OF JERUSALEM.

Tomb of the Virgin Mary.—Garden of Gethsemane.—Top of Olivet.—Magnificent View.—Reflections.—Bethany.—Its Appearance.—Lazarus' Tomb.—Road to Jerusalem.—The Fig Tree.—Spreading of Garments in the Way.—Here Jesus Wept over Jerusalem.

PASSING out of the city at the St. Stephen's Gate, on the east side, and descending somewhat rapidly down a rocky road, we soon reached the dry bed of the Kedron, more than a hundred feet below the wall of the city. At this point it is spanned by a small stone-arched bridge. What interesting scenes came up before my mind as I stood here and thought of the past! What hallowed associations cluster around the "Brook Kedron!" How often the Saviour and the apostles crossed and re-crossed this renowned valley! The very night our Lord was betrayed He crossed it twice with His disciples, and the fact serves in no small degree to fix the location of Gethsemane. From the bed of the Kedron, we commence to ascend Mount Olivet. Proceeding up this old road, a short distance off, a little to the left, is the reputed

Tomb of the Virgin Mary.—The edifice is a deep subterranean structure. Some sixty steps, partly outside and partly under cover, lead down to the interior. On the right of the descent are shown the tombs of Joachim and Anna. On the left, that of St. Joseph. Toward the east of the church is the supposed tomb of Mary. Over this is an altar, above which is a painting representing her death-bed scene. The whole interior is decorated with costly lamps, and other ornaments. If, however, Mary died at Ephesus, as some suppose, there is but little probability that her remains were ever deposited here.

Retracing our steps back to the road, we renew our ascent up Mount Olivet. A few paces on, we come to where the road forks. The right hand branch starting off nearly a south-east course, bending more easterly as it advances around the southern slope of Olivet, until it reaches Bethany. The other branch bears a little to the left, so as to form an angle with the Bethany road of about ninety degrees. A few paces further on the left hand road, another road, or pathway, branches off from it to the right, passing over the southern shoulder of Olivet to Bethany, thereby avoiding the more circuitous route of the first road. Still further on, a third branched off to the right, leading to the top of Mount Olivet. Over the main road that bears to the left, running about a north-east

course, King David is supposed to have passed, when he fled from the rebellion of Absalom. Just in the angle of the first Bethany road with the main road, is located

The Garden of Gethsemane.—This sacred enclosure, which is about three hundred yards from St. Stephen's gate, I found to be nearly square, being fifty paces one way, and fifty-three the other. It is surrounded with a high stone plastered wall, with an entrance on the east side. The garden is adorned with shrubbery and flowers, and I was honored with the presentation of one of its roses by the keeper. The most impressive part of its ornamentation, however, is its eight old olive trees. These are justly regarded as the most venerable trees on the face of the globe. Their gnarled trunks and scanty foliage show them to be venerable with age, and, in this respect, unlike any other trees in all this region. What a place for reflection and contemplation! Gethsemane will ever rival Calvary in its wonderful associations. These stir the Christian's heart with a thrill of emotions that words cannot describe. I did not care just then to disturb my reflections and meditations with the rival claims of other localities to this distinction. It was enough for me to believe that the probabilities were strongly in favor of this being the sacred place. At all events, I chose rather to indulge in the pleasing

thought that here Jesus oft times resorted with his disciples, to escape the noise and tumult of the city, and for instruction and prayer. That here it was that the great conflict was endured, in which He suffered the burden of an untold agony for our redemption. When, amid the oozing of blood from every pore, He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death," and then prayed, "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

I felt annoyed, however, by having these solemn reflections interrupted by my guide pointing out to me that just here the Saviour knelt when He prayed, and just there the disciples slept, and at this particular point, or spot, Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss. I have not the least confidence in these details. I care nothing about them. I am satisfied to believe that this is the garden. Its location accords so well with the account of Holy Writ, that I believe it to be the garden of our Lord's agony and betrayal.

From this point, about half way up to the top of Mount Olivet, is a monastery in ruins, said to mark the spot where our Lord wept over Jerusalem, and from which we had a fine view of the city. On the top of Olivet is a small filthy Arab village, in the midst of which stands a Mohammedan mosque. In the court of this mosque stands an octagonal chapel, called the

"Church of the Ascension." This church, tradition affirms, covers the very spot from which Jesus ascended up into heaven.

Having ascended to the top of the minaret of the mosque, I had one of the most glorious views of all my life. To the west, below me, were the Garden of Gethsemane and Jerusalem, in full view. To the south rises the Mount of Offence, where Solomon built high places to strange gods, and burnt incense to idols (1 Kings xi: 7). Beyond this stretches out the hill country of Judea, in the midst of which, six miles away, you see the city of Bethlehem, the birthplace of our Lord. To the east a still more extended view opens up before you. From the base of Mount Olivet, in this direction, commences the district known as the "Wilderness of Judea," a bleak, broken, hilly, and barren region, the scene of John the Baptist's ministry, and Christ's temptation. Still on beyond this is seen the Plains of Jericho, and the dark line of vegetation that marks the meanderings of the Jordan to the Dead Sea, which is also plainly in view. Still on beyond the Jordan is seen the mountain range of Moab, like a giant wall, forming the eastern boundary of the Jordan valley. On this mountain range, just opposite Jericho, is seen Mount Pisgah, upon the top of which Moses stood and viewed the "Promised Land." While close at hand, on the south-east side of Olivet, is the town of Bethany, where

Jesus so frequently found a home with Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. And, what is more, beneath my feet is the Mount of Ascent, from which the Lord of life and glory ascended upon high to the right hand of God. What a place for reflection and contemplation! What thrilling scenes, what stupendous events have transpired here! Is it strange that with such scenes before me, with such grand, glorious, and hallowed surroundings, that my heart should beat faster, that thoughts which thrill the soul with strange emotions—almost divine—should come and go in quick succession? That tears of joy should occasionally bedim my eyes as I gazed upon the hills and valleys of this land, that was once made glorious with the benedictions of heaven—this land of prophets and apostles, of miracles and wonders, of inspiration and song? Long shall I cherish a remembrance of the feelings and emotions which filled my soul while standing on the summit of Mount Olivet.

Bethany.—Descending from the top of Olivet down its southeastern slope, we soon came to this renowned and ancient village, which is about two miles east from Jerusalem, on the road leading from the city to Jericho. The village is small; there being not perhaps over twenty-five houses. These are built of stone, and look very ancient. The streets are very filthy, and the inhabitants have the appearance

of being very poor. Yet Bethany is one of the noted places in the vicinity of Jerusalem. Here lived Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus. Here, with these sisters and brother, Jesus generally made it his home whenever He visited Jerusalem. Here He raised Lazarus from the dead; and this miracle has given to the place an undying name. It is called by the natives Azariyeh (Lazarus) in commemoration of that event. The tomb of Lazarus is a deep, dark vault excavated in the rock. You enter through a low doorway, and descend over a winding stairway to a small ante-chamber. From this you pass through another doorway, and descending a few more steps, you stand in the vault where Lazarus was laid. Never before was I so impressed with the circumstances connected with his resurrection as I was when standing beside the tomb. It seemed to me like hallowed ground, a blessed place. I almost imagined I saw the stiffened corpse, the weeping sisters, the sympathetic and loving Jesus, and the wondering Jews, all standing here. I fancy I hear His voice, "Lazarus, come forth," when death lets go its hold, and Lazarus lives again. How suddenly these sisters' sorrow was turned to joy! No wonder that many of the Jews believed on Jesus at that time. In the light of this astounding miracle, how impressive are the words of our Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life, etc." No wonder that six days

after much people of the Jews came to see Jesus and Lazarus, whom He had raised from the dead. I was shown an old ruin, as the house of these two sisters and Lazarus, and also another as that of Simon the Leper, where Mary anointed Jesus with the precious ointment.

In returning to Jerusalem, I took the most southern road which passes around on the southern slope of Olivet. This is the old road leading from Jerusalem to Bethany, and so on to Jericho, and the only road between Bethany and Jerusalem over which animals or beasts generally pass. Over this road our Saviour undoubtedly most generally traveled in his visits to and from Bethany. I was pointed out the place by the roadside of this thoroughfare, where the fig-tree stood, which Jesus cursed, and which so soon after withered away, (Math. xxi : 19–20). Here upon this road, during the Feast of Tabernacles, when it was crowded with pilgrims from Jericho, who, in passing through Bethany, had just learned of the resurrection of Lazarus, our Lord was riding to Jerusalem, when "A very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way" (xxi : 8). This was in accordance, so far as the branches are concerned, with the custom of using them during the Feast of Tabernacles (Neh. viii : 15). As Jesus,

advancing, passed over a ridge where the descent of the road down the slope of Olivet begins, Mount Zion, then crowned with the castle of Herod, and the palace of David, comes into view, they exclaimed, as they saw the palace, "Blessed be the king that cometh in the name of the Lord." That this outburst of applause was just at this point is evident from the words, "When he was come nigh, even now, at the descent of the Mount of Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice, etc." (Luke xix : 37). From this point, as you advance, you descend a slight declivity, when Mount Zion disappears behind an intervening ridge. A short distance further, you rise to the top of this ridge, when the whole city bursts suddenly upon your vision. Here, just at this point, it is supposed by many, Jesus paused, and in the presence of this vast concourse of people, "wept over the city" (v : 41). Having carefully looked the ground over, and that more than once, I am fully satisfied that this is the place where He stood, and uttered that terrible prediction that has been so signally fulfilled, (verse 42–44.)

LETTER XXVIII.

NORTHWARD IN PALESTINE.

Preparation to leave Jerusalem.—Discouragements.—Securing a Dragoman.—How to make a Contract.— Our Outfit.— Feeling of Sadness. — Roads. — Site of Nob. — Mizpeh.— Gibeon.—Gibeah.

HAVING spent near two weeks in Jerusalem, during which time I had, by unremitting diligence, visited and examined all the leading places of interest in the city and its vicinity, the time had now arrived for me to turn my steps northward up through Samaria and Galilee, etc., for the purpose of visiting the various places of Bible interest in that direction. This journey, under the circumstances, was no small undertaking. The only mode of conveyance is on horse-back, as there are no carriages or wagons of any kind in this country. The journey itself would require a number of days for its accomplishment. The season of the year was also unpropitious, in consequence of which, the American Consul told me it would not do for us to take tents with the idea of tenting out, as we would be liable to heavy rains, and that such exposure might imperil my life: that, as there were no hotels on the route, I

would have to put up each night in a convent, or Arab house, as the case might be. In addition to all this, unfavorable reports were almost constantly reaching Jerusalem, of robberies and depredations committed in Samaria and Galilee, by roving bands of Bedouins from beyond the Jordan. A dragoman, who has recently taken a party up through the north of Palestine, had, on his return, been robbed and murdered, and his mangled corpse left by the roadside, while no steps were taken by the government to arrest and punish his murderers. I afterwards passed by the place where his blood was still to be seen on the stones. In addition to all these untoward circumstances, I also learned that if I went, I would have to go comparatively alone. There were four travelers beside myself at Jerusalem, two Americans and two Englishmen, who had also come thousands of miles to see this renowned country, and who I expected would accompany me up through this northern route; but in consequence of these discouraging reports, together with other difficulties to be encountered, I could not persuade them, or any one of them, to embark in what they regarded as so hazardous an undertaking. I knew as well as they, that there was risk to run in my proposed journey; and I knew, also, that the risk would be greater in proportion to the smallness of the party. But I felt that I could not give up the idea of

seeing this portion of the Holy Land. I therefore resolved to go without them, remembering the old adage, "nothing risked, nothing gained."

I accordingly at once set about making the necessary preparation. I secured a dragoman (interpreter and guide) through the kind aid of the American Consul. He was rather an intelligent looking Arab, in the prime of life, and known by the pretentious name of Gabriel. He would not, however, consent to go unless I would hire another man also for better security. To this I readily consented, but left it to him to procure the services of such a one as could be trusted. My dragoman was also to furnish the horses, provisions, and bedding, for so much per day, while I was to pay in addition to all this, for our lodgings, and all the *backsheesh* (presents), on the route. One-half of the probable sum to be paid down before we started, the balance to be paid at the end of the journey. Although it is difficult to estimate the amount of the *backsheesh* before hand, it was thought that my expenses, according to this programme would, in all probability, be not far from seven dollars per day, or not over eight at the outside. It was further stipulated that in case of storms, if I advised not to travel, or was sick and unable to travel, then their pay was to go on the same; but if they refused to travel on that account or any other, then during such delay their pay was to stop. Having submitted our

agreement to the American Consul, and learned through him more definitely that the agreement was fully understood by both parties, it was signed and the first payment made. But little now remained for me to do but to bid my few new acquaintances farewell, in order to be ready to start on the following morning.

I here wish to say, in this connection, for the information of those who contemplate taking this trip at some future time, that there are two methods of hiring *dragomen*—some adopting one, and some the other; both having their advantages and disadvantages. The first is, to hire your dragoman to take you through for a certain price. The advantage of this plan is that you will be taken through in less time than you would otherwise; so you will save both time and money, which are generally important to a traveler. The disadvantage is, that you will be so hurried over the route that you will not be permitted to examine places of interest but in the most hurried and unsatisfactory manner, while all the places lying off the route, either to the right or left, you will probably not see at all. The second plan is to hire your dragoman by the day. The advantage of this method is that you will have plenty of time to examine all the places of importance without hurry; and in the next place you can visit all the places of interest that lie off the route on either side. The disadvantages are a consump-

tion of more time than is necessary, and consequently a larger expenditure. But you must make up your mind, in traveling in this country, that you will be cheated more or less. Your dragoman will, in all probability, take advantage of you in either case. Yet I think the lat ter plan is preferable. You had better, after coming so far at such an expense to see this country, submit to some loss of time and additional expense rather than to see but part, and that too hastily for satisfaction. I fortunately hired my dragoman by the day; and after my experience, and what I have learned from others who have tried both plans, I would do the same again if I had occasion.

I had been quite anxious about the weather; but the morning came all-glorious on which we were to commence our journey. There was not a cloud to be seen. The wind was east, which here brings sunshine instead of storm, while westerly winds here bring foul weather. At the hour appointed, everything being ready, myself mounted on a horse, my dragoman on a large mule, and the other Arab or muleteer astride a donkey, we started from the Cosanova convent, passed out by the Jaffa gate, turned to our right, and passed along the western wall to its northwest angle, from which point, turning still more to the right, we soon fell in with the great northern thoroughfare that leads to Samaria. Passing the tombs of the kings, we

soon gained the summit of the hill Scopas, or the watch-tower, as it is sometimes called, which is about a mile from the city. This place has some interest to the traveler, as it affords a fine view of the city, and is, in going north, the last point on the road from which Jerusalem can be seen. Besides, we are informed by the historian, that when Titus came against this city with his Roman legions, he took his first view of Jerusalem from a watch-tower on this hill.

As I turned my horse around to look at the Holy City for the last time, I could not help thinking how different must be its appearance now, from what it was at that time! Then, it was far more extensive, and was adorned with magnificent palaces and with its Temple, its chief glory, rising in snowy whiteness with its wondrous portico and fretted roof of gold, all glittering in the sun as a gem of beauty. Then, Jerusalem was "the joy of the whole earth." Now, however, she sitteth solitary under the iron rod of oppression, trodden down of the Gentiles. The Romans despoiled her of her glory, and laid her in the dust.

From this terrible blow she has never recovered. The prediction of Christ, and the imprecation of the Jews: "His blood be on us and our children," is seen in her condition with terrible distinctness.

"Her woes have come; her charms have fled,
Save hill and vale and name;
Her Kedron no more leaves its bed,
Bethesda's healing power is dead,
And Zion droops in shame."

Yet, after all, I felt very loth to say to it farewell. As I knew I was now about leaving it forever, a feeling of sadness came over me, mingled with emotions that it would be in vain for me to attempt to analyze. I found I had formed an attachment and even an affection for this wonderful city and its numerous places of Bible interest that it seemed very hard to sever. And as its massive walls and towers, the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Tower of David, the Mosque of Omar, the graceful minarets of Mohammedan temples, and the numerous flat domes of dwellings, stood full in view, together with its surroundings of picturesque mountains and valleys, making the entire scene one of peculiar interest and enchantment, I felt truly sad and sorrowful at the thought that I was gazing upon Jerusalem for the last time, and that in all probability I should see it no more forever.

As we rode down the northern declivity of the hill Scopas, a barren-looking scene of naked hills and neglected valleys, except a scattering here and there of olive and fig trees, presented itself to our view. We saw on every hand the same appearance of decay and desolation that

we had seen in another direction around the city. Bare and ragged limestone rocks and loose stones, with which the ground is strewn, add to the dreariness of the picture. And yet, this country, upon the whole, notwithstanding the nakedness of its mountains, looks picturesque and beautiful. This is owing, in a great measure, to the fact that it is very hilly. The roads here, as elsewhere in this country, are a great novelty to an American, accustomed, as we are, to roads for carriages. They are nothing more than bridle-paths for camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and footmen, as there are no wheel vehicles here of any kind.

Nob.—About an hour's ride from Jerusalem brought us to the site of the ancient city of Nob, which was destroyed about three thousand years ago, where dwelt a portion of the priests. One of the most cruel and barbarous acts of Saul's life was perpetrated here. Near by, among these rocks and hiding-places, Jonathan and David had secretly met; and, during their interview, Jonathan told David that Saul, his father, was bent on his (David's) destruction, and that there was no safety for him but in flight. After having embraced each other amid mutual tears that told of the deep emotion within, and kissed each other an affectionate farewell, they separated, Jonathan returning to his father's house at Gibeah, which was but a

short distance, and David, entering the city of Nob, goes to the priest Ahimelech for assistance. By a most ingenious story he deceived Ahimelech so as to secure a supply of bread and the sword of Goliath, and immediately departed. A servant of Saul, Doeg by name, an Edomite, who chanced to be present and witnessed the assistance that the priest gave to David, reported the whole affair to Saul, who became exasperated in the extreme, and immediately summoned Ahimelech and all the priests of Nob before him. In vain did Ahimelech protest his innocence and his loyalty to the king. Saul, in a passion, said: "Thou shalt surely die, Ahimelech, thou and all thy father's house. And the king said unto the footmen that stood about him: Turn, and slay the priests of the Lord, because their hand is also with David, and because they knew when he fled and did not show it to me. But the servants of the king would not put forth their hands to fall upon the priests of the Lord. And the king said to Doeg: Turn thou, and fall upon the priests. And Doeg, the Edomite, turned, and he fell upon the priests, and slew on that day fourscore and five persons that did wear a linen ephod. And Nob, the city of the priests, smote he with the edge of the sword, both men and women, children and sucklings, and oxen and asses and sheep, with the edge of the sword" (1 Sam. xxii : 16–19). The site of this ancient

city is a very pleasant one, somewhat elevated and sloping to the south. Nothing now, however, remains of the city, except a profusion of stones strewed over some three or four acres of ground that once belonged to the buildings.

Mizpeh.—A short distance further brought us to Mizpeh, which is northwest by north from Jerusalem, about five miles. Its name signifies "a place of lookout," and accordingly, it is one of the highest points in this vicinity. The hill upon which it is situated rises abruptly to five or six hundred feet above the plain. In fact my dragoman told me that this peak was the highest point in Southern Palestine, and commands a more extensive view than any other. It is an old place, and belonged to the tribe of Benjamin. This was a great central gathering-place in the times of the judges, to hear the law, and for judgment (Judges xx : 1–3, xxi : 1). Here the prophet Samuel lived for a long time, hence its present name, "Neby (prophet) Samuel." Near here, between Mizpeh and Shen, after a signal victory obtained by the Israelites over the Philistines, when the Almighty scattered and destroyed the latter by the lightnings of heaven, Samuel took a stone and set it up, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." (1 Sam. vii : 10–12).

In Mizpeh, Saul was designated as king of

Israel. This place was fortified by King Asa, as a defence against Israel (1 Kings xv : 22). Whatever it may have been in former times, it is but a small affair now. Not more than, perhaps, some fifteen old tumbled-down miserable looking stone-houses, with an old ruin of a mosque in their midst, constitute the whole of the present village. About a mile further due north, brought us to

Gibeon.—This was a very ancient city, and was the capitol of the Hivites at the time that the Israelites entered the land of Canaan. Its subsequent history has made it a place of special interest to travelers. Here occurred in the time of Joshua, one of the most remarkable circumstances on record—a miracle of the most stupendous character. After the overthrow of Jericho and Ai, the inhabitants of Gibeon, by dressing themselves up in old worn-out garments and shoes, and packing their sack with musty bread, etc., visited Joshua at Gilgal, and succeeded in beguiling him into a treaty of peace. Accordingly, the five kings of the Amorites came up against Gibeon with their armies and besieged it, to chastise them for their alliance with Joshua. Information of this was immediately sent to Joshua, coupled with a request to come up quickly and save them. Joshua at once set out with his army to their rescue, and marching all night, came upon the besiegers

suddenly; and here, on this adjoining plain on the east side of the city, the great battle was fought in which Joshua "slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way," and as they fled, the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them," so that there "were more which died of hailstones than they whom the children of Israel slew." Besides all this, in the midst of this great slaughter, Joshua exclaimed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies," (Josh. x: 3–14). Gibeon was afterwards made a Levitical city (Josh. xxi: 17). The tabernacle, which was made by Moses in the wilderness, after having been set up at Gilgal, and then at Shiloh, was finally set up here, and here it stood in the time of Solomon (2 Chron. 1: 3). The ark had long been separated from it, and was at this very time at Jerusalem. As the tabernacle was here, when last spoken of, and as it had ceased to be used for the ark, it probably perished here.

Omitting several minor occurrences of battles and assassinations, etc., that have occurred here, we come to one of the most pompous and imposing religious ceremonies of which we have any account outside of Jerusalem. Here Solomon offered in sacrifice a thousand burnt-offerings at one time; and here on the following

night, the Lord communed with young King Solomon, and gave him superior wisdom and understanding (1 Kings iii : 4–12.)

Gibeon, now called El-jib, which was once a great city, is nothing now but a poor, miserable Arab village, the old dilapidated houses of which are little less than frightful hovels. What a sad relic of departed greatness and glory! Yet around it stretches out one of the most fertile and beautiful plains in all this section of country. Nearly east from here, and not much over a mile, we came to

Gibeah of Saul.—This is noted as the birthplace of Saul, the first king of Israel. Here he had his home, and here he held his seat of empire during the greater part of his reign. Here the cruel tragedy of the concubine occurred which came so near resulting in the destruction of the tribe of Benjamin. (Judges xx and xxi). Here seven of the descendants of Saul were hung by the Gibeonites in revenge for the slaughter of their brethren by his direction. We have in this account one of the most touching incidents of the fidelity and tenderness of a mother that is anywhere to be found. Two of the seven that were hung, and were left to rot upon the gallows, were the sons of Rizpah. This bereaved mother watched the wasting skeletons of her sons "from the beginning of the harvest, until water dropped upon them out

of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night"—a period, from harvest in April to the rains in autumn, of at least near six months. What an agony of grief must this poor woman have endured!

The site of this ancient place is pleasant. It is on the top of a rounded hill, which is covered with heaps of old moss-covered ruins. This is all that is now left of this once royal city.

LETTER XXIX.

NORTHWEST THROUGH PALESTINE.

Northwest through Palestine.—Ramah.—Bethel.—Its Ruins.—What it now is.—The Country.—Farming.—The Mountains.—Arabs.—Old Paths.—Old Customs.—Fields and Vineyards.

PASSING on from Gibeah, we soon came to Ramah, of Benjamin. As *ramah* signifies eminence, or hill, there are several places in this country by this name. This, however, is the principal Ramah of the Bible, and is on the direct road from Jerusalem to Samaria. Being near the boundary line between Judah and Israel, it was anciently a fortified town.

The site of this old city is the top of a conical hill, where there is now a small dilapidated looking old village, almost deserted. The hill top is covered with a profusion of hewn stones, many of them large, and some of them beveled; while here and there are seen fragments of broken columns, etc. These tell of the long past, and of the mighty changes time has wrought. But amid all her desolation, Ramah will ever be memorable as the birth-place of the Prophet Samuel. And here he seems to have spent the latter part of his days, and here he died, and was buried (1 Sam. xxviii : 3); and somewhere here, not far perhaps from where I now stand, his dust reposes, awaiting the resurrection of the last day. What a place for reflection! What marvelous associations crowd upon the mind as we stand amid such renowned historic surroundings, as cluster here within a circle of a few miles! Yonder, across those plains, in a south-westerly direction, some three miles perhaps away, rises the hill Mizpeh, where Samuel so long lived, and judged Israel. In a south-east direction from Ramah, about the same distance, is the site of Gibeah, where King Saul held his throne. While about a mile north of Mizpeh is the site of Gibeon. No wonder in Saul's deviation from the path of rectitude, he always so speedily heard from the Prophet Samuel. They were actually neighbors. For whether he lived in Mezpeh or

at Ramah, he was equally near the royal city.

Resuming our journey, we soon passed the supposed site of ancient Ai, leaving it a short distance off to our right. Ai, it will be remembered, was the second city captured by Joshua in his subjugation of this country.

Hurrying on over intolerable roads, or rather paths, we at length came to

Bethel.—There were but few places in all this section that I had more desired to see than this. Its history is a history of wonderful events, that have made it familiar with all Bible readers, and which have made Bethel a household word in every Christian land; while its historical associations and reminiscences are calculated to stimulate the best emotions of the human heart. Here Abraham, on his first journey through this land, pitched his tent, while it was, as yet, called Luz. Here he built an altar, and called upon the name of the Lord. Three years after he and Lot came up out of Egypt with much cattle, &c., and again encamped here. On some one of these surrounding plains, where their herds were grazing, the quarrel originated between the herdmen of Abraham and Lot, when good old Abraham, with a magnanimity that will forever speak of his superior excellence, said unto Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and

thee, and between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen; for we are brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." From this eminence, Lot surveyed the country, and selfishly selected the Plains of the Jordan. Here, subsequently, one of the most remarkable revelations of the interposition of angels was made to Jacob, when he was on his way to Haran, that has ever been known. The impressive story of the "ladder" will never cease to thrill the soul, and encourage believers in all ages and climes. It will ever continue to fascinate the young, and instruct the old, while the human heart shall love the sublime and the heavenly. Here, wearied with a long and toilsome journey, Jacob stopped for the night. He took a stone for a pillow, and lay himself down in the open air to sleep. Here he dreamed that he saw a ladder with one end resting on the earth, the other reaching up into heaven, upon which angels were ascending and descending, while at the top stood the Almighty addressing him, and giving him encouragement. No wonder that, when he awoke, he exclaimed, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." "How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven;" "and he called the name of

the place Bethel (house of God), which was called Luz at the first. (Gen. xxviii : 10–19.)

After thirty years of absence, Jacob returned to Bethel, and here lived, and erected an altar to God. Here "Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, died, and she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak tree." Here the ark of the covenant, and, probably the tabernacle, remained a long time. Here, too, Samuel held his court in turn, as we learn from Sam. vii : 16.

After the separation of the ten tribes from Rehoboam, which took place at Solomon's death, Jeroboam, their king, fearing to have his people go up to Jerusalem to worship, lest they might learn to desire a reunion, built a magnificent temple at Bethel, and set up in it a golden calf, in consequence of which its name was changed from Bethel to *Beth-aven* (house of idols). The idolatry of Jeroboam brought upon him and upon Bethel the displeasure of God; and while he stood officiating at the altar, a prophet, who was commissioned by God, suddenly appeared, and pronounced a curse upon the altar, upon which Jeroboam called upon his attendants to lay hold upon him, and as he reached forth his own hand to seize him, his hand was withered, "so that he could not pull it in again to himself" (1 Kings xiii: 1–5). Here, too, that same prophet, who lost his life on that very occasion through disobedience, was buried (vii : 32). I could not help but think in

this connection, that in all probability it was owing to the demoralizing influence of idolatry upon the inhabitants of Bethel, that led the children of this place to mock the prophet Elisha, in consequence of which forty-two of them were destroyed by bears. (2 Kings ii: 23–24).

Bethel is about twelve miles north of Jerusalem, on the east side of the old road to Shechem, and on the southern slope of a hill, with a narrow fertile valley on its east, and a valley on its west. There is an area of some, perhaps, four acres or more, that is covered with stones that have once entered into the construction of ancient buildings. You see a number of foundations, and low ragged walls of houses. On the highest part is an ancient square tower, partly fallen. Not far from this are the ragged remains of a church, that seems to have been built inside of the foundation of some larger structure. At the foot of the hill, thus strewed with ruins, is a venerable relic in the shape of a large reservoir, which is three hundred and fourteen feet long, and two hundred and seventeen wide, now partly filled up with earth. One side is considerably broken, and some portions of it have fallen. The other side, however, is nearly entire. All of these ruins attest the importance of Bethel in the days of her prosperity. In fact, under the great-grandson of Jehu, Jeroboam II., Bethel became a royal city, so that here were

palaces both for "winter" and "summer," "great houses," and "houses of ivory" (Amos iii : 15), proving that here were both wealth and luxury. But her idolatry became her ruin. Three hundred and fifty years after the prophet had foretold her doom, King Josiah laid her glory in the dust (2 Kings xxiii : 15).

Look at Bethel now! Among these old foundations, half-standing walls, and heaps of stone, are some twenty or more miserable huts built out of the material of the old city. Their inmates are both ragged and dirty, and seemed to stare at us with wonder, while some of them, and especially the children, became very clamorous for *bucksheesh.*

From here we set out for Shiloh, a distance of ten miles. Although it is mid-winter (January), the weather is pleasant. There has been no frost, and I am told it is a very rare thing to have any. All around the farmers are plowing and sowing their winter grain. Plowing is principally done now, as in former times, by oxen. The land in the vicinity of Bethel seems to be more productive than around Jerusalem. Flocks of sheep and goats are seen here and there on the hill-sides, or in the valleys, attended generally by a male, but sometimes by a female. One of the strange features of this country is its utter destitution of timber. The hills and mountains are entirely bare for at least fifteen miles from Jerusalem in every direction. I do

not believe that there is as much as a bush to be seen, even upon the mountains, within that distance of the Holy City, except it be fruit trees, or something of that kind. Not only has this section been entirely skinned, so to speak, of everything in the form of wood, but even the grubs and roots have been gotten out for fuel, so that there is nothing for bushes to sprout from. Hence, people traverse the mountains here with nearly the same facility as they do the valleys. I have seen in several instances what to me was a very novel sight, persons walking upon the very top of some adjacent hill or mountain range, so that their entire form, down to their feet, stood up distinctly against the clear blue sky, so that even their feet were visible as they walked, reminding me in a very impressive manner of the exclamation of the prophet Isaiah, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation; that sayeth unto Zion thy God reigneth!" (Isaiah lii: 7). In no other country that I have ever seen could such an illustration of this Scripture be witnessed.

On our route we met with many Arab men and women, probably on their way to Jerusalem. Some were on foot, and others on donkeys. One thing will soon impress the mind of a traveler as he becomes familiar with the cus-

toms of society, namely, the cruel manner in which the women of this country are treated. They are constantly made to feel their menial condition. In introductions and salutations, the man must be introduced or spoken to first, and the woman last.

Wherever you meet a man and his wife along the road with a bundle, or something of the kind to carry, the wife is sure to be the carrier. She must bear the burden, whatever it may be. If they chance to have a donkey between them, the man generally rides, while his wife trudges along on foot behind him.

In every case you see the woman following on behind the man, as a woman is not permitted to precede a man under any circumstances. In entering a dwelling, or traveling along the road, whether on foot or on horseback, she must acknowledge her inferiority by keeping in the rear. As there are no side-saddles in this country, the women are permitted to ride in the same manner as do the men. This they do without the slightest thought of exhibiting a want of modesty.

We also met a large caravan of loaded camels. Marching in single file, as their custom is, they formed a long line. This arrangement here, however, becomes necessary, owing to the narrowness of the roads. These paths, by the by, for they are only paths, are among the noticeable features of the country, and cannot fail to

impress the mind of every traveler. Such paths are to be found, I presume, nowhere else on the globe. Here many of them have been for the last 3,000 or 4,000 years, and almost constantly, during all that period, have been pressed with the feet of camels, donkies, horses, as well as the feet of human beings. The result is, they are not only old paths, but deeply-worn paths; even where they pass over surface rock, they are in many cases worn down in the rock from six to twelve inches deep. On speaking to Gabrael, my dragoman, about it, he said that this circumstance greatly assisted one in finding his way from one city, or place, to another; that when any one undertook to go some other route that might be nearer, and lost his way, the proper course was to seek for the old rock-worn path. Little did he think that in the presentation of this fact he was furnishing me with the basis of an important enunciation of Jeremiah, "Thus saith the Lord, stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths," etc. (vi: 16). It is truly wonderful to see with what tenacity this people adhere to old customs and usages. Not only the roads, but their houses, their manners, their costumes, and their pursuits, remain much the same as they were two thousand years ago. They still live in cities and villages exclusively, and build them upon hills instead of in valleys. They still speak of the third, sixth, and ninth hour of the day, for nine, twelve, and three

o'clock. They still count from sunset to sunset, as they did in the days of Christ. They still attend their flocks, and water them at these old wells, as in ancient times. Every now and then you meet with some traveler, either on foot with a staff in his hand, or mounted on a camel, or donkey, attended by servants or guides, all clothed in the peculiar loose, flowing robes of the east. Now a shepherd with a flock of sheep and goats by the wayside—here a group of maidens going to, or returning from some neighboring well or fountain, bearing water pitchers upon their heads. If you would get a drink of water from one of these wells, you must apply to a woman, as our Saviour did at Jacob's well, for they are still the drawers and carriers of water, and there are no conveniences by which you can help yourself.

We are now in the section of country formerly occupied by the tribe of Ephraim, and which is embraced in the district of Samaria. The general appearance of the country is much the same as in the vicinity of Jerusalem, except there are unmistakable evidences of greater fertility. Our pathway still leads us meandering along the declivity of hills, through valleys, amid unenclosed, and, in many cases, neglected farms; none of the fields have fences of any kind around them, except vineyards, fig orchards, and such like. These are not only protected by stone walls or hedges, but generally there is in each fruit field,

also, a watch tower, from ten to twenty feet high, from the top of which a person watches day and night at the time of the ripening of the fruit, to prevent the depredation of thieves. It was undoubtedly to this custom that Jesus referred in the parable in which he says, "There was a certain householder which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a wine press in it, and built a tower," etc. (Matt. xxi: 33).

LETTER XXX.

NORTHWARD IN PALESTINE.

Shiloh.—Plain of Moreh.—Jacob's Well.—Tomb of Joseph.—Valley of Shechem.—Mount Gerizim and Ebal.—City of Shechem.—City of Samaria.—Its Extensive Ruins.—Rough Roads.—Plowing and Sowing.

A SHORT distance to the east from the main road to Shechem, on a low hill rising up in an uneven plain, of about a quarter of a mile in width, which contains a scattering of olive trees, and which is hemmed in with higher hills, except on the south, stood old ancient Shiloh, now called Seilun. This is twenty-

four miles from Jerusalem, and is said to be the very centre of Palestine, and it is thought that it was for this very reason chosen as the most suitable place for the tabernacle and central service of the nation. Here Joshua assembled the tribes of Israel, and here completed the division and distribution of the land. Here the Tabernacle services were held for four hundred years, which was, perhaps, the best and the purest period of their history. Here Eli, the high priest, lived. Here Samuel, the prophet, was brought up in the services of the Tabernacle, and here he began to prophecy. From here the ark was taken, and placed at the head of the army, contrary to all precedent, and captured by the Philistines, the news of which resulted in Eli's death. Here, too, dwelt the Prophet Ahizah, who foretold the doom of Jeroboam, as well as the death of his child. (Kings xiv : 2–12).

But, oh, how changed from what it once was! It is now a place of utter desolation, without a single inhabitant. Its ruins are scattered over the ground in promiscuous confusion. Among them stands the partly fallen walls of a building, perhaps erected by the Crusaders. The stones are hewn. The lower parts of the walls have been built in the form of a buttress, or in a brace-like form from without, giving them great strength and durability. Aside from this, and scattering building stones,

and an aged oak, there is nothing now to mark the site of ancient Shiloh.

Some two and a half hours' ride from this point brought us to the celebrated plain of Moreh, which stretches out some twelve miles from north to south, and about four miles in width. On the western side of this spacious valley, near its centre, opens up the valley of Shechem, which intersects it nearly at right angles. Just at the mouth of this valley is located the renowned piece of ground that Jacob bought of "the children of Hamor, Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money" (Gen. xxxiii : 19). And on this plot of ground is located

Jacob's Well.—Among the many interesting localities of the Holy Land, Jacob's Well will ever continue to hold a prominent position. It is one of the most venerable monuments of the patriarchal times, as well as one of the earliest connected with their history. But that which has rendered it preëminently famous, and forever endeared it to every Christian heart, is its association with our Lord. As Jesus was journeying from Judea to Galilee, he reached this well "about the sixth hour" (noon) of the day. Weary with his journey, hungry and thirsty, he sat himself down to rest by its side, just as travelers halt now at noon by some well or fountain. While his disciples were gone to

the city to buy food for their midday repast, a woman of Samaria came to draw water. At a glance she saw the stranger was a Jew; and remembering the long-cherished enmity and hatred between the Jews and Samaritans, she does not seem to have extended to him any of the common courtesies of life. His dusty garments, his weary look and parched lips, elicit no response from her. And even when Jesus said unto her: "Give me to drink," she in astonishment said: "How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria?" Her astonishment, however, was very soon increased at his evident sympathy and kindness toward her, his grave and gentle demeanor, and especially at his singular familiarity with her past history. "Sir," said she, "I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshiped in this mountain (pointing to Mount Gerizen that stood right before them, on the top of which are still to be seen the remains of their ancient temple*), but ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship;" thus most adroitly turning the conversation from her unpleasant domestic relations, to the old controversy upon which Jesus made that important announcement: "The hour cometh

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* The main edifice was two hundred and forty-one feet by two hundred and fifty-five. Its crumbling walls are about six feet thick, and from seven to fifteen feet high.

when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father." "But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth," etc. (John iv : 3–30).

The well itself has been excavated with an immense amount of labor. It is dug all the way through solid rock, and is nine feet in diameter, and ninety feet deep. At its mouth is excavated a chamber fifteen feet square, and ten feet deep, which has been walled up and arched over, so that there were two openings or mouths; an upper one through the arch, and the lower one from the bottom of the chamber. This, I suppose, will account for the discrepancy in the statements of different travelers as to its depth, some measuring from the upper, and others from the lower mouth, the latter giving but eighty. At present there is a stone column laid across the lower opening, upon which large stones are laid, thus closing it up. Besides, a part of the arch above has fallen. There is, however, a small opening between the stones, through which a small vessel could be let down by a cord, and water obtained. But as the woman of Samaria was not there, or any other, I was unable to taste the water. There is around the well the foundation of a large building that once enclosed and covered this sacred spot. I felt loth to leave the place, and it was only when Gabriel expressed impatience at my

delay, that I reluctantly turned away from this enchanted spot.

Joseph's Tomb.—About two hundred yards, or such a matter, from Jacob's Well, directly north, is the Tomb of Joseph, who was Prime Minister of Egypt. In approaching the sepulchre, you enter a small square area enclosed by a whitewashed stone wall. Across one end of this is a sort of Mohammedan Mosque, within which is the tomb where the bones of Joseph were deposited by the Israelites on their arrival from Egypt, and where they still repose. Joseph was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable men that lived in ancient times. His virtue, integrity, and faith, were of the highest type. When about to die he exacted of the children of Israel an oath, that when they departed from Egypt, "They should carry up his bones from hence." Accordingly, two hundred years after his death, "The bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem, in a parcel of ground which Jacob bought of the sons of Hamor, the father of Shechem, for a hundred pieces of silver" (Josh. xxiv : 32). Never before had I stood beside a tomb so ancient and venerable as this. For three thousand years his bones have here reposed. Jews and Samaritans, Mohammedans and Christians, alike approach this sacred spot, with solemn awe and veneration.

On the mosque and tomb are inscribed thousands of names in various languages of those who have visited this tomb.

The Valley of Shechem, as has already been stated, opens up directly from the Valley of Moreh, and runs nearly a northwest course for some three miles. It is said to be the most fertile valley in all Samaria, and is filled with beautiful gardens and orchards, that yield a great variety of fruits. The valley is well watered with springs, some of which are large; and it is upon its many fountains, rills, and water-courses, that are murmuring on every side, that much of its beauty depends. This valley is about five hundred yards wide, with Mount Ebal on its north, and Mount Gerizim on the south, each rising about one thousand feet high, with steep, but terraced and cultivated slopes. Here the tribes of Israel were directed to assemble to hear the blessing and cursing, the former from Mount Gerizim and the latter from Mount Ebal; and, accordingly, here the most august assemblage was congregated under Joshua, that has ever been convened in any age or nation, for the purpose of hearing the law. Six tribes stood on the side of Mount Gerizim, and six on Mount Ebal, while Joshua and the priests occupied the intermediate valley from which the law was read. As its blessings were read aloud in the presence of

the whole nation, the hundreds of thousands on Mount Gerizim responded with one united, loud, prolonged *amen*, that rolled across the valley like the roar of the mighty waters; and then as the curses were read, the same response came from the six tribes on the side of Mount Ebal (Deut. xxvii : xxviii ; Josh. xxiv : 1). On Mount Gerizim the Samaritans claimed that Abraham offered Isaac, and not upon Mount Moriah, as the Jews affirmed, which led to a long and bitter controversy between them, and to which the woman of Samaria referred in her interview with Christ.

Passing up the valley a short distance from its entrance, we came to

The City of Shechem.—In the New Testament it is called Sychar, but at present is known by the name of Nablous. It is very beautifully located at the highest point in the valley, on its southern side, partly up the sloping base of Mount Gerizim. It has a population of from eight to ten thousand. The streets are narrow, crooked, and filthy. The houses are stone, and although not fine, are high and well built. Here I spent the night, and during the evening we had some Turkish music from a military camp just outside of the city walls, with which my two Arab guides seemed perfectly delighted, but which was certainly of a very ordinary character.

City of Samaria.—On the following morning we resumed our journey. From Shechem (Nablous), two or three hours' ride about a northwest course brought us to Samaria. The site of this city is very fine. It consists of a very large, isolated, oval shaped hill, rising by successive terraces to an elevation of some six hundred feet above the surrounding valleys. Samaria dates back to a remote period. It was a celebrated city one thousand years before the Christian era, and was for centuries the capital of the ten tribes of Israel, and so continued until they were carried away into captivity. During the *twenty-five centuries* that have elapsed since that event, its history has been checkered by remarkable changes. Stormed, and captured, and devastated by victorious armies on various occasions, although rebuilt as often, yet, at each succeeding capture, more wasted and ruined, until now there is nothing left but an insignificant village, except its ruins, to mark the site of this once proud and opulent city. Its remains, however, tell of its former grandeur. Its columns and colonnades are supposed to date back at least to the time of Herod, who adorned it with many stately edifices. On the topmost terrace are sixteeen large columns, standing, while many others are lying prostrate. They are thought by some to have belonged to the great temple of Baal, where the prophets of Baal had their headquarters. It is certain, at

all events, that Ahab had such a temple built in this place (1 Kings xvi : 32). And it is also certain that, when Jehu destroyed the house of Ahab, he had all the prophets of Baal called together in the temple of Samaria, and then slew them. On the northeast side of the hill, low down in a sort of recess, stands another group of fifteen columns. But on the south side is the largest number. There, on a broad terrace which descends toward the east, is a long colonnade. I counted no less than sixty-nine columns standing at this point, besides a large number that had fallen. Some of these were entire, others were broken. In fact, the whole place is covered with the ruins and rubbish of the former city. Perhaps one of the most noted occurrences of this place, was the imprisonment and subsequent beheading of John the Baptist, by Herod. My guide pointed out to me his tomb, which is guarded by Mohammedans with zealous care. The inhabitants have the appearance of being very poor, as rags and filth are well nigh universal. They were so clamorous for *backsheesh* that I was glad when I had got beyond their reach.

As we journeyed northward our narrow zigzag pathway led us through romantic defiles, up rugged hills, and then down steep declivities, which at times led over smooth surface rock, or a bed of clay, wet and slippery with the running water of some adjacent spring, where my

horse would slip and slide in the most provoking style, endangering life and limb if I attempted to ride; or if I led him down such steep places, as I generally did, I was fearful every minute that my horse would slide, or pitch or stumble headlong upon me. Such unpleasant portions of the road, however, were generally succeeded by pleasant plains, sometimes of miles in extent.

The general appearance of the country here is much the same as near Jerusalem, except the hills and mountains are more generally covered with bushes, and consequently not so barren in appearance, while the valleys are broader, and the land better. The tillers of the soil are here, as elsewhere, plowing and sowing their winter grain. This to me has been a very interesting matter indeed. I have seen, day after day, a very impressive illustration of the parable of Christ, where he says, "A sower went out to sow, etc." Here the roads or paths lead through unfenced fields, so that as the husbandman sows the grain, some of it necessarily falls by the roadside, and is trodden under foot by the passers-by, while flocks of sparrows are flying around, ready to light and devour every kernel that is left uncovered. Besides, the universal thorn-bush, which grows some ten or twelve inches high, is not only seen on hill and mountain, but in the valleys, along the margin of the fields, beside ledges of rocks, and where-

ever there is the least chance for it to take root; although plowed up in sowing time, it immediately springs up again from the roots and chokes the wheat. These, together with occasional stony places or rocks just below the surface, in consequence of which the grain or blade, though springing up luxuriantly at first, soon withers away for the want of moisture, mar many a field; but at the same time furnishes a beautiful solution to this instructive parable, and also shows with what facility our Saviour in the days of his flesh seized upon surrounding objects, with which his hearers were familiar, to teach and illustrate important truths of the Gospel. This undoubtedly was one reason why the common people heard him gladly.

LETTER XXXI.

FROM SAMARIA TO GALILEE.

Gabriel's Mishap.—The Muleteer's Adventure. Dothan.—Reflections.—Mount Hermon.

ON our journey from Samaria to Dothan, we had quite an interesting adventure in descending one of the steep mountain slopes that are so common in this country. In view of

the steepness of the descent, I dismounted my horse for the purpose of walking down, and leading him, as did also the muleteer his donkey. Gabriel, my dragoman, however, determined to ride down ; more, perhaps, to show us his superior courage and horsemanship, than anything else. All went on very well until we had descended nearly two-thirds of the way down, when Gabriel's mule stumbled and fell headlong to the ground, pitching him headforemost over the animal's head, to the imminent risk of breaking his neck. Poor Gabriel came to the ground all in a heap, as did also the mule just behind him. It was certainly a most comical scene! I wish I could have had it photographed just as it occurred. There lay Gabriel groaning and cursing the beast in unmeasured terms of reproach and condemnation, declaring that he would not ride the "dirty" beast another day, while a few feet from him lay the mule, with her back down hill, while her feet were moving most vigorously in the air, in which predicament she was, of course, unable to rise. The muleteer, who was just ahead, in the meantime left his donkey, and ran back to Gabriel's assistance, whom he found, on helping him up, was more scared than hurt. The mule, also, after being partly dragged or turned around so as to bring her feet down hill, got up without any difficulty, and apparently not much the worse for her fall, save a cut in one knee.

Gabriel, however, somewhat complained and limped around in quite a comical way.

During the whole of this novel affair, especially after I saw that my dragoman was not seriously hurt, I was so convulsed with laughter at the ridiculousness of the scene, that I expected I would certainly incur his displeasure by my seeming heartless levity. I tried my best to look serious, as I knew I ought to under the circumstances, especially whenever his eyes were upon me, but the more I tried the more difficult it appeared. I really felt provoked at myself, and yet my pent up risibilities every now and then would break through whatever restraint I could muster. The evident suppressed levity of the muleteer only added to my difficulty. Gabriel's patience was evidently tried. I apologized to him the best I could, but he still looked serious, which, somehow or other, only provoked my mirth the more. I was, however, soon greatly relieved of my embarrassment by a new turn of affairs. Gabriel's mule and himself being righted, the muleteer at once turned his attention to his donkey, which was by this time near the foot of the hill. As the donkey, either from not understanding Arabic or preferring his own judgment to that of his master's, paid no attention to his vociferous commands to stop, the muleteer made such a vigorous use of his lower extremities as soon brought him into close proximity to the way-

ward animal. The donkey, however, on the sudden appearance of his master by his side, giving such unmistakable evidences of wrath, took fright, wheeled off at right angles, and started at full jump up a steep embankment by the roadside, some six feet high, that lay at an angle of nearly 45°, which had been formed by a mountain torrent having gullied out the road in the rainy seasons.

The Arab, not to be outdone by the donkey, instantly sprang with one gigantic bound up the embankment, and seized the donkey by the tail just as he had reached the top, when commenced the laughable but earnest pull—the vigorous tug for victory. The Arab had undoubtedly the advantage of the position; but I saw at a glance that the donkey was evidently the stronger of the two, and I think would have gained the day, had it not have been for a pile of cobble-stones, about four feet high, extending along the edge of the embankment, and lying at about the same angle, which was a portion of a sort of tumble-down wall that surrounded a field. For the donkey to get over this huge pile of cobble-stones with such an incumbrance to his tail, was certainly no small undertaking. He, however, did his best; but on reaching a point about midway up the pile of stones, it became quite evident that, if the tail did not come off, the donkey would have to come down; for here he was brought, not exactly to a stand-

still, for his feet kept moving as rapidly as ever, shoving down the cobble-stones on the feet and against the shins of the Arab, to his very great discomfort; but he was brought to a halt. This, however, was not the worst of it. The foothold of the donkey among the cobble-stones became so insecure that he began, as a sailor would say, to go astern, and immediately thereupon went from bad to worse; for, just at this point, the donkey, by some mishap or strange fatality, fell broadside upon the treacherous moving stones, in which helpless condition he was unmercifully and unceremoniously dragged down the embankment to the road, fairly conquered and subdued. The whole affair, from beginning to end, was one of the most ludicrous scenes that could well be imagined. Even Gabriel, who was still limping, joined heartily in the laugh with me over this part of the exhibition.

Resuming our journey, we passed over a varied section of country, diversified with steep and high hills, and beautiful and fertile valleys. Making a detour to the west, for some distance from the main road to Nazareth, we at length came to

Dothan.—The site of Dothan is very fine. The city originally occupied the top of a large, well-rounded hill, while a most beautiful and fertile valley sweeps around to the south and west of it. This locality is one of the noted

places of Scripture. Here Joseph found his brethren who sold him into slavery. Here, too, the prophet Elisha lived. Here Naaman, the leper, came in great pomp to Elisha, to be healed, who directed him to the Jordan, to dip himself seven times. Here a Syrian army that was sent to capture the prophet Elisha, was smitten with blindness, and then led by the prophet to Samaria, a distance of eleven miles, and delivered into the hand of the king of Israel (2 Kings vi : 8–23). But the city of Dothan is no more. Nothing but ruins are to be seen scattered over the place. And yet its very desolation is impressive and hallowed. At the foot of the hill is a well that bears evidence of great antiquity. As I looked down it, I could not help wondering if this could be the one into which Joseph was cast by his brethren!

Memories of ancient seers, patriarchs, and prophets that were owned and honored of God, and shone as lights in the world, have made this whole land hallowed and glorious. And although the patriarchs and prophets are gone, and the desolating hand of time has laid waste their dwellings, yet the shadows and memories of their doings have sanctified their ancient homes, and will forever haunt these places with hallowed shapes and forms that must, in all coming time, kindle man's holiest emotions into altar-flames of devotion. As I gazed upon the surrounding mountains, and thought of the mar-

velous display and manifestation of divine power and glory which Elisha's servant witnessed when he saw the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire for their defence, they seemed to wear a solemn grandeur, a heavenly radiance, as though some gleaming of light of the unseen world still lingered upon them. With such historic surroundings of Bible wonders, and such reflections as they were calculated to inspire, do you wonder that occasionally my eyes were bedimmed with tears, and that tender emotions would kindle and glow in my bosom, until I felt a wonderful nearness to heaven? Who would not feel it was good to be here?

Returning from Dothan to the main road, we resumed our northern route through a diversified scene of hills and dales. Every now and then as we gained some hill-top, we caught a magnificent view of the snow-clad giant form of Mount Hermon away in the distance to the northeast. Indeed we have had occasional glimpses of this mountain ever since we arrived in the neighborhood of Shechem. This is the *Mount Blanc* of Palestine—the highest mountain peak in all Syria—raising its majestic form ten thousand feet above the sea, and one thousand feet above the line of vegetation, its top robed in eternal snows, where winter and solitude reign supreme.

Passing several Arab villages of minor importance, but with their usual complement of

ferocious dogs and half-naked children, we arrived, about sunset, at a large village by the name of Jenin, pleasantly and picturesquely situated on a hillside that overlooks the great plain of Esdrælon. Here we put up for the night—not in a convent, as I had heretofore since I arrived in this country, but in an Arab house which, however, is kept as a sort of an inn or public house for the accommodation of travelers. The house and its accommodations, which are singular indeed, to an American, will be reserved for our next.

LETTER XXXII.

TOUR THROUGH GALILEE.

An Arab House—Parable of the Lost Coin.—Plains of Esdrelon.—The Spring Harod.—Mount Gilboa.—Jezreel.—Naboth's Vineyard.—Shunem.—Nain.—Endor.—Mount Tabor.

HAVING arrived at Jenin, the Engannim of the Bible, on the confines of the valley of Esdrelon, where we put up for the night, as I stated in my previous letter, it may not be amiss to introduce the reader to the Arab house

in which we took our lodgings. The building was one of the better class of houses, and was about eighteen feet square, one story high, flat roofed, and built of stone. Arches springing from the four sides met in the centre, overhead, thereby forming a groined arch that supported the roofing, which was also of stone. The floor was likewise of the same material. There was not a table, or stand, or chair, or bench, or stool, or bed, or a single article of furniture of any kind in the room, except a sort of portable furnace, over which the cooking was done. The only thing we had to eat from was a circular straw mat that was placed upon the floor for that purpose. As I was neither a tailor nor a Turk, I suffered much inconvenience in sitting upon the hard stone floor, which was bare, except a breadth of grass carpet extended part way around the room, back, next to the wall, upon which to sit by day, and sleep by night. There were no windows except two small openings, near the top of the room, that answered the double purpose of admitting the light by day, and transmitting the smoke whenever a fire is built, as there is no chimney. The absence of windows rendered the room dark and gloomy, even in the daytime. This feature of Arab houses has rather been interesting to me than otherwise, as it has shed light upon the parable of our Lord, in which he says: "What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose

one piece, doth not light a candle and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she finds it?" The difficulty in this passage is, why should she light a candle, if the piece were lost in the daytime? If He meant in the night, why did He not say so? A gentleman called my attention to this, a number of years ago, in objecting to the Bible as a very strange and singular book. In the course of his remarks, he referred to the above parable and asked: "Why did not Christ say she would light a candle if it were after dark?" and then inquired: "Would she light a candle in the daytime?" I saw the difficulty at once, but did not then see so clearly how to remove it. I consulted Wesley and Clarke upon the subject, but all to no purpose. I was puzzled and somewhat mortified, at the time, but the difficulty had become almost forgotten when it was thus suddenly brought to my mind, and as suddenly solved, by my seeing such a house as our Lord referred to in the parable. Here I saw at a glance, that, if a woman or any one else should drop a piece of money on the floor, even in the daytime, it could not well be found without artificial light. And what is true of this house in this respect, is true of houses almost universally here. To me, the occular solution of the above difficulty was very valuable. It is certainly a fortunate, if not a providential circumstance to the Bible student, that the customs, manners, buildings, etc., of this country,

remain so nearly the same as they were in the days of Christ.

After having spent a sleepless night on account of the hardness of the bed, and the abundance of hungry fleas, we were off early in the morning to more closely inspect the great plain of

Esdrelon.—This vast territory is the most remarkable valley, both physically and historically, in all Palestine. It extends from the Mediterranean to the Jordan, and is triangular in shape. Its three sides are said to be fourteen, seventeen, and twenty miles long, respectively. There is scarcely a tree of any kind to be seen on the plain. It is comparatively level, and exceedingly fertile. Through it flows the river Kishon, and empties itself into the great sea just above Mount Carmel. The eastern portion of this valley is broken by Mount Gilboa, Little Hermon, and Mount Tabor, with intermediate valleys, some two or three miles wide each. Between Gilboa and Hermon is the valley of Jezreel. Up this valley, from beyond the Jordan, in the days of Gideon, came, without number, the Bedouins of the desert, the wild Arabs, then known by the name of Midianites and Amalekites. As news of the invasion spread, the tribes of Israel were gathered together, and encamped on the side slope of Gilboa, opposite the spring Harod. Just in front, upon this part

of the plain, was encamped the 135,000 Midianites, with their immense number of camels, against whom Gideon went with his three hundred men, with their lamps and pitchers. The spring, Harod, was pointed out to me, where they were tested by the manner of their drinking, after which, in the darkness of the night, they spread themselves around this vast host that were now wrapped in slumber, and at the proper signal, the blast of three hundred trumpets broke the stillness of that hour, like reverberating thunders. As the sleepers in confusion sprang to their feet, three hundred lamps were suddenly flashed upon their vision; while three hundred voices rent the midnight air with the exclamation, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Confused and panic-stricken, the bewildered multitude encountered each other in the darkness, and fought with the desperation of despair, until their ranks, decimated and bleeding, fled in confusion, until, slain at every step, there feel 120,000 (Judges vii–viii).

At a later period Saul, with 400,000 men, encountered a vast army of the Philistines on this very plain, and, on being defeated, fled to Mount Gilboa, which was near at hand, where he and his three sons were numbered among the slain (1 Sam. xxviii: 1–6).

As I gazed upon this mountain slope, up which Saul and his sons fled in confusion, with their shattered and broken columns, until over-

taken and slain, I could not but reflect upon the terrible character of divine displeasure against evil doers, as expressed and indelibly written upon the pages of history, in the defeat of armies, the destruction of cities, and the overthrow of kingdoms.

Here also, on the west side of Mount Gilboa, at its base, on a hill about one hundred feet high, stood the city of Jezreel. Here Ahab lived during the latter part of his reign, with his wife, the notorious and wicked Jezebel. Here he had an ivory palace, and lived in great splendor. On the east side of Jezreel, at a short distance, I was shown the vineyard of Naboth, near the fountain of Jalud, that Ahab coveted, and for which Naboth was murdered (1 Kings xxi: 5–14). Near this fountain Jehu met Joram, Ahab's son, who had left the city to oppose Jehu. Here the encounter took place, and Joram was slain, and his body cast into the vineyard of Naboth. Ahaziah, King of Judah, who was here on a visit at the time, and who went out to assist Joram, was also slain. Jehu then entered the city, and seeing Jezebel at an upper window of the palace, commanded her attendants to throw her out, upon which she was thrown down and trodden under foot, and thus the blood of Naboth was visited upon her, according to the word of the Lord (2 Kings ix: 16–36). Not only have Jezebel and the entire family perished ingloriously, but this once

proud, idolatrous city, is no more. Among its ruins stands a massive, crumbling old tower, like a sepulchral monument, to mark the spot of desolation. On one part of the site of Jezreel, as if to complete its degradation, stands a most wretched-looking village, of some twelve or fifteen miserable looking hovels, known by the name of Zerin.

Resuming our journey, we crossed the plain lying between Gilboa and Hermon, which is some three miles wide. Near its northern border, I saw to the right, at no great distance, an animal, evidently of the canis genera, which Gabriel at once pronounced to be a wolf. Without any delay I put whip to my horse, and dashed off at full speed in pursuit. But, as the ground was too soft to afford firm footing for my horse, I did not get near enough to use my pistol, and so soon gave up the chase.

Less than an hour's ride from Jezreel brought us to Shunem, now called Salem, where, near three thousand years ago, lived a woman, with whom the prophet Elisha made his home whenever he passed this way, and whose son Elisha raised to life (2 Kings iv: 8–35).

About as much further northward brought us to old Nain, where Jesus, on entering the place on a certain occasion, met just outside of the city the funeral procession of a young man, whom he restored to life. The manner in which this was done shows that there was no coffin. I

have seen some three or four funerals since I have been in this country, and in each case the dead was borne upon a bier, without a coffin, and was carried by four men. Over the body was spread a sort of sheet, which partly revealed the outlines of the corpse. Such, I doubt not, was the manner in which the young man in this case was being carried to his tomb, and which was the general practice in the days of Christ.

Nain, which has thus been immortalized by the above miracle, is situated on the north-western slope of Little Hermon. It is nothing now to what it once was. Among its ruins are now, perhaps, fifteen or twenty huts. It, however, still retains its ancient name.

Some four miles more brought us to the village of Endor, where lived the witch that Saul consulted on the eve of that disastrous battle in which he and his three sons lost their lives (1 Sam. xxviii: 7–10). It now looks old, dilapidated, and forlorn. I should judge there might be some forty inhabitants, all told, who look dirty and ragged; and some of them sufficiently haggard to be the descendent of the very witches that Saul consulted near three thousand years ago.

Mount Tabor.—Passing from thence, we soon came in full view of Mount Tabor, which is an isolated, conic-shaped mountain, rising up out of the north-east plain of Esdrelon. It is said

to be some four or five miles in circumference at its base, and two thousand three hundred and fifty feet high. Its top is not so sharp or peaked as I had expected; but looks like an immense flattened dome. I did not go to the top of it, believing I could see more of it at a proper distance than I could by standing on it; besides, night was too near at hand to give us time to make the ascent with safety.

Mount Tabor is certainly very beautiful in form, looking, when viewed from the west, more like an immense thing of art than the product of nature. But its chief glory consists in its association with many of the stirring events of the past. Here Deborah gathered her army to oppose Sisera (Jud. iv: 4–6). Here Gideon's brothers, commanding a division of the army of the Israelites, were slain (viii: 18–21). And here, on this mount, many suppose that our Lord was transfigured before Peter, James, and John, when "His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light. And behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him."

Through Galilee.—One of the unpleasant circumstances connected with traveling in this country is the every-day danger of falling in with roving Bedouins from beyond the Jordan, who are robbers by profession, and who are ever on the alert to plunder defenceless travel-

ers. Hence, robberies, and even murders, are common occurrences in Palestine. In no other country would such a state of things be permitted to exist. But the Turkish Government has entirely outlived its usefulness—if, indeed, it ever has been useful—and is now either too weak to suppress these lawless bands, or else secretly connives at their depredations. In consequence of this state of things, every day since I left Jerusalem has been a day of fear and anxiety. In view of all this, you may form some faint idea of what were my feelings when, on our road from Endor to Nazareth, in crossing one of the plains, we saw on our left three mounted Bedouins riding somewhat briskly along a pathway that intercepted our own diagonally at no great distance ahead. As they were close at hand, and on fleet Arabian steeds, it was useless for us to attempt to escape them. My alarm was soon increased by perceiving that they were gauging their speed, so as to meet us at the junction of the two paths. Gabriel seemed to be anxious as well as myself, and directed that we place our revolvers in open sight, and put on a bold front, and by no means permit them to ride in our rear. That so long as they were in front of us we could see the first attempt at hostility, and meet it at once. It was to me a fearful moment. All the thrilling accounts of robberies and murders of travelers in this country, of which I had ever read, in-

stantly flashed across my mind. My courage was nearly down to zero. The very thought of using my revolver, even in self-defence, was horrible. I began to wish that I had taken the advice of friends at Jerusalem, and not have ventured upon this northern route in such a defenceless condition. But it was too late to retreat. The Philistines were upon us. What was in store for me I knew not, but feared the worst. We had met on several occasions one, and even two, of these sons of Hagar, but we did not fear them so long as we outnumbered them; but now it was otherwise.

As we met at the junction of the two roads, we held up while they turned into the road just ahead of us. I felt somewhat relieved, as they did not proceed forthwith to rob me. As we rode on, in unpleasant proximity to them, they looked at us, and we at them, but I presume with very different feelings. They were quite dark, as are all Bedouins I have yet seen, with rather sharp features, black, piercing eyes, rather tall in stature, spare and wiry, and evidently in the prime of life. Each one carried in his right hand a light spear, some fifteen feet long, mounted at the end with a double-edged lance, that gleamed and flashed in the sunlight most ominously. Besides, each was ornamented with a long rifle, strapped upon his back, and a leather belt around his waist, to which were attached a horse pistol on one side, and a revol-

ver on the other, all of which gave them quite a formidable appearance. Another circumstance that rather excited my distrust was the fact that Gabriel entered into apparently familiar conversation with them. As I did not understand Arabic, and, consequently, was entirely ignorant of what was being said, how did I know but that these Ishmaelites were making a bargain with him, proposing that if he and his companion would make no serious resistance to their robbing me, they would secretly divide with them the plunder? Others, I knew, had been made the victims of similar treachery, and where was there any security that I should fare any better? Or, in case of such an arrangement, where was there for me the least protection? I was alone, except accompanied by my two Arab guides, who might betray me. Jerusalem, the only place where I could hope to find sympathy and protection, was too far away to be thought of in such an emergency. And thus, in this horrible state of suspense and anxiety, did I ride in company with these Bedouins for one long hour, when, to my great relief, they dashed off across a plain toward the Jordan, and soon disappeared behind some neighboring hills. Thus a very disagreeable meeting resulted in a very happy separation.

Our journey now lay through a beautiful section of country. I am perfectly surprised at the fertility of these valleys. I have never seen

richer soil anywhere than is here. Near sunset we arrived at the "City of Jesus."

Nazareth is situated on the south side of a hill that borders a fine, rich valley that runs nearly east and west, and is about a mile long, and one-fourth as wide. It is surrounded by a rather low, undulating range of hills, that vary in height, and, as I am told, are in altitude from one hundred to five hundred feet. The buildings of Nazareth are chiefly stone, and not only look substantial, but also cheerful, especially as compared with most of the towns in this country. This is undoubtedly, in a great measure, owing to the fact that many of the buildings are new. There is evident growth and prosperity. It has a population of some five thousand, consisting chiefly of Greeks, Romanists, and Mohammedans. The Church of England has also established a society here, and have just finished a house of worship that is an ornament to the place. I visited the rector, who told me that they were in a prosperous condition. Nazareth is certainly a pleasant place.

But that which will ever make Nazareth of great interest to the Christian world, and illustrious among the sacred places of this wondrous land, rivaling in this respect even Bethlehem and Jerusalem, is the fact of its long association with the family of our Lord. Here was the home of Joseph and Mary. The room is even

pointed out in which they lived, and near by this is shown the Fountain of the Virgin, from which their water was supplied; and, without a doubt, Jesus often, as well as Joseph and Mary, visited and drank from this spring. Here the Saviour of the world spent his boyhood days while "He grew in favor both with God and man." In fact, for thirty years Nazareth was his home; in consequence of which He was called a *Nazarene.* Here he preached his first sermon, but was rejected, as elsewhere; and the precipice is pointed out down which they sought to cast him (Luke iv: 16–28). I felt that it was truly a great privilege to stand on such hallowed ground, amid such surroundings and historical associations.

Whatever may be the creed of the traveler, or the faith, or skepticism, with which he regards the traditions that mark the sacred places around him, it is almost impossible to stand within the enclosures which have so long been regarded as the identical places which contain so many impressive and solemn memorials of this wonderful family, without experiencing the most profound emotions of reverence and awe. The architectural beauty of the various churches erected over these hallowed places; the rich frescoed paintings, the fine and costly draperies, the burning lamps of silver and gold, the singular dress and solemn demeanor of devotees that kneel around you, all contribute to impress

the mind with untold feelings that sway and move the soul. Even supposing you have no faith in these sacred localities, such as the Fountain of Mary, the house of Joseph and Mary, Joseph's workshop, where he labored as a carpenter, the synagogue where Jesus attended and worshiped, etc.; yet you know that here the Saviour lived, and that He must have often walked these streets, and wandered over these adjacent hills, and through these valleys. As I stood upon the hill on the slope of which Nazareth is built, and gazed upon the magnificent landscape that spread out before me, I could not but think how often He had looked out upon the same scene. How often from this same hill-top His eyes had rested upon the snowy heights of Hermon, the hills of Basham, Mount Tabor, Little Hermon, Gilboa, Mount Carmel, and these surrounding valleys. For, however much the city may have changed since that period, the hills and valleys remain undoubtedly the same.

How strange it is, that here where Jesus lived so long, where he first announced himself as the Saviour of the world, and where the marvelous light of his Gospel first burst forth with such splendor, and which has since made so many other lands and nations all radiant and glorious with divine illuminations; that here such gross darkness should now cover the people, and not only Nazareth, but this whole land. Never before

was a people so favored of God, and never before were such blessings so indignantly scorned and rejected; and never before was a country apparently so terribly cursed by the Almighty.

LETTER XXXIII.

FROM NAZARETH TO TIBERIAS.

Cana.—The Corn Field of Christ and His Disciples.—First View of the Sea of Galilee. —Our Quarters. — Tiberias. — Its Warm Springs.—Sea of Galilee.—Reflections.—My Supper. — Arab Customs in Eating and Sleeping.

HAVING spent all the time in Nazareth necessary to see whatever of interest there is to be seen in this place, we set out on a bright sunny morning for the sea of Galilee. Passing out by the Fountain of the Virgin at the north-east end of the town, we commenced the ascent of the mountain. Having gained its summit, we descended for near two miles down a rocky ravine over a most miserable road. About five miles from Nazareth, brought us to

CANA, where Jesus and Mary attended a wedding, and where he performed his first

miracle by turning water into wine. An old ruin was pointed out to me as the identical house in which the marriage was celebrated. It is enclosed by the remains of an old Greek church. Near by is a large spring enclosed by a wall, and said to be the one from which the water was obtained on that occasion, which I see no reason to doubt, as this spring was unquestionably here in the days of Christ. It was at this place, on another occasion, that Jesus was stopping when a nobleman, whose child was sick, came after him from Capernaum, some eighteen miles, saying, "Sir, come down ere my child die," etc. (John iv: 46–53). Cana is also renowned as the native place of the Apostle Nathaniel. The present village, I was told by Gabriel, contained over one thousand inhabitants; this, however, from its appearance, I very much doubt.

About two miles on a north-west course brought us to a beautiful and fertile valley, where, tradition affirms, stood the field of corn in which our Lord and his disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath day (Mark ii: 23–28). In looking over the account, I see no reason why this is not as likely to be the place as any other.

Still journeying on, until about two o'clock P. M., as we gained the top of a hill, the long looked-for Sea of Galilee suddenly came into view. There it lay glittering in the sun's rays,

with scarcely a ripple upon its surface. One of its peculiarities struck me more forcibly than I had anticipated, namely, its deep depression. I was hardly prepared to look down upon its bosom, a thousand feet below me. This circumstance gives it a strange, unnatural character. I now saw the great propriety of that form of expression used by the nobleman in sending a messenger from this lake to Christ at Cana, saying, "*Come down* ere my child die." Its surrounding mountain banks, however, are not precipitous, with frowning precipices and overhanging cliffs, but mostly grassy-broken slopes. Descending into this deep basin, we at length reached the shore, and soon entered the western gate of the City of Tiberias. Here we were compelled to put up at an Arab house. This, like most of Arab domiciles, had but one room. The walls and floors were stone, but the ceiling and roof, instead of being arched with the same material, consisted of very rough, crooked poles, laid across from the top of one wall to the other, about six inches apart. These were covered over transversely with reed and straw, over which a very thick covering of clay was spread and plastered, which formed the roofing. There was not an article of furniture of any kind in the house, except a portable furnace. As there was no chimney, the poles and straw overhead gave unmistakable evidence that this article had been used often and long. Having resolved

to have a mess of fish from this renowned lake, even when miles away, at my request an Arab was soon despatched by Gabriel, with hook and line, for this purpose. In the meantime, I took a stroll through the streets of Tiberias.

This city is situated on the western shore of the sea, near midway between its northern and southern extremities, on a narrow, undulating plain, between the sea and a steep embankment in its rear. It is said to have been founded by Herod Antipas, and was at one time a place of considerable importance. It has suffered, however, various misfortunes; but perhaps the most calamitous was the earthquake of 1837, which laid half of the city in ruins. From this it has never recovered. The town is about half a mile long, and in shape approaches an irregular parallelogram. A wall, some twenty feet high, that is now, in consequence of the earthquake, warped, rent, heaved, broken, and in some places thrown down, encloses it on three sides. This is strengthened with twenty-three round towers. A castle at the north-west corner completed its defences. The side facing the lake is open.

The city, as well as the wall, presents a miserable appearance. The houses, although built of stone, are generally rough, low, and dilapidated, while many of them are tenantless, and in ruins. The streets are most emphatically narrow, crooked, and filthy. The inhabitants,

which are said to number some three thousand, present a poverty-stricken and woe-begone appearance, and give ocular demonstrations of knowing something about vermin. This knowledge, however, does not give evidence of superior research in this direction, since Tiberias is said to be the paradise of fleas.

Another circumstance that helps to make the place still more disgusting, is the fact that a large number of the inhabitants are diseased in some form or other. Many of them are afflicted with that most loathsome of maladies, the leprosy. The most of these have come to this place from different sections of the country, to avail themselves of the use of the warm baths that are at a short distance to the south of the city, as it is believed that these waters possess important medicinal properties. In visiting these springs, I found their waters to be very warm indeed, which is owing to their volcanic origin. The temperature of the water is said to be about one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit. There were quite a number of lame, haggard, withered, scurvy, leprous, naked Jews and Arabs, who were bathing and steaming in this vast caldron. The whole establishment is filthy and offensive, while the water itself has a most disagreeable smell of sulphur. Gabriel at once began to make preparations for a bath, and was quite urgent that I should follow his example; but what I saw as I gazed upon the

diseased, greasy bathers, as they performed their ablutions, led me to positively decline the invitation, and to turn away with disgust. I went down, however, to the seaside, and after making the necessary arrangements, plunged in, where I had more room and purer water. As I swam out some distance from the shore, I was surprised to find the water so very clear—I could see the bottom at a surprising depth. After having finished my bath, we made an excursion of some three or four miles along the shore for reflection and observation.

The Sea of Galilee is a beautiful sheet of water, and is said to lie six hundred and twenty feet below the Mediterranean, and is some fourteen miles long, eight miles broad, and its greatest depth one hundred and sixty-five feet. Its attraction to the traveler, however, consists not in its size, depth, or beauty, but in its stirring associations. To the Christian, especially, is this true, from the fact that on its bosom and around its shores the Saviour, in the days of his flesh, walked and dwelt, and taught the people, and worked miracles with marvelous demonstrations of power. As I stood and long gazed upon the scene before me, and thought how often Jesus had crossed and re-crossed these waters; how often he had wandered along these shores, and how very familiar he must have been with all this surrounding scenery, my mind

was wonderfully impressed with a sense of that reverence and awe that such surroundings alone can inspire. I remembered, too, that here He on one occasion by a word hushed the roar of mighty winds, and stilled the furious blast into a gentle zephyr, and calmed the raging of the sea.

At another time, when the disciples were out upon this lake, ready to despair amid the howlings of a tempest, Jesus was seen coming to their relief, walking upon the foam-crested waves. Upon yonder hill-side He also miraculously fed the multitudes on two different occasions. Here four at least of His apostles were originally fishermen upon these waters. Here Peter, by Christ's direction, caught the fish with the tribute money in its mouth. Upon these shores, too, many of Jesus' parables were spoken. Here, also, after His resurrection, He showed himself alive by infallible proofs. In fact, here miracle followed miracle, and wonder followed wonder, until this whole land glowed with an unearthly beauty, some faint traces of which I almost imagined I could still discern lingering upon the surrounding scenery. But, after all, what mighty changes time has wrought! The Saviour has gone upon high. Capernaum, Bethsaida, and Chorazin are no more. They have, according to the prediction of Christ, gone down with the curse of God upon them, and have so utterly perished, that

only the most meagre debris mark the sites where those wicked cities stood.

Returning to Tiberias, we found that the Arab who had been sent out for fish had returned with a fine mess. I requested that they should be fried; upon which Gabriel said he would hand them over to the woman of the house, and that she would perhaps suit me as a cook better than himself. This was said rather sarcastically, as I had repeatedly complained of this part of his services. I, however, readily consented to this arrangement, hoping that this change would be for the better. In the meantime, while my supper was being prepared, I went out to examine a portion of the city wall, in reference to the doings of the earthquake.

On my return, my repast being ready, I sat down on the floor to eat from the same uncomfortable level; but judge of my disappointment when, on tasting the fish, I found they were fried in poor oil, and, what was much worse, that they were not scaled; or if this very necessary preparation had been attempted, it had not been half completed. Which was the case, I was unable to determine, as the room, owing to the absence of windows, was quite dark. As I especially detest fish-scales as an article of food, I sought to avoid them by getting well below the surface; when, to my surprise, I found the fish had not been opened. I felt vexed, and told Gabriel that it was an unendurable outrage.

But he disclaimed all responsibility in the matter, as the woman had done the cooking. As the fish were very much broken, and the scales and the intestines somewhat indiscriminately mixed up with the meat, I had rather a poor meal after all; and had it not been for the seasoning of hunger, with which I was largely supplied, I could not have eaten them at all. Had I known as much before as I did after, I would have cleaned the fish myself; but my experience came too late to be of any service to me in this case.

The household arrangements of the inhabitants of this country are all very strange indeed to an American. They generally use a circular straw mat for a table, which is spread on the floor. Around this, at meal-time, the family gathers, sitting also upon the floor. The dishes are very few and simple. The bread is laid on the bare mat, which is not always as clean as it might be. The other food generally consists of stewed or boiled beans, or rice, or cracked wheat, with soup. Two deep dishes, or bowls, are placed upon the mat—one for the soup, the other for the beans, or whatever else they may chance to have. They have neither knives nor forks, nor even spoons, except the rich. They all eat out of the same dish, using their fingers where the food will admit of it; but the soup, or any such liquid substance, is sopped or scooped up with a thin piece of bread doubled

up in spoon-fashion, or else with their hands. A pitcher of water, out of which they all drink by turns, completes the meal. And this was undoubtedly the manner of eating, so far as knives and forks are concerned, eighteen hundred years ago. When at the Last Supper Jesus said to His disciples: "One of you shall betray me," the question went round: "Lord, is it I?" to which "He answered and said: *he that dippeth his hand with me in the dish*, the same shall betray me."

The Arabs, instead of washing before eating, as did the Jews, wash when they have finished. In fact, this is very necessary, from the manner in which they use their fingers. They never wash out of a dish, as they have nothing for that purpose. Where there is no servant, they take turns in pouring water on each others hands. As Gabriel had brought from Jerusalem, for my accommodation, a plate, cup and saucer, spoon, knife and fork, etc., and as I always eat first and alone, I was relieved from the necessity of uniting with them in this primitive mode of eating.

Their sleeping arrangements are also peculiar. They have no beds except the floor, and all sleep together in the same room. Although, while among them, I was compelled to submit to this novel plan, I nevertheless had the advantage of them in having a bed, consisting of two bed-quilts (not over thick), two sheets, and a pillow,

all of which were brought from Jerusalem, while they slept on a strip of grass carpet, or the bare floor. This custom of all sleeping together in the same room, is undoubtedly very ancient; and is alluded to by our Lord, in His parable, as recorded in Luke xi : 5–8, in which a retired, indolent man says to his neighbor who had come to borrow bread: "Trouble me not; the door is now shut, and *my children are with me in bed;* I cannot rise and give thee."

LETTER XXXIV.

A NIGHT IN TIBERIAS.

A Story of Robbery.— Visitors and my Alarm. —Lodgings.—Farewell to the Sea of Galilee. —Mount of Beatitudes.—The Slavery of Women.—Gabriel's Courtship and Difficulties.— Beside Still Waters.

SOME of the incidents of the night that I spent at Tiberias will not easily be effaced from my mind. One of these was so much in sympathy with my feelings and apprehensions as to deserve a passing notice. The toil of travel and sight-seeing of the day had ended. The sombre shades of night were gathering around us. I was seated upon the floor of my

temporary home, with Gabriel and the family, rather pensively musing upon my lonely and defenceless condition in this far-off land, when my reverie was suddenly interrupted by Gabriel, who informed me that my Arab host wished, through him as interpreter, to relate to me one of his own adventures which had occurred some three months before. It was as follows: he said he was at the time on his way from Damascus to Nablous, with six mules loaded with dry goods, which he was conveying for other parties, when a band of Bedouins came across him and took from him mules, goods, and all. In the *melee* he received two severe gashes by a lance—one across the cheek, the other on his left arm; the dark scars of which were still indisputable evidence of their severity and the murderous design of the robber. This horrible story, of which the above is a mere outline, was made the more impressive by my strange and unpleasant surroundings. Besides, the dingy, smoked-up walls of the room, and the faint flickering of the lamp, that consisted of an open cup of oil, upon the surface of which floated a thin piece of cork that supported the wick—the end of which stuck up through its centre—seemed fitting counterparts of this dismal narrative. My mind, in the meantime, had taken on a deeper tinge of gloom; and as I looked forward, in the light of this story, to the dangers that still awaited me, I felt very much

as I had felt, when a child, in listening to some horrid tale of ghosts "appearing by pale moonlight," and looking so ghostly and ghastly as to frighten people half to death.

Just as he had ended the account of his terrifying adventure, the sound of footsteps was heard approaching our door. In the next minute, six dark, grim, stalwart-looking Arabs entered the room. What was the object of their visit I could only conjecture. Whether they were friends or enemies, neighbors or robbers, of course I could not divine. Their half-savage appearance, made still more impressive by the surrounding gloom, was eminently suggestive of the latter. Seating themselves on the floor, they immediately entered into conversation, of which I did not understand a single word, but in which they looked at me so narrowly and inquisitively as to leave no doubt on my mind that I was the subject of their remarks. Whatever it was that was passing between them, Gabriel was evidently equally interested with them. Was I being betrayed? Was a bargain being struck in which I was to be the sufferer? I had often heard of instances of this kind, and where was there any assurance that this was not to be another? As my situation under these circumstances became embarrassing and even painful, I ventured, at length, to inquire of Gabriel what all this jargon meant, in which I was evidently the subject of interest, when I

was agreeably relieved of all serious apprehensions by being assured that these Arabs were citizens of Tiberias, and that they had been impelled by curiosity to come in to see me and to spend the evening with us; that they had already learned from him who I was, what was my business here, and whither I was going. They remained until near ten o'clock, when they retired very much in the same abrupt manner in which they had entered.

Our lodgings for the night were of the most ordinary character. A stone floor answered the place of a bedstead, which had at least the qualities of being strong and capacious. These characteristics were all the more necessary in this case, as it was occupied by the whole family, together with Gabriel and myself, there being no other room in the house. But the worst feature, after all, about the whole affair, was the astonishing number of fleas, and then such restless fleas, such desperate, hungry, voracious fleas I never saw before.

After spending a sleepless night and eating a poor breakfast in the morning, I mounted my horse, bid adieu to Tiberias, and in company with my two Arab guides, started westward, across the country toward the Mediterranean. After making the ascent of about one thousand feet up a long hill from the lake, we reached the upper table-land, where I turned my horse around, and took a farewell look on the sea of

Galilee. What a place and moment for reflection! How events and images of the long past came hurrying up before my mind! What hallowed emotions kindled and glowed in my soul, as I gazed for the last time upon the most sacred sheet of water upon the whole face of the globe! Of its many interesting associations there is one that has made it almost divine. The manner in which it has been identified for so long a time, with the life, ministry, and miracles of Christ, has made it pre-eminent among sacred places; the loveliest and holiest of them all. It was, therefore, with feelings of real sadness, that I at length turned my horse around and rode away from the beautiful lake of Gennesareth.

A few minutes' ride further, brought us to the "Horns of Hattin," as a hill at this point is now called, but which is generally known as the Mount of Beatitudes.

Here it is affirmed that our Saviour delivered that memorable discourse known as "His Sermon on the Mount." We passed near this noted place on our way to Tiberias, but did not then stop to examine it, intending to do so on our return. This hill, with its tops or "horns," which is the only hill seen in this direction, rises some fifty or sixty feet above the plain, with gently sloping, grassy sides. Its top is well adapted to serve as a platform from which to address the crowds that are said to have gather-

ed here around him, "from Galilee, from Decapolis, from Jerusalem, from Judea, and from beyond Jordan." "None of the other mountains in the neighborhood," says Dr. Stanley, "could answer equally well to this description, inasmuch as they are merged into the uniform barrier of hills round the lake; whereas this stands separate; the mountain which alone could lay claim to a distinct name, with the exception of the one height of Tabor, which is too distinct to answer the requirements."

From this point our course lay nearly in a northwest direction, through a somewhat broken, yet fertile country. As we intended to strike the sea-coast in the vicinity of Acker, we left Nazareth a long way to the south of us. At noon we took our dinner in the open air, as we had done every day since we left Jerusalem. In the after part of the day we met twenty-seven women together, following a path that crossed our own, and all loaded with bundles of brush, or wood, which they were carrying on their heads to a town more than a mile away, where, as Gabriel informed me, this wood would be exposed to sale, and that they were in this way supporting their families; that frequently they thus carried wood three, four, and even five miles to market. I feel truly sorry for the women of this country. They are treated more like beasts of burden than like human beings. If they are not made to the men literally

"hewers of wood and drawers of water," they are certainly carriers of wood, and drawers and carriers of water. It is very evident that as a rule husbands in this country have but little or no respect for their wives. This was probably the case in the days of the Apostles. Hence, says Paul: "Husbands, love your wives, and be not *bitter* against them."—(Gal. iii : 19.) On calling Gabriel's attention to the cruel manner in which the women were treated in being compelled to do all the work, he said the "women didn't do all the work—that the donkeys did a part of it," but admitted that the "women and the donkeys did the most of the work," but at the same time thought there was nothing very bad about that; he thought, however, the practice of many of the Arabs, in whipping their wives for small offences, was very wrong; in fact he rather doubted the propriety of whipping them at all. On my telling him how differently we treated our wives in America, he replied, "American woman no good." His idea was that they were not profitable.

It should be remembered, however, that this cruel treatment of females is the legitimate result of the absence of the Gospel and its teachings. In all lands where the Christian religion is despised, the strong oppress and tyrannize over the weak; consequently, in all such countries, the women are reduced to the condition of slaves; while in every Christian

land the weaker sex are honored and happy. If there be any one class that should love and cherish the Gospel of Christ above every other class, it seems to me it should be women, as no other class owes so much to its teachings as they. But I must not stop to moralize, however interesting or profitable it might be.

While the subject of the cruel treatment of wives by the Arabs was up, I inquired of Gabriel how it was that he was not married; having understood that he was still single, and that his countrymen generally married young, and that he himself was already twenty-six years old; remarking, at the same time, that if he did not bestir himself he would soon be classed with old bachelors. In reply, he very seriously and confidentially informed me, that he had long been waiting to marry one that he most tenderly loved, but as she had an older sister still single, he was compelled to wait, very much against his will, as the law requires that the eldest should marry first. How strange it is that this custom of society that was in force thousands of years ago, should still be so rigidly observed by this ancient people! Every one will readily call to mind the case of Jacob, who, having been captivated by the charms of Rachel, and having resolved to make her his wife, was compelled to first marry Leah, the eldest, whom he did not love, in order to get her out of

the way, so that he might marry Rachel whom he did love.

In passing through a beautiful, level and fertile valley, well watered by a slugglish stream, and rank with vegetable forms of life, we saw feeding therein a number of flocks of sheep and goats, attended by their respective shepherds. Why they were here it was not difficult to divine. Such level valleys are generally fertile, and where they are well watered, they furnish excellent pasturage. But, perhaps, of all the valleys I had yet seen, either in Samaria or Galilee, I had seen none that approached so near a paradise for herbiverous animals as this. Never before had I been so impressed with the force and beauty of those words of David, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." These words seemed in the light of this valley and stream, instinct with new life. Here a part of the flocks had filled themselves, and were lying down in contentment. I here saw at a glance the superiority of pastures beside still waters, as compared with hill-sides. While mountain torrents can at best do but little for vegetation in their hurried course, and are soon exhausted, the still stream, whose waters stay in the level fertile valley, furnishes the necessary moisture to sustain a rank and luxuriant growth, even long after the bed of mountain streams has become dry and useless.

LETTER XXXV.

SCENES IN GALILEE.

Dividing the Sheep from the Goats.—How, and why it is done.—Our Quarters for the Night.—The House and its Inmates, including the Hens and my Horse.—The Family and Fleas.—A Sleepless Night.

IN traveling through this interesting country, one is continually meeting with some usage or custom of society, that has come down unchanged from a remote period, and which has served as the framework of some parable of the Bible, or as an illustration of some religious truth or doctrine. One of the most impressive of these, to my mind, I witnessed, as we were about entering the town of *Cabul*. Here I saw for the first time a shepherd dividing the sheep from the goats. This division was preparatory to yarding them for the night. The fold into which they were placed was located on the outskirts of the town, and consisted of an open enclosure, surrounded with a stone wall, some six or seven feet high. Across it ran another wall, dividing it into two parts. On the side facing the road there were two doors, some eight or ten feet apart, opening into the two divisions. Just as we arrived in front

of this fold, seeing a shepherd near by approaching it at the head of a large flock, we halted to witness this interesting ceremony. In this relative position he continued to advance until reaching a point in front of the fold, about twelve feet from the wall, and midway between the two doors, he suddenly halted, turned around facing the flock, which was stretched out in a long line, and then commenced, as they advanced, to separate the sheep from the goats, that were mixed up promiscuously. He turned the sheep to his right, and the goats to his left; the former passing in at the door on the right, and the latter entering the other. Two boys stood at the two entrances to stop (I suppose) any sheep or goat that might by accident or otherwise get to the wrong door, and to assist in this way in the division. The ease with which the whole thing was accomplished, was truly astonishing, and showed most conclusively that the animals had become familiar with the process. There was quite a large number of young lambs and kids in the flock, and I learned upon inquiring through Gabriel, that during such times as the flocks are accompanied with their young, it is especially necessary to keep them separated from each other during the night, as without this precaution, in the absence of the shepherd, the lambs would in all probability suffer harm from the dams of the kids, and perhaps *vice versa*.

I need scarcely remark, that the great interest with which I witnessed this, to me, novel performance, was owing to the fact, that Jesus, who had often seen the same thing in the days of His flesh, made use of it to picture before the minds of his hearers, and to illustrate to all mankind one of the most stupendous and grandest events that is to be connected with our world's history; the great and final day of judgment, when "before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left."

After the above instructive scene was ended, we entered the town of Cabul, which is in the north of Galilee, some twelve miles from the Mediterranean. It was not, however, until we had made application to some six or seven houses, that we succeeded in finding accommodations for the night. In fact I had began to fear that we should not find lodgings at all. On dismounting and entering our temporary home I saw there was the same general destitution of furniture of all kinds, as I had seen at the other Arab houses, at which I had staid. The building was constructed of stone, and about eighteen feet square, and one story high. The ceiling was arched, which supported a flat stone roof. There was but one room, which was rendered dark and gloomy by its smoked up walls and

want of windows. The floor, which was also of stone, was constructed thus: A portion of it at the door, of about seven or eight feet square, was some fifteen inches lower than the rest. This depressed part was about on a level with the ground on the outside. It had perpendicular sides next to the more elevated portions of the floor, so that two short stone steps assisted you in ascending from the lower to the higher. While the latter was tolerably smooth for Arab masonry, being laid with mortar, the former was merely paved with small cobble-stones. I had seen precisely the same peculiar contrivance in reference to the floor in each of the other Arab houses in which I had stayed. I had been very much perplexed in my mind as to the design of this arrangement, but had finally concluded, from the filthy appearance of this depressed portion of the floor at the door, that it was intended to receive the sweepings of the room, and the slops of the family; and I had already philosophized on the convenience of the arrangement, and the great economy in the consumption of time, in thus doing away with the necessity of going even to the door for these purposes. In this conviction, I should in all probability have left the country, but for the experience of this night.

I had just finished my supper and had taken my seat on the floor, next to the wall, to rest the best I could in such a low position, when a

half-dozen or more fowls entered the room through the open door, with such an air of familiarity that showed that they felt very much at home. I supposed, however, at the time, that they were intruders, and that they would soon be driven out by some member of the family; but in this I was mistaken. Soon one of them flew up upon a pole, which I had not observed before, but which was suspended above the door within a foot of the wall, and which reached from one side to the other of this depressed portion of the floor. This first one was speedily followed by all the rest. I saw at a glance, as they arranged themselves side by side upon the pole, that they were quartered there for the night. I felt that this was too much; that it was enough to have our room answer the purpose of a kitchen, sitting-room, dining-room, and bed-room, without its being turned into a hen-roost in the bargain. But remembering the old adage: "When you are in Rome you must do as Romans do," I concluded that in all probability, uncomplaining endurance and submission under the circumstances would be more philosophical than any attempt upon my part to regulate the internal affairs of an Arab dwelling.

Things remained thus until about eight o'clock in the evening, when there was a new development of affairs. Just then, as I sat musing upon my strange surroundings, I heard

heavy footsteps approaching, like those of some huge beast. The next moment the door opened, and, to my utter astonishment, my muleteer entered, leading in my horse. He immediately turned the animal partly around in the square low place inside by the door, of which I have already spoken, tied his halter to a hook in the wall, and poured out his feed on the elevated portion of the floor, with all the *sangfroid* of a pasha, which the animal as unceremoniously went to eating. I at once forgave the horse, however, for the intrusion, as I thought he in all probability mistook our domicile, from its appearance, to be a stable for animals instead of a dwelling for people; and that we were the intruders rather than himself. But I had very different feelings toward whoever had a hand in this manifest outrage. Turning to Gabriel, who was sitting on the floor only a few feet from me smoking his Turkish pipe, and looking upon the scene through the indolently curling smoke with the apparent tranquillity of an intoxicated Chinese opium-eater, I demanded of him to tell me, in the name of common sense, what all this meant. "Why was my horse brought into the house?"

"Because," he replied rather hesitatingly and with apparent bewilderment, "they have no where else to put him."

"But," said I, "the weather is warm, and it will not harm the horse in the least to stand out

in the open air; and I am sure it would be better for him and us too to be out of doors in the fresh air, than to be pent up with these hens and other disagreeables in this one room. I expected to put up with many inconveniences when I started on this route, and this I have already done, and I am still willing to submit to anything that is reasonable; but I am not willing to have the horse here. It is certainly enough to have the room in which we eat and sleep turned into a hen-roost, as it has been, without turning it into a horse-stable, also, at the same time."

"Oh, if you don't want the horse here, then we will take him out. They (the family) told me to have the horse here to accommodate you. But if I take the horse out, then they bring in the cow, but now they leave the cow out for your horse."

"What, do you mean to say that they stable a cow in their house?"

"Why, certainly, they keep her here nights. What does you think that place for," pointing to the depressed portion of the floor where my horse was standing, "but for the cow?"

"I did not know, how should I? I knew it looked filthy enough, but I certainly never suspected that it was designed for any such purpose as that; but, in the name of reason, why do they want to stable their cow in their house? why not leave the brute out in the open air,

where she would be just as comfortable as she would here?"

"If they leave the cow out doors, then some one must watch the cow, or else the Bedouins steal the cow; so they keep the cow in the house. The Bedouins be one very bad people."

"But where is the cow now? it seems they have got some other place for her to-night."

"The cow is out with my mule and the donkey, and the muleteer, he watch them all night, just as he watch your horse, my mule, and his donkey, almost all nights ever since we leave Jerusalem. But shall I tell him take your horse out?"

"No, not if they will bring in the cow. I had much rather have the presence of the horse than the cow."

So the thing was settled. The horse was permitted to remain, and I, of course, was compelled to submit to this abominable arrangement in order to avoid a worse evil.

How strange it is that this people seemingly learn nothing from experience; that they make no progress in civilization. As their ancestors lived three thousand years ago, so they live to-day. Where, and when, this filthy practice of housing cattle with the family originated, I know not; but I suppose it commenced a long time ago. When Saul, on the eve of his great and final battle with the Philistines, visited the witch of Endor, "She had a fatted calf *in the*

house," which she killed (1 Sam. xxviii: 24). The calf being stabled in the house, it is very likely the cow was also, and, in all probability, this was the common practice of the country at that time.

The hour for retirement for the night having arrived, Gabriel prepared my bed for me on the floor, where I hoped Morpheus would come to my relief. My surroundings, however, were not of that character that invite repose. Besides, the fleas were too numerous and hungry to allow even rest to any one who was not hardened against them. After hours of vain attempts to get some sleep, I sat up in my hard bed, and leisurely surveyed the room by the light of a lamp that was burning somewhat dimly. There was the horse, so annoyed by the fleas as to keep him stamping and rubbing, and nipping or biting himself all night long. The hens, too, were restless, evidently disturbed by them also, or other insects, perhaps both. Near me lay Gabriel, who was snoring most of the time laboriously, as were also some of the members of the family, which consisted of the husband, wife, and nine children, three of the latter being young women grown. All, by turns, were giving unmistakable evidences, by manipulations and otherwise, of being somewhat disturbed in their slumbers by sleepless insects, that understood the philosophy of taking advantage of circumstances. The scene was certainly

novel in the extreme, and would have been very amusing indeed had I have been in a frame of mind to have enjoyed it; but having had no sleep the night before, because of similar surroundings, and being nearly worn out with toil, privations, and anxiety, I was hardly in a condition to enjoy even the grotesque and the ludicrous. The whole affair, however, was exceedingly impressive, and my lodgings at Cabul, as well as in other places with Arab families, will be long remembered in connection with my tour through Palestine as among the most romantic incidents of my life.

LETTER XXXVI.

SCENES IN NORTHERN GALILEE.

Farming Utensils.—Season of Plowing.—No Wagons or Bridges.—The Weather.—Manner of Collecting Salt.—An Explanation of "If the Salt have Lost its Savor."—Climate.—Birth of Christ.—A Telegraph.—Woodland.

A LONG and sleepless night at Cabul being ended, we prepared, at an early hour, for the resumption of our journey. Before the sun had risen we were in our saddles, and on our

way to Acre. We had proceeded but a short distance, when we fell in with some half dozen of *fellahs* (farmers), who were on their way to their farms, which lay off in the direction in which we were going. As the people of this country live altogether in cities and villages, their farms are frequently located at quite a distance from their dwellings. I am told that in many instances their farms are so far away that they take with them a quantity of their tough bread, a few figs and olives in a leathern bag—(the "scrip" of the New Testament) which hangs from their shoulders, and remain out in the open country until their plowing and sowing is finished. As we rode in company with them for some distance, I had a good opportunity to closely inspect their outfits for farming purposes. Their teams consisted of oxen, cows, and donkeys, yoked together according to the whim, taste, or convenience of their owners, with the most laughable rope-gearing imaginable. I might say, in this connection, that the cattle of Palestine are small, with short, ill-formed horns, and are of an inferior character. Their donkeys, however, are large and sprightly. Their plows are scarcely entitled to that appellation, being very small, and merely rooting the ground, instead of turning a furrow. The plow-beam is nothing more than a tapering pole, some eight or ten feet long, the end of which is fastened in the yoke of the team. In fact, all

their implements of husbandry are very rude, and undoubtedly remain much the same as they were two thousand years ago. I am told they cannot sow and plow in with one team more than half an acre per day. Hence their plowing and sowing lasts a long time each season. As their plows turn no furrows, they do not plow as we do, by keeping the off ox or horse in the furrow; but they commence on one side of the lot, and double backward and forward, so as to have the near and off oxen alternately next to the plowed ground.

I have seen no harrows anywhere in this country; and, indeed, I am informed they have none of any kind. In this particular they have degenerated from former times, as harrows are spoken of in the Old Testament.

It really seems strange to see so many plowing and sowing in January, in the coldest weather. For although the winters here are mild and without frost, the rains are frequent, and the winds are often very chilly. Winter, however, seems to have been the time for plowing in the days of Solomon, who says, "The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold (margin reads *winter*), therefore shall he beg in time of harvest, and have nothing" (Prov. xx: 4). The necessity of plowing in the winter is principally owing, I am told, to their inability to break up the ground with their poor miserable plows before the fall of copious rains, which

soften the ground, and which does not usually take place until December. If they had good plows and proper teams, there is no doubt but that they might do their plowing in pleasant weather, and then at the proper time their sowing could be done without much trouble. But, under the present circumstances, those who expect to reap must sow, therefore the plowing must be done in winter, however severe the weather.

What is true of their farming utensils is true of about everything else. Among these Arabs there is no prosperity, no energy, no activity, no life. The rough, crooked, narrow and broken roads, or paths, that you see wherever you go, are sufficient evidence of this fact. I have seen but two in this whole country that can with any propriety be called roads. One is the great thoroughfare from Jaffa to Jerusalem; the other is from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. Besides, I have now traveled near three hundred miles over this land, and I have not yet seen a single carriage, wagon, cart, or a wheel vehicle of any kind; no, not so much as a wheelbarrow. Neither have I yet seen the first bridge of any description, except the one over the brook Kedron at Jerusalem. Whenever and wherever you come to a stream you must ford it as best you can. This to us, at first sight, would appear to be a serious difficulty in the way of the peasantry traveling, as they generally do, on foot;

but in their every day costumes they approach so near to a state of *puris naturalibus*, that they experience from this source but little inconvenience.

The Weather.—The weather during my entire northern trip thus far, which I had feared would be very inclement, as it frequently is at this season of the year, has been exceedingly fine. There has been but little rain since I landed at Jaffa. This has been all the more appreciated by me, from the fact that January is reckoned as part of the rainy season. I was told by several that if I attempted to make a tour through Palestine in the winter, I would find it almost impossible, on account of the heavy and constant rains that generally prevailed at the time. I had hoped, however, that I would find January embraced in the interim between the early and latter rains referred to in the Scriptures. This hope has been fully realized. On my arrival I found that the rains which had been excessive in December, falling almost unceasingly the last two weeks of the month, had just ended. Consequently, I have been troubled but very little with rain. For a week past there has not been so much as one shower. In this I have been exceedingly fortunate, for I am told that the month of January cannot by any means be depended upon for fine weather. That the rainy season varies consider-

ably at different periods; sometimes commencing as early as November, and ending in February; and then in some cases it is delayed even until January, and not ending before May. What is called the wet season, however, usually commences in October, and extends to about the middle or end of the following April. The most protracted rain storms generally occur in December and in February. The other part of the year, namely, from April to October, is called the dry season, during which time there is scarcely even so much as a shower. Hence, farming in the summer, without resorting to irrigation, is out of the question. Whatever is done in this line at present must be done in the wet season. The dryness of the summer, however, has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. Among these is that of gathering the incrustations of salt from the marshes along the sea shore, where the water has been evaporated by the long drought, leaving the salt behind; this being the only way that salt is obtained in this country. As a natural result, much earth and other impurities are gathered with it, so that there is quite a percentage of other matter, that only serves to increase the bulk and to render it unsavory. This will explain a certain passage in our Lord's sermon on the Mount, in which he says, "Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savor wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for

nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men." (Matt. v : 13). Now, with those who know nothing about other than clean, pure salt, manufactured or quarried from the mines, the above passage is a mystery, as such salt cannot lose its saltness. But not so with the salt of Palestine. When exposed to rains, and other injurious influences, it loses its saltness, when the residue is good for nothing, and being positively injurious to land, destroying its fertility, it is thrown into the street or road to be trodden under foot of men.

The Climate of Palestine I have found to be much milder in the winter than I had expected. Ever since I landed here, up to the present time, which includes nearly the whole month of January, I have seen no snow except at a distance, on the top of Mount Hermon, where it lays the year round. In fact, I am told it seldom snows here at all, and more rarely freezes. I have not suffered with the cold at any time. The average of the thermometer in this country in winter, for five consecutive years, as reported by Mr. Barclay, was as follows: December, 53.3; January, 49.6; February, 52.1—averaging, each winter, 51.6; or 19.6 degrees above the freezing point. In fact, I have seen flowers blooming by the wayside and in the fields every day that I have been traveling in this land. Pasturage is good;

and hence, all through the country—in Judea, Samaria, and Galilee—I have seen numerous flocks of sheep and goats grazing in the plains and on the hillsides, attended by their respective shepherds.

Birth of Christ.—This custom in mid-winter has been all the more noticeable and impressive to my mind, from the fact that it has an important bearing upon the argument of season frequently used against the dogma that Christ was born on the 25th of December. It has been maintained that the shepherds of this country were not out with their herds so late in the season as the 25th of December; and that inasmuch as they were out with their flocks at the time of Christ's birth, that event could not have occurred at the above date. Now, from what I have seen, and from what I know, it seems to me the above argument, so often urged, must be abandoned. It does not follow, however, that there is any more dependence to be placed upon the correctness of the above date. The argument of season may still be urged in another form. It may, with much reason, be doubted whether the Roman government would have fixed upon the very worst season of the year for a registration of the people—involving such an amount of travel over these horrible roads and amid winter's storms.

As we journeyed on, we were, at length, on

gaining a little hill-top, gladdened with the sight of the "Great Sea." The scene that spread out before us, from this point, was one of rare magnificence and beauty. On our left, at no great distance, stood Mount Carmel, all muffled in green. Directly in our front lay the large and fertile plain of Acre, extending down to the sea and along its shore, all beautifully fringed with its white sand and breakers; while in the background, stretching far away, was the blue Mediterranean.

A telegraph-wire has recently been put up between Jerusalem and Beyroot, to the great astonishment of the natives, who look upon it with that mixture of superstition and wonder that generally obtains among a low and illiterate people. As we were passing it, Gabriel called my attention to it as a most marvelous affair; and stated, in evidence of this, that by some means or other, a person standing in Jerusalem could talk to another standing away off in Beyroot. He also stated that he had been told that it came from America; that it was invented there. "Now," inquired he, "is that true?" On my answering him in the affirmative, he added: "Then, perhaps, as you come from that country, you can explain him to me, so I understand him." I immediately proceeded to enlighten his mind upon the subject the best I could. When I had finished, he shook his head, remarking at the same time:

"Me cannot comprehend." After I had made another attempt to unfold to him its principle of operation, in which I undoubtedly failed, as I had before, he very gravely remarked: "I think the English people" (they call all "English" who speak the English language) "must have had something to do with making Moses rod—what the Bible tells about. That rod very much like this wire on the poles. I cannot comprehend Moses' rod—I cannot comprehend telegraph." I was very much amused with Gabriel's originality of thought, and with his supposed analogy between these two, to him, incomprehensibles. I however assured him, with as much gravity as I could command under the circumstances, that neither the Americans, nor the English, nor any other people had anything to do with Moses' rod; that the wonders accomplished through its instrumentality were to be directly attributed to God. He replied that he once thought so too; but that he now thought differently. Thus, it would seem as though this subtile agent, electricity, as developed in startling telegrams, has unfortunately tended to unsettle the religious convictions of Gabriel, and to infuse into his mind an element of skepticism.

We have just passed through a piece of woodland, of perhaps one hundred acres or more, interspersed with scattering trees of oak. This is the first piece of timbered land through which I have passed since I have been in this country.

I have been so long accustomed to travel, day after day, where no wood is to be seen except fruit trees, that a grove of natural timber, although the trees be few and far between, looks beautiful indeed. After leaving the wood and passing over a few hills and narrow valleys, we entered upon the beautiful and fertile plain of Acre, which is some six miles in width and extends a great distance along the coast. An hour's ride across this extensive plain brought us to the city of Acre.

LETTER XXXVII.

NORTHERN GALILEE.

Acre.—Its History.—Its Present Appearance.—Syrian Sheep.—Syrian Goats.—Caifa.—My Settlement with Gabriel.

THIS is the most northern city of the Holy Land on its western coast, and stands upon an angular point jutting out into the sea, thereby forming the upper end of the bay or roadstead of Acre, as does the promontory of Mount Carmel, some three leagues distant, the lower or southern end. Acre is an old city, having been a place of considerable importance in the days of Joshua, when it was known by the name of

Accho. Perhaps no city in all Palestine, except Jerusalem, has suffered more terribly from the scourge of devastating wars than this. Being considered the key to the Holy Land, it has been the centre of many a fiercely-contested battle. In fact, it has been so frequently besieged, stormed, and captured, that its history is little else than the sickening details of desperate encounters and terrible struggles between various hostile forces, often terminating in a wholesale slaughter of its inhabitants.

The Crusaders, in 1192, invested it by sea and land, and took it by storm after a siege of three years. During that time there were upwards of one hundred skirmishes and nine fiercely contested battles, in which, it is said, three hundred thousand were slain. In 1291, the Saracens laid siege to it with three hundred thousand men. The assault and defence were alike desperate and determined. The fury of hate and the madness of despair mingled in the deadly strife, until the carnage became truly appalling. The city at length was taken by storm, when every street became the scene of a new battle, as no quarters were given by those blood-thirsty hordes; even when all armed resistance had ceased, the horrid work of slaughter still went on until the streets ran down with human gore. This ended the possessions of the Crusaders in Palestine. Acre, or St. Jean d'Acre, as then called, was their last strong-

hold in this country. With its capture and overthrow, their power was forever broken. And thus, after a loss of an incredible number of men, this mad and foolish enterprise of the Pope came to an inglorious end.

The severest ordeal the city has passed through in modern times, took place in 1840, when it was bombarded by the Allied fleets of Europe, in order to restore it and all Palestine, to the Ottoman power, against the revolt of the Pasha of Egypt. On that memorable occasion, the terrific storm of iron hail came crashing into the city with such terrible fury that not only minarets, but public and private buildings were destroyed. On the side facing the sea, the entire line of houses, and most of its massive walls were laid in ruins. But the crowning disaster on that occasion was the destruction of the citadel. A bomb from an English steam ship plunged into the magazine. The explosion which followed was awful in the extreme. The garrison, consisting of two thousand men, were instantly hurled into eternity, while their blackened and mangled remains mingling with the mass of ruins, presented a most horrid spectacle. Not only was the citadel annihilated, but everything else in its immediate vicinity was destroyed. Its defenders were so appalled by the calamity that they at once surrendered the city, and fled in dismay and confusion. Not only was Acre surrendered, but in its fall the

whole country again fell under the control of the Turks, in whose possession it has continued ever since.

It was to me an interesting fact to know that the Apostle Paul, and Luke the Evangelist, when on their way to Jerusalem, on one occasion, landed here, and "saluted the brethren and abode with them one day." (Acts xxi : 7.) The city at that time was known by the name of Ptolmais, Ptolemy, king of Egypt, having seized it in B. C. 100, and having given to it his own name.

The present city, although pleasantly situated, presents a wretched appearance. Broken walls, crumbling arches, and old tumble down houses are leading features of Acre. The buildings are of stone, with flat roofs. The streets are narrow, with the usual filth of Turkish towns. The bazaars, although mean in appearance, were tolerably well supplied. The population is said to number near twelve thousand.

On our way from Acre to Caifa or Haifa, a distance of nine miles, we fell in with a very large flock of sheep and goats that were going in the same direction. They were not being driven as such animals are driven by us, but just as I had seen in scores of other cases, they were following their shepherd more orderly than they would have been driven. It was to this universal custom that our Saviour referred, when speaking of himself as the good shepherd, and

his people as a flock, He said, "He goeth before them, and the sheep *follow* Him." And again, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they *follow* me."

I have often read that the sheep and goats of Syria were very peculiar; but it had always sounded to me so fabulous, that it was with some surprise that I have realized the fact. The sheep have a very large appendage of fat on the rump, that constitutes a part of the tail, that is said to weigh from eight to fifteen pounds, and which is regarded as the most delicate and delicious part of the animal. This fact explains, as well as furnishes the reason, why it was, that in offering sheep in sacrifice, under the Levitical law, so much stress was laid on offering the "fat and the rump."

The goats have remarkably long ears, a foot or more in length, that hang down and turn up at the ends outwardly, so that as the animal feeds, the bends in the ears rest upon the ground. Their hair is also long and shaggy, giving them much the appearance of sheep when viewed at a distance.

On reaching the ancient river Kishon, by the side of which Elijah slew the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal, and which was celebrated in the song of Deborah in connection with Sisera's defeat, we found some difficulty in crossing it, as the water was high, in consequence of the previous rains. Our muleteer, however, soon di-

vested himself of his clothing and led the way out around through the surf on a sand bar. In this way he was enabled to find the shoalest water, Gabriel and myself following at a respectful distance, so as to avail ourselves of the full benefit of his experience.

Half an hour's ride from this point brought us to Caifa. This town is situated at the northern base of Mount Carmel, and on the southern margin of the Bay of Acre, which on this side makes a deep indentation of the shore. It is a walled town, but is of no great size, nor is it of much importance. Its Castle, which stands on high ground back of the city, and its walls are partly in ruins, from the bombardment of the place by the allied fleets of Europe, in 1840, when Acre was also so terribly shattered. Its buildings are very old and shabby in appearance. Its streets, every one of which I have traversed, are unpaved, narrow, and very filthy. Caifa, however, is a place of some trade. There were some three or four vessels lying out at anchor before the town, one of which was a large English brig which was taking in a cargo of wheat for England. Contrary to my expectations, I learned that a considerable quantity of wheat is brought from the surrounding country to this point for shipment.

Another thing that interested me was the fact, that, half a mile west of Caifa, I found a German settlement consisting of about two

hundred persons. They have established a school, built a church, settled a pastor, and secured a physician. There I put up at a hotel kept by one of their number, where I was very kindly cared for.

This terminated my travels in Palestine. From this point I had determined to take a steamer to Beyroot. Here my contract with Gabriel ended, and I accordingly paid him the balance due him for his services. After having taken his receipt in full for the same, I remarked that this completed the whole matter.

"Yes," he replied, "all except the *backsheesh*," (a present).

"Did I not tell you distinctly before we left Jerusalem that I would pay no *backsheesh?*"

"But I expect *backsheesh* just the same. Arab thinks more of *backsheesh* than he does of his pay. Gentlemen always gives *backsheesh?*"

"Well, sir, I have paid you all I owed you, and all you asked when we made the contract, so that ends the matter."

"Why you no pay me *backsheesh?* Have I not been kind to you all the time?"

"Yes," I replied, "but what of that, have I not paid you for it?"

"No, no!" said he, "you no pay me to be kind to you. I fills my contract, you pays me for that, then I be kind to you beside; you no pay me for that."

"But did you not agree to be kind to me?

was that not in the contract? I understood as a matter of course, that you would treat me with kindness."

"No, nothing said about that. I didn't agree to be kind to you."

"How much do you think you ought to have?" I inquired.

"I expect twenty-five francs," (about five dollars), he replied.

"Well, sir, I am a long ways from home; I know not what special demands I may yet have for money; I may be taken sick, and need all my means; I am much obliged to you for your kindness, but I cannot pay you for that; but I will do you a favor in another way; I will publish your name in an American newspaper as my *dragoman*."

This proved to be a happy thought. He immediately on my reassuring him I would do it, fell in with the measure, and in this way our settlement, that at one time looked as though it was likely to terminate unpleasantly, was amicably concluded. Gabriel then bid me an affectionate farewell, as did also the muleteer, when we pleasantly parted.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MOUNT CARMEL.

Its Associations.—Home of Elijah.—The Terrible Drought.— The Great Trial.—Elijah's Triumph.— The People Reclaimed.— The Destruction of the Prophets of Baal.—The Descent of Rain.

AFTER having spent a pleasant night at Caifa, I set out next morning to ascend Mount Carmel. Passing over a narrow but fertile plain that lies at the base of the mountain, upon a portion of which Caipha is built, we commenced the ascent. The road leading to the summit, and to the convent, runs up diagonally, and is quite steep, yet better than most roads in Palestine. In about thirty minutes we had reached the mountain top, from which we had a most extensive view of the sea, and the surrounding country. Mount Carmal, which at its western extremity projects boldly into the sea, stretches back into the country some fifteen or eighteen miles; running about a southeast course; its eastern extremity terminating abruptly, very much like its western. Its height is said to average fifteen hundred feet. It is of limestone formation, and abounds with caves, where jackals, wild swine,

wolves, and even hyenas, find ample shelter. Besides its surface is covered with bushes and various kinds of odoriferous plants and flowers, while down its sides are numerous, deeply furrowed, rocky ravines, filled with almost impenetrable jungles, giving to the entire ridge a luxuriant, verdant beauty. It was undoubtedly in consequence of this, that Isaiah alludes to "the excellency of Carmel."

Its peculiar interest to the traveler, however, is found more especially in its connection with Bible history. Here some of the most interesting narratives had their location. We read of Nabal, "whose possessions were in Carmel," who "was very great," and who "had three thousand sheep, and a thousand goats;" and whose uncivil answer to David's messengers, would have cost him his life, had it not have been for his good wife Abigail, who hastened to David with a fine present, by which he was appeased (1 Sam. xxv). Here is pointed out the cave which is called the "Cave of the Sons of the Prophets," in which Obadiah in the time of a great drought, foretold by Elijah, is said to have hid the hundred prophets, and fed them with bread and water to save them from the fury of the infamous Jezebel (1 Kings xviii.) Here Elijah lived in a cave, or grotto, over which it is said the present convent stands. This is an immense structure, and is said to have cost one hundred thousand dollars. Here it was that

the messengers of King Ahaziah, who were on their way from Samaria, "to inquire of Baal-Zebub, the god of Ekron," in reference to the recovery of their master from the effects of a fall, met Elijah, who, after reproving them for going to an idol for council, told them to return, and say to Ahaziah, "Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shalt surely die." The king, upon the reception of this news, resolves to punish the prophet for his message, and for this purpose sends fifty armed men from his royal guard to capture him, and bring him before the king to answer for his reputed insolence. They ascend the hill and soon stand before Elijah, who calls fire down from heaven, and consumes them. Another fifty was also sent, that were destroyed in like manner (2 Kings 1). Here, too, Elisha seems to have lived, when the Shunamite's child died. The bereaved mother went to Carmel, and brought the prophet to her house, who restored her child to life (2 Kings iv : 18–35).

But the most renowned event of Mount Carmel, and that which has made it most familiar with Bible readers, and which has lifted it up into a heavenly atmosphere of moral grandeur, that has made it almost divine, was the wonderful restoration of the Israelites to allegiance to God in the days of King Ahab, by one of the grandest demonstrations of the vast superiority of Jehovah to idols, that has ever been witnessed

in any age or nation. The land had been given up to idolatry by royal authority. The infamous Jezebel had slain the prophets of the Lord. Groves and temples were consecrated to Baal on every side. Near a thousand priests officiated at his altars. They were defended, honored, and supported by royalty. Four hundred of them fed at Jezebel's table. Jehovah was dishonored and insulted by heathen abominations, that were constantly multiplying. As ordinary means had failed to bring the people to a sense of their folly and wickedness, the Almighty adopted extraordinary measures to vindicate his honor, and to chastise them for their crimes. For this purpose the prophet Elijah was commissioned to declare to Ahab, that there should be neither dew nor rain for years but according to his word. The long drought was now inaugurated. At length the brooks, springs, and fountains failed. Vegetation withered, died, and then ceased. Soon the lean and wasted visage of famine was abroad in all the land, in every hamlet, village, and city. No words can tell the suffering of these dreadful years. The fertile valleys of Sharon and Esdrelon became like the desert. Cattle perished by the thousand. Even the King, and Obadiah, his prime minister, went forth separately to search the land for grass and water, that they might not lose all the mules and horses.

At the expiration of three years and six months, Elijah appeared before Ahab, when each charged the other with this wide-spread calamity. In order to settle this controversy, Elijah proposed that the thousands of Israel be gathered together upon Mount Carmel, where God's altar had been thrown down, and where Ahab's idolatrous priests were wont to sacrifice to Baal, and there let two sacrifices be prepared, one by the priests of Baal, the other by Elijah, and then let each call upon the name of their God; and that the one that answers by fire, let him receive the homage of the people. To this proposition the King consented, and at the appointed time a vast concourse of people crowded the heights of Carmel. In the presence of the haughty King and his courtiers, the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal were given the first chance. They prepared their sacrifice, and laid it upon their altar, and then commenced their cry, "O Baal, hear us!" And thus they cried from morning until noon; but no answer came. But why not? They have the advantage of numbers on their side, the sympathy of royalty to cheer them, a burning sky above them, and every thing as dry as tinder around them, the sun glowing with an intense heat, that threatens to kindle everything into a blaze, but not an item burns. The people are weary with waiting. Elijah takes advantage of the waning faith of the multitude, and

derisively mocks their priests with reproachful taunts and insults, saying, "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened." How this withering irony must have cut their souls. In their frenzy and desperation and deep agony of soul, they leaped upon the altar, "And they cried aloud, and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out of them;" but all to no purpose. They did all that mortals could do, until the day was far spent, and all hope had fled, and all further efforts were suspended.

And now came Elijah's turn. The altar of the Lord is quickly repaired; the wood and sacrifice are laid thereon; twelve barrels of water are poured upon the sacrifice and wood, until the whole is deluged, and the trench around the altar filled to overflowing. The preparations being completed, now see the King and his attendants, and the four hundred and fifty mortified priests, and all the people crowding around this new centre of interest. What an awful moment of suspense—of expectation with some, of doubt with more, and of fear with others. There stands Elijah beside the water-dripping altar, calm and dignified. Hark! listen to the holy utterances of this man of God, as with upturned eyes, and a countenance all radiant with expectation, he breaks the death-

like stillness of that hour with these words: "Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant," etc. "Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench." And while the priests stood astonished and confounded, the awe-stricken and trembling multitudes fell on their faces exclaiming, "The Lord he is God; the Lord he is God." The people were reclaimed. The King was, at least, silenced, and perhaps mortified with his past folly, if not reformed. Elijah was triumphant. Jehovah was honored. To complete the victory, Elijah now called upon the people to seize the trembling priests of Baal, and to let not one of them escape. They were immediately taken down the northern slope of the mountain by the awe-stricken multitude to the river Kishon, which flows along its base, where they were all slain.

The people having now given evidence of their repentance, Elijah returned up the mountain, and knelt down and prayed for rain, until his servant had gone seven times and looked out upon the Mediterranean, to see if there were any indications of rain. The last time, on his return, he exclaimed, "Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand." And Elijah said, "Go up, say unto Ahab, prepare thy chariot and get thee down, that the

rain stop thee not. And it came to pass, in the meanwhile, that the heavens were black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain." (1 Kings xviii.)

I felt that this was truly a hallowed place. I knelt down and prayed, not for rain, for it had already commenced to descend, not copiously, but gently, with indications, however, of raining more abundantly, as the wind had veered around to the westward. Eastward winds here bring fair weather, while westward winds bring storms. Hence it was that Elijah's servant looked out over the sea, to the west, for the indications of rain, when his master prayed.

LETTER XXXIX.

MY EXPERIENCE IN PALESTINE.

The Superior Interest of the Holy Land.—My Toil and Privations.—Food, etc.—My Constant Fear and Anxiety.—Final Satisfaction.

I HAVE now finished my rambles in Palestine, and I need scarcely say to those who have read my correspondence that, so far as sight-seeing is concerned, they have afforded me an untold amount of satisfaction. In fact, I have enjoyed my entire trip in this respect, thus

far, exceedingly well. One of the pleasant features of my journey has been a steadily increasing enjoyment as I have advanced eastward. There is a greater amount of interest clustering around the magnificent remains of Rome, its marvelous Coliseum, its stately old Temples, its crumbling Cæsarian palaces, and the exhumed ruins of unfortunate Pompeii and Herculaneum, that tell us of the habits, customs, and inner elements and structure of society two thousand years ago, than anything that may be seen in England, Germany, or Switzerland. But even all this is excelled by the wonders of Egypt, both as it respects their age and magnitude.

One never tires in gazing upon her obelisks, catacombs, sphynxes, and pyramids, or in meditating upon her wondrous history. But as Egypt surpasses Italy in this respect, so Palestine has more sacred places, and holier memories, than either. Never before have I experienced such a profound interest, so deep, varied, and impressive. Never before have I been so filled with holy awe and reverence as I have during my journeyings in the Holy Land. I have read during that time about all of the historical parts of the Bible relating to this country. This has of itself furnished me with a rich intellectual feast. Never before had I read these portions of the Scriptures with such intense and thrilling emotions. This has been principally owing to the fact that the accounts of incidents

and narratives, and parables, and miracles, etc., relating to various localities I have read, in most instances, on the very spots to which they refer. This has given them a most surprising freshness, and a wonderful emphasis, clearness, and beauty, such as I had never seen or felt before. They have, under these interesting circumstances, been far more touching and instructive, pathetic, and sublime; and far more fascinating than the magic witchery of poetry or song. I can truly say with David, during my tour of this land, "Oh, how love I thy law, it is my meditation all the day." I have received an amount of solid scriptural information, that I deem almost invaluable in my profession. In many instances, obscure passages of Holy Writ have become remarkably clear, while others, which were seemingly of trivial importance, have assumed a wonderful significance.

And yet, after all, my journeyings through Palestine have been attended with an amount of toil, privation, and annoyances that have been, at times, almost unendurable. Eleven days I have been in the saddle, which, of itself, would have been hard enough to one unaccustomed to ride on horseback; but my suffering was greatly increased by being compelled to ride on a Syrian saddle, the stirrup-straps of which were fastened to the back part of the saddle, instead of on the front, as with us. In consequence of this absurd arrangement, I was con-

tinually being pitched forward, and especially in riding down hills. Had I understood the character of a Syrian saddle before I left Jerusalem, as I did after one day's ride, I would never have consented to start with it. But after having left that city, Gabriel affirmed that it was impossible to procure any other kind. Why the stirrup-straps should be fixed in this awkward way I cannot imagine. I suppose it is simply the Arab fashion that has been handed down from remote ages, and cherished by them because of its antiquity.

Another source of discomfort was the wretched way in which my cooking was done. Gabriel, who at the time I hired him, boasted to me of his skill in this department, turned out very much as I had feared, to be a mere novice in the culinary art. He had engaged to furnish me with chickens through the entire route. But as he had the dressing of them, I think almost any other kind of meat would have been preferable. In the first place, the fowls were unpleasantly thin in flesh. In the next place, neither the feet, head, or even the bill was removed before cooking. These appendages might be considered necessary as evidence that the biped was of the proper kind; but I could see no good reason why the windpipe should not have been extracted, as its retension could not be considered either useful or ornamental for table purposes. As to the feathers, what Gabriel failed

to pluck before cooking, I had the privilege of removing afterwards.

After such a preparation they were boiled in a pot of water, without a particle of salt, pepper, or the least seasoning of any kind. And it requires actual experience to know how insipid and tasteless a chicken is cooked after this fashion. Gabriel had brought along some salt for table purposes, but it contained such a mixture of dirt as gave it rather the appearance of pepper than salt, which, however, had the virtue of making it go all the farther. What was left of the chicken after the first meal I had cold for the next, and so on, until it was all consumed, when another was furnished in the same way, except after the first I had the feet and head removed before cooking. Thus, for seven days I had chicken every meal but one, prepared after this fashion. The one meal that constituted the exception was the fried fish at Tiberias. On informing Gabriel that I was tired of chicken, and must have a change, he replied, "You said you liked chicken, so I get chicken; too late to change now;" and so, of course, the chicken continued to greet me every meal. To make matters still worse, the bread we took with us from Jerusalem soon became exhausted, and then we were compelled to eat the miserable black Arab bread prepared by the natives amid filth and vermin. Do you ask how I could eat such food? I had to, or starve.

In fact, I did in a measure starve before I could endure it. But hunger has a remarkable influence in reconciling the mind, as well as the appetite, to poor and unsavory viands. I had, however, contracted for eggs and oranges, also, throughout the trip, in virtue of which I had one of each at each meal, which I enjoyed exceedingly; as I had the privilege of removing their outside coverings myself, I knew they were clean.

But a still more serious inconvenience I suffered from the miserable lodgings that were furnished me, at least a part of the time. Three of these nights, which I spent in Arab houses, in consequence of the hardness of the stone floors upon which I lay, the abundance of restless, hungry, and voracious fleas, and other discomforts, I never closed my eyes for sleep. This want of rest, added to the toils of the day, and the miserable food and consequent hunger, constituted a heavy tax upon my physical energies.

All this, however, was only a part of my sufferings. My constant anxiety of mind from various causes, at times almost unnerved me. One of these sources of disquietude was my money matters. To avoid the risk of losing my funds, I had deposited the amount necessary for my expenses with Jay Cook & Co., of New York, for which I received a traveling letter of credit, to draw on them at any place the amount I might need, within the limits of the sum depos-

ited. My fears were that in this far-off land, Jay Cook & Co. might not be sufficiently known to insure me funds when applied for. Should I be refused, what would I do? I would be reduced immediately to beggary, in which condition I could neither continue my journey or return home. These fears, however, were never realized. Throughout my entire tour, through Ireland, Scotland, England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, Egypt, and Syria, wherever I have presented my letter of credit, the amount asked for has been advanced without the least hesitation. I am fully satisfied that there are no better bankers for travelers to apply to for letters of credit than the above firm.

I was also in constant fear of being overtaken by one of those Syrian storms, that so frequently prevail at this season of the year, and which often lasts from a week to ten days at a time. In such a contingency, to travel might be absolutely impracticable, and the thought of being compelled to put up in Arab quarters for such a length of time, was perfectly horrible.

But the unceasing anxiety of being robbed, and perhaps murdered, by lawless bands of Bedouins, with which the country is infested, that followed me day and night like some horrid night-mare all through Samaria and Galilee, was the most depressing feature of my journey. Do you wonder that under all these adverse

influences upon body and mind, that I became gaunt and lean? Even this of itself became a source of anxiety, least my health should break down under the severe pressure. Should I be taken sick upon this route, I was sure I would never recover. With no physician or medicine within reach; with two thin bed-quilts, and a stone floor for a bed; with only such food as I could scarcely eat when well; surrounded with Arabs only, who cared not a fig for my welfare; and then to be nursed by those whose interest would be promoted by my death, as that would put them in possession of what funds I might have on my person; what chance would there be for my life? But thanks to a kind Providence, I have lived through it all. And now, I have no regrets for anything that I have suffered, but am exceedingly glad that I have persevered in going through northern Palestine in spite of discouragements and warnings of friends; yet I am free to say, that no consideration would induce me to go through this route again at this season of the year, when tents can not be used, and without one or more traveling companions. The journey, however, has been accomplished, and I am content.

Indeed, I now look back upon even my toils, privations, anxieties and alarms with a certain kind of satisfaction. They wlll hereafter mingle with sacred recollections as lights and shades upon the canvass of life's picture. I shall, in

connection with them, henceforth read and think of the Holy Land as a wonderful reality and tangibility, presenting most marvelous demonstrations of the truth of Revelation.

LETTER XL.

EMBARKATION FOR ASIA MINOR.

Bay of Acre.—Method of Loading and Unloading Vessels.—My Trouble with an Arab who carried me through the Surf.—His rascally extortion.—Difficulty with a Lighter's Crew.—Threaten to use my pistol.

MY original plan was to take an Austrian steamer from Caifa to Beyroot, and I had accordingly planned my journey so as to meet her at this point. The night before she was due, however, a heavy storm set in from the westward, and raged with such fury that she passed by without stopping. This, I am told, frequently happens at this season of the year. The bay of Acre can hardly be called a harbor, as it is an open cove of the sea, forming a sort of roadstead; perhaps better expressed as a segment of an irregular circle, the cord of which is about nine miles long. Consequently when the wind blows from the west or north-

west it affords no protection whatever to its shipping. And yet it is the best harbor on the entire coast.

The process of loading and unloading vessels here is peculiar and novel, especially to an American. As ships are compelled to anchor some distance from the shore, on account of the shallowness of the water, small lighters are employed to transfer their cargoes to and from them. The singular part of it, however, is in the manner of conveying the goods from the lighter to the shore, and *vice versa*. As there are no docks or wharves of any kind ; nothing but the natural beach of sand, upon which the waves are always breaking with more or less violence, the lighters are anchored just outside of the breakers, and the merchandise, when not too bulky, is carried on the shoulders of stalwart Arabs through the surf, to or from them as the case may be; while large casks and other articles too heavy to be thus carried, and which are not liable to be seriously injured by being wet, are put into the water, and floated to or from the vessel, according to circumstances. Whenever, in consequence of high and unfavorable winds, the sea is boisterous, all business of this kind has to be suspended. In consequence of this, it often happens that, for several days in succession, cargoes can neither be received nor discharged.

In embarking for Asia Minor I had an oppor-

tunity of testing the excellencies of this mode of surf transportation, as well as the avaricious character of these insatiable Arabs. I was to take passage on board a French steamer that lay anchored about a mile from shore, and in connection with which lighters were running backward and forward with merchandise. Finding a Greek, who was acting as interpreter, I made a bargain through him with an owner of one of these lighters to put me on board of the steamer. Having paid him about three times what I ought to have paid, and which he told me included all the *backsheesh*, I announced myself as ready to embark. Upon this he called a tall, stout-looking Arab from among the gang who were in his employ, and directed him to carry me through the surf and put me on board of his lighter, which was about ready to start for the steamer. As he came up from the water to the platform upon which I was standing, my interpreter directed me to get on his shoulders astride his neck. Although this was not to me the most desirable form of locomotion, I could see no alternative under the circumstances; and as no time was to be lost, I was compelled, without much reflection or hesitation, to commit myself wholly to the tender mercies of this Ishmaelite.

Having adjusted myself to this novel and elevated position, in which I must have made, in connection with this naked Arab, a most lu-

dicrous appearance, he at once started with his, to me, precious load for the lighter. We passed through the surf, which was at the time not high, in safety, though not without some fear upon my part lest he should make a misstep, lose his balance and pitch me headlong into the water. But when he came within about seven feet of the boat, I encountered a new and unexpected difficulty. The rascal, upon whose shoulders I was riding, suddenly stopped and demanded *backsheesh.* As I had paid all I had been asked to pay to put me on board of the steamer, I at once determined not to submit to this mean and villainous attempt at extortion. Accordingly, I promptly replied that I had paid all the *backsheesh* to him, pointing to his employer, or rather to where I had just before left him, but who I now saw had in the meantime left his position, and who now seemed to be out of sight. Just at that moment, however, I caught a glimpse of him, as he, in company with the interpreter, passed through the door into the warehouse, a short distance up the street, from whence the goods were being brought to the lighters. But instead of this statement satisfying him, he repeated his demand more sternly and with stronger emphasis:

"ME *backsheesh!* ME *backsheesh!*" pointing to himself at the same time, that I might the better understand his broken English.

"No, no! No more *backsheesh*," was my

emphatic reply; reiterating most distinctly what I had stated to him before.

"Me *backsheesh!* me *backsheesh!*" was repeated by him with more vehemence than before, and with more violent gesticulations.

"Put me on board that lighter," I exclaimed, with all the authority that I could command, pointing to the boat that was almost within my reach. But with a mulish stubbornness that he may have contracted from long-eared associations, he positively refused; and not only refused, but, horrors! he replied in broken English:

"Me no *backsheesh*, you no boat; me no *backsheesh*, you water;" at the same time suiting the action to the last sentence, he plunged both hands into the water by way of illustration.

Things began to wear a serious aspect of an aquatic type. I was not exactly prepared to be immersed, and even if I had been I was not willing to have the ceremony performed by such a cold-hearted barbarian. To add to my embarrassment, I had no small change, except about a dozen pieces of different valuations and designs, which I had gathered in Egypt and Syria, as curious specimens of their currency, and as mementos for friends and home purposes. As I did not wish to part with these I hesitated. Upon this he seized me by one arm and commenced to drag me from his shoulders, to carry

out his threat. As he evidently had the advantage of me, and paid no attention to remonstrances, I deemed it expedient to quickly thrust my hand into my pocket, exclaiming at the same time, "*backsheesh.*" This had the potency of arresting my descent, and loosening his grasp. Having placed a part of my choice coins in his hand, as he looked them over, I readjusted myself on his shoulders, with a feeling of satisfaction that the struggle was over.

"Now," said I, supposing that I had satisfied his avaricious soul, "put me on the lighter," pointing to her at the same time that he might not misunderstand me; but he still refused, and as resolutely as ever demanded more *backsheesh.*

"No," I indignantly replied; but all in vain. He knew himself to be master of the situation, and having tested the virtues of his water argument, he immediately appealed to it again with such demonstrations of earnestness as distinctly foretold that nothing but *backsheesh* would save me. Again my hand went into my pocket with a perfect dive, just in time to save me from a worse dive. As I handed him the coins that I had thus hastily grabbed, he glanced them over, and, as before, transferred them to his other hand, and then the heartless villain demanded more.

What to do I did not know. I begged of him to put me on the lighter. I called on the Arabs

standing near by to help me. I threatened my tormentor, and even raised my clenched fist over his head, but whether he knew that I was afraid to strike, or whether he wanted a pretext for downright violence, I know not; one thing I know, my coaxing and threatening all amounted to nothing. He stood apparently as immovable as a rock, meeting my every appeal to him with the provoking cry of "*backsheesh*," accompanied with muscular demonstrations that were not to be ignored; and, consequently, the third time I rushed my hand into my pocket, but not in time to save me from a partial wetting. As I handed him the money, he hastily glanced it over, and transferring it to his other hand, as before, and then shrieked out again, "*more backsheesh*."

It was now evident to my mind that this villainous measure would be repeated, if not resisted, until he had filched from me the very last farthing. And yet I saw no way of escaping from his clutches, or of successfully opposing his rascally method of extortion. I was surrounded with Arabs only, who were looking on my helplessness with evident relish and satisfaction. The man whom I had paid, and the interpreter, the only persons to whom I could look for protection and sympathy, were out of sight and out of reach. What was I to do? I might submit to be plunged into the water, if that were all. But it occurred to me that this might

not end the matter. I would still be in his hands, and at his mercy. He could as well adopt a method of compulsory extortion with me in the water, as he could with me on his shoulder. Should I still refuse him, he might hold me under the water longer than would be pleasant or safe. To save myself and my money, I now resorted to deception. I thrust my hand into my pocket for the fourth time, and drew it out with nothing, and showed him its emptiness, and then went through my other pockets in the same manner. When I had in this manner satisfied him that I had no more money, he put me, with some hesitation, on board of the lighter, where I felt that I was free again. I even congratulated myself on getting off as well as I did. The boat immediately started for the ship, and I felt that my troubles with these abominable Arabs were ended.

When we were about half way to the steamer, however, a new difficulty arose. The four Arabs in charge of the lighter here stopped rowing, and demanded *backsheesh*. As I said "No," most resolutely and emphatically, they immediately became clamorous, and profiting by what they had seen done in the surf, they pointed to the water, and by motions showed me that unless I gave them *backsheesh* I would go overboard. I was now determined to resist to the last, and firmly resolved that I would go overboard before I would submit again to such

barefaced robbery; and, especially, as I believed I could swim ashore. As I said *no* in a decided and spiteful tone to their repeated demand for *backsheesh*, they left their seats and started towards me, with the apparent design of laying hands on me. Upon this, for the purpose of frightening them, I drew my revolver, and assumed a threatening attitude, which had the effect to bring them to a halt. As I stood in the stern of the boat, I held a good position. They blustered for a while, but finding me firm, they had the good sense to abandon their purpose, and return to their oars. When I had reached the ship, and felt that I was safe, as I stood upon the deck I took out my choice coins to see how many I had left, when I found, to my surprise, that there were only three out of the twelve, and these of very small value. I was more provoked on this occasion than I had been before since I had left the States. My best and choicest pieces were all gone, and no opportunity left to replace them. And I am sorry to say that my opinion of the amiability of Arabs had not been improved by my intercourse with them; so I now, with much pleasure, bid them farewell.

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